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**AN ENGLISH COURSE FOR  
SCHOOLS**



# AN ENGLISH COURSE FOR SCHOOLS

BY

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## INTRODUCTION

THE whole aim of modern education is so to correlate all the subjects in the curriculum that the pupil may be led to see that Geography (say) necessitates a knowledge of Mathematics and Science, and that History is not so much a matter of dates of battles as of understanding the motives that actuate human conduct, and a training in Civics

We no longer pretend that Arithmetic, Algebra, or Geometry is an abstract study in itself, divorced from all practical life, but rather try to link up each separate subject of study so that as the pupil grows he may discover how everything he learns opens up avenues of thought in every direction. There is, for instance, no subject in which a knowledge of English is unnecessary. Men of science are continually complaining that even their most promising pupils are unable to express on paper in a clear, concise style exactly what has taken place during an experiment in chemistry or physics. It is common knowledge that officers in the army are nearly always unable to send in a satisfactory report of a piece of country which they have been commanded to reconnoitre. Of all our failings as a nation this is by far the most marked. In our talk we are reticent; in our writing we are incoherent and slipshod.

Every schoolmaster knows from sad experience that the average boy cannot produce a readable essay on any subject however hard he may try. He strives by every means in his power to instil a sense of originality in his classes, to teach his boys and girls to observe. He tells them, when they justly complain that their experiences are



of necessity limited, that the reading of the works of geniuses past and present will inspire them to creative work of their own, that though there may be nothing new under the sun, yet everything becomes new and of unending interest when it is regarded from one's own original standpoint and not merely accepted as a dull fact.

The object in writing this book is to stimulate a love of English in the mind of the boy and girl of average ability, to enable them, so far as I can, to experience some of the delights that come from appreciation of good writers and to rouse in them a desire to emulate the great masters, so that they in their turn may write, if not beautifully, at least clearly and concisely.

With this aim in view I have endeavoured to include a variety of the choicest gems I could find in the whole range of English Literature, all of which make ideal exercises and will fully repay the closest study : indeed a great number of the prose and all the verse extracts should be learnt by heart.

Stress has been laid on the necessity of adequate oral teaching, and hints are given to help those who would learn to express themselves by word of mouth as well as on paper. A full bibliography should act as a guide to those who wish to form a library of, or at all events to have a nodding acquaintance with, the best authors, while the chapter on literary history is intended to help those who would acquire a sense of the continuity of English Letters.

Selections from the most recent public examination papers are given in order that candidates may be prepared to answer questions in great variety. I wish to thank the University of London for their kindness in allowing me to reproduce their English papers. As exercises they should prove of great value.

It only remains for me to add that I have reduced the

grammar and syntax to a minimum, in order to allow of a fuller treatment of more important matters. Finally, I should be obliged by any suggestions or criticisms that any reader may feel called upon to offer.

To the anonymous critic who remarked that "Arnold Bennett and G. K. Chesterton would be stumped by quite fifty per cent. of the literary exercises proposed by Mr Mais," I tender my sincere thanks

I hope his criticism proves that I have at any rate achieved originality in myself, having preached it so incessantly to others

There is no particular virtue in the order of the parts into which this book is divided. They do, indeed, follow a rough kind of sequence, but their titles have been suggested by the headings of the English syllabus of certain public examinations. This arrangement will be found useful by the boy or girl who is weak in a certain branch of English and wishes to concentrate in a particular direction

S P B M



## CHAPTER 'I

### GRAMMAR AND SYNTAX

#### § 1. Grammar

It is imperative to realise at the outset that the study of one language is, to some extent, the study of all

It is a gross mistake to imagine that English grammar is useful only as a guide to our native tongue. Most people can speak and write more or less grammatically without having to undergo a special course in grammar. It comes, as we say, naturally.

Moreover grammar is the servant, not the master. It has, frequently against its will, to conform to common rules which strictly speaking are quite indefensible

If we would profit by it, we ought to be able to recognise wherein our own grammar varies from that of other languages, how far we rely on inflexions, how far English is analytic rather than synthetic and what are the advantages of any one system over any other.

First we have to learn to differentiate between the various parts of speech.

Few of us are likely to mistake a noun (the name of anything) for any other part of speech, but it is as well to be able to recognise the difference between concrete nouns (which are names of things which can be apprehended by the senses, like *boar, table, ink*) and abstract nouns (which are names of qualities, states or actions, like *wisdom, temerity, darkness*).

Concrete nouns are further subdivided into Common, which denote any number of things of one kind; Collective, which apply to collections, like *crowd*; and Proper, which are the names given to objects to distinguish them from all other objects, like *Kent*

*Verbal nouns* are abstract nouns denoting a state or action

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—e.g. “*Hunting* is excellent exercise”; “*To fish* is more profitable than *to ride*.”

Inflexions are used to denote number. The commonest of these is the addition of *s* to signify the plural. Gender may be shown by inflexions, as in the case of *hero*, *heroine*, or by using compound words or words of different origin for the masculine and feminine.

The Genitive alone among the cases is inflected by the addition of *'s*, the apostrophe denoting the omission of an older *e*.

*Pronouns* are words used to take the place of nouns. It is a pity that the beginner does not employ them more frequently in his early essays instead of repeating the noun *ad nauseam*, as if there were no permissible substitutes.

There are four classes of pronouns. Personal—*I, you, he*, etc.; Demonstrative—*that, these*; Relative—*which, who*, etc.; and Interrogative—*which? who? what?* etc.

Inflexions have been retained to decline pronouns far more than in nouns, as the pupil will easily see.

A strengthened form of the personal pronoun is to be found in such words as *yourself, himself*, which are called reflexive.

The genitive case of the personal pronoun has two forms—*my, mine, our, ours*. The former of these is frequently called a possessive adjective.

Demonstrative pronouns point to a noun which has been used before and which is called the antecedent—e.g. “The book you gave me is more interesting than *that* which I bought.”

Relative pronouns, in addition to pointing to a noun, join two sentences together: “That book will explain *what* you want to know.”

*Adjectives* are used to qualify nouns, and are of six kinds: Qualitative—*blue, grand, hard*; Quantitative—*much, some*; Numeral—*one, first, many*; Demonstrative—*this, any*; Interrogative—*which? what?*; and distributive—*each, neither*.

The definite and indefinite articles also come under the heading of adjectives.

Adjectives are compared by the use of the inflexions *er, est*; or, in the case of those containing more than two syllables,

by the addition of *more* and *most* to the positive degree. There are of course many irregular comparisons, as in all languages.

Verbs are used to make a statement about anything, and may be divided into three classes :

Transitive, when they express an action performed by the doer upon some object ; Intransitive, when they express an action which concerns the doer only ; and Auxiliary when they help to form a mood of tense of another verb—*c.g.* “ I *am* coming.”

Intransitive verbs may be subdivided into two classes : verbs of complete predication, as in *sing*, and verbs of incomplete predication, as in *He seems*, which requires another word, or group of words, called the complement, to complete its meaning—*e.g.* “ He seems content ”

It is to be remembered that only transitive verbs can be used in the passive voice.

Moods are four in number : Indicative, to indicate an assertion, or a question ; Imperative, to denote a command ; Subjunctive, to imply a condition, purpose or wish, Infinitive, when there is no definition or limitation of number or person.

Strictly speaking, since the infinitive by itself makes no assertion it is not a verb at all.

The infinitive can be split up under four heads

The infinitive	. He likes <i>to play</i> fives
The gerund	. He likes <i>playing</i> fives
The verbal noun	. He likes <i>playing</i>
The participle	. He is <i>playing</i> to-day

The simple infinitive is equivalent to a noun : “ *To pray* is better than *to scoff* ”

The gerund and verbal noun both end in *ing*, and name the action of the verb. Only transitive verbs can form a gerund : “ *Playing* fives is splendid exercise ” ; “ He likes *playing* fives.”

Verbal nouns cannot be followed by a noun or pronoun in the accusative “ He likes *rowing* ” ; “ *Rowing* is a tiring pastime ”

The participles are really verbal *adjectives*. “ The *rushing* wind ” ; “ He was *writing*.”

Verbs may also be divided into strong and weak ; strong verbs forming their past tense by a change of vowel—*swear*,

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*swore*; and weak (by far the commoner kind) by the addition of *d, ed, t*—*marry, married, bake, baked*.

*Adverbs* are used to modify verbs, and are divided into two classes, simple and conjunctive.

The simple adverb may be one of six kinds: Time—*now, when*; Place—*here, where*; Manner—*well, badly*; Quantity—*almost, quite, very*; Certainty—*nor, perhaps*; Cause—*why*.

The word *the* is an adverb in the sentence: "*The more the merrier*."

Conjunctive adverbs, besides modifying verbs, join words, and are therefore partly conjunctions: "Put it *where* you can easily find it."

Adverbs which are formed for the most part by the addition of *ly* to the adjective form their comparative and superlative by the use of more and most: *quickly*; *more quickly*; *most quickly*.

*Prepositions* express the relation between a thing and an action or quality, and can be classified as Simple—*at, by, on*; Compound—*behind, outside, into*; and Participial—*concerning*,

*But* is a preposition in all sentences where *except* can be substituted for it: "They were all present *but* Jenkins."

*Conjunctions* join sentences or words, and are either Co-ordinating—joining two sentences or words—or Subordinating—joining subordinate clauses to main sentences.

Co-ordinating conjunctions may be subdivided into four classes: Copulative—*and, but, both*; Adversative—i.e. contrasting—*but, yet, still*; Alternative—*either, or, or else*; and Illative—*then, therefore, for*.

Subordinating conjunctions are divided into seven classes. Time—*when, before, since*; Place—*whence, where*; Condition—*if, unless*; Concession—*though*; Consequence—*so that*; Cause—*because, as*; Purpose—*in order that*; Comparison—*as, than*

Interjections are merely cries, expressive of differing emotions: *Oh! Alas! Hurrah!*

The student is hereby warned against a few grammatical pitfalls.

Of these the commonest is the use of the split infinitive.

"The time has come to once again voice the general discontent," ought to read:

"The time has come to voice once again the general discontent."

So much stress has been laid upon this error that few people are in danger of falling into it; it should be remembered, however, that this is not the only mistake to which we are prone, and it is easy to overestimate the importance of it. Quite good authors, notably George Meredith, are notoriously lax in this respect, but they do not cease to be great because of this quite minor offence against exactness.

Confusion about the use of negatives is a much more serious error, and quite as common. To frame such a sentence as "No one scarcely really believes" is a far more heinous offence than to use any number of split infinitives.

To omit *us* after words like *regard* is another common grammatical mistake—e.g. a sentence like "What might be classed a horizontal European triplice" is obviously wrong.

Then, again, care should be taken not to confuse the impersonal *one* with other pronouns.

Its possessive is *one's*, not *his*, and *one* should be repeated, not replaced by *him*.

*One's*, on the other hand, is not the right possessive for *man*—*man's* or *his* is to be used in this case (cf., "One does not forget one's own name" with "One of them dropped his cigar."

*Between* is always to be followed by *and*, *either* by *or*.

The word *a* should never be placed between an adjective and its noun, if it can be avoided.

"A quite good essay," not "Quite a good essay," is correct.

The verb *do* cannot represent *be*, or an active verb supplied from a passive, nor yet an active verb in a compound tense, gerund or infinitive.

"You made the same mistake that I did" ought to read "You made the same mistake that I made."

Do not use *like* for *as*.

"Sins that were degrading me, *like* they have many others" is wrong.

The phrase *those sort* should be *those sorts* or *this sort*.



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## § 2. Syntax

SYNTAX is that part of grammar which deals with the relations of words to one another and the way in which they are arranged in a sentence.

These relations fall mainly into two departments—namely,

Concord, which is the agreement of words connected as regards their number, case, etc.; and

Government, which is the influence exercised upon the case of a noun or pronouns by another word in the sentence

Sentences may be simple, double or complex.

Simple sentences express statements, questions, desires or exclamations.

Double sentences contain two or more co-ordinate parts:  
“He was very silly and I soon left him alone”

Double sentences may be either Copulative (as the above);  
Adversative—“He came back but no one welcomed him”;  
Alternative—“He neither wished nor asked for thanks”; or  
Illative.—“He did not come back. so I sent for him.”

Complex sentences contain one main predication and one or more subordinate predications

Subordinate clauses may be subdivided into three clauses—namely, noun, adjective and adverb clauses.

The sentence “*That you have wronged me* doth appear in this” contains an example of a noun clause.

Adjective clauses are introduced by a relative pronoun or a conjunctive adverb—e.g.

“It is an ill wind *that blows nobody any good.*”

“The town *where I was born* is no more”

Adverb clauses can be subdivided into those of Time—  
“I was here *before you came*”; Place—“*Where the bee sucks,* there suck I”; Cause—“*Because they were such fools* they failed”; Purpose—“I sent him *in order to hear how you were*”; Result—“He was so ill *that he didn't recognise me*”; Condition—“*If you can come to-morrow* I shall be in”; Concession—“*Though everyone else fails,* I will not”; Comparison—“He is taller *than I am*”

Be very careful to distinguish between phrases which are intended to be absolute but are not, and *vice versa*. The

sentence—"Having gone to bed very late, the sun woke me at noon" is absurd. The participle must be related to the subject of the sentence—*e.g.* "Having gone to bed very late, I did not wake till noon."

Remember that pronouns agree with the nouns for which they are substituted in number, gender and person, but not necessarily in case.

Compare "That is the man who spoke to me" with "That is the man whom we saw yesterday."

The relative pronoun may be omitted when it is in the accusative case and is governed by the verb—"There is the boy I saw." But "There is the boy I gave it to" is awkward, and should be avoided.

A very common error is the use of the relative pronoun without an antecedent in the main clause.

"He fell heavily, *which* caused him great pain," is wrong. "This is one of the best editions that *has* ever been published" is wrong.

Other examples of errors in pronouns may be seen in the following instances.—

"It is him"	should be	"It is he."
"Let you and I go"	..	"Let you and me go."
"Between you and I"	..	"Between you and me."
"Whom do they say I am?"	..	"Who do they say I am?"

Be careful not to compare more than two things—*e.g.* "He is stronger than any man living" is wrong, and should read: "He is stronger than any other living man"

Remember in dealing with verbs to preserve the sequence of tenses; for instance, always use a past tense to follow a past tense—this is especially important in indirect speech.

Adverbs should be placed immediately before the words which they modify, except in the case of compound tenses, when they are usually placed after the auxiliary—*e.g.* "I have seldom seen such an ignoramus."

The word *only* carries different meanings according to the position which it occupies in the sentence. For example: "Only he hurt his leg," "He only hurt his leg," "He hurt

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only his leg," and, "He hurt his leg only," have each different meanings according to the position of the word *only*.

The word *as* is a conjunctive adverb in such a sentence as—  
"I wonder *as* the days go by."

In the phrase "*as good as*," the first *as* is an adverb of degree.

Remember that "I am *as good as* him" is wrong; it ought to read: "I am *as good as* he (is)."

In the sentences—"I walked all *day*," "I slept an *hour*"—*day* and *hour* are in the accusative case and do duty as adverbs.

The word *than*, which used to be an adverb, is now simply used as a conjunction.

Remember to use the correct prepositions after certain words: indifferent *to*, oblivious *of*, acquiesce *in*, tamper *with*, absolve *from*, different *from*, averse *from*, depend *on*, make *from*, expert *in*, insensible *to*, unconscious *of*, tinker *at*, consist *of* (material), consist *in* (definition)

An extremely common mistake in number occurs when a singular noun intervenes between a plural subject (or *vice versa*) and its verb.

"No one but schoolboys and schoolmasters knows" is right.

Remember that *neither*, *either* and *every* when used as pronouns always take a singular verb.

Be careful to distinguish between defining and non-defining relative clauses—*e.g.* in the sentence—"The man *who* called yesterday left no cards"—the relative clause is defining. In the sentence—"The Emperor, *who* was present, listened attentively"—it is non-defining

Note that a defining clause is not punctuated, while a non-defining clause is

But a really infallible test is provided by trying to remove the clause. If you do so in the case of a defining clause you disturb the truth of the main statement, in the case of a non-defining clause you do not.

Many people get confused as to when they should employ *that* or *who* or *which*.

*That* should be used as the defining relative, *who* and *which* as non-defining.

Be careful to distinguish between the relative clauses and the conjunctive clauses in the following examples —

- (i) It is money that I want (Relative.)
- (ii) It was you that told me. (Relative.)
- (iii) It was to you that I told this (Conjunctive)
- (iv) It was with a knife that I cut it. (Conjunctive.)

There ought to be no confusion between these two kinds of clauses, because with a relative clause, but never with a conjunctive, the complement of the main predicate is a noun or its equivalent.

Be careful to avoid the very common mistake of writing such a sentence as—“You may rely on *me* doing all in my power.”

*Doing* is here a gerund : therefore *me* should be *my*.

The subject of the gerund (or infinitive) should be expressed, if it is different from, and omitted if it is the same as, the subject of the sentence.

It is sometimes difficult to know when to say *doubt that*, and when to say *doubt whether*.

If there is nothing to show that the writer considers the doubt an unreasonable one the word is always *whether*—e.g. “I doubt whether this is true.”

On the other hand, when the alternative is no longer offered and the sentence amounts to a positive affirmation on his part, *that* should be used—e.g. “I do not doubt that . . .”

Be careful to put in all the words in such a sentence as—“He was as great as, if not greater than, Napoleon.”

Do not indulge too freely in qualifying adverbs the words *perhaps*, *possibly*, *probably*, *rather*, *a little*, *somewhat*, and so on, deserve a long rest

The word *also* is an adverb to use it as a conjunction is to confuse its meaning.

The expression *all right* consists of two words : *alright* might be excusable on economic grounds in a telegram, but in no other circumstances.

Be careful to differentiate between the verbs *lay* and *lie*.

Cf. “I have been lying down all the afternoon” with “I have laid the table.”

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Never use *badly* as a synonym for *very much*

"I want that book *very much*" (not *badly*).

To use *plenty* in the sense of *many* is wrong.

"*Plenty* of people say this," ought to read: "*Many* people say this."

The word *once* is an adverb. it cannot therefore be used as a conjunction in the place of *when* or *if*—*a.g.* "The team will do well *once* they get together," ought to read: "The team will do well as soon as they get together"

The verb *prefer* is always followed by the preposition *to*, never by the conjunction *than*.

The words *except* and *without* are prepositions, and cannot be used as conjunctions.

Do not confuse *beside* with *besides*, or *within* with *in*

Do not omit essential prepositions or the personal pronoun.

"Am writing him to-day" must be amplified into "I am writing to him to-day"

Omit all such restrictive phrases as, *I take it*, *perhaps*, *so to speak*, whenever possible.

Do not use foreign phrases if there are English equivalents: they will tend to make your writing artificial and stilted. To use *de rigueur* for *customary* is sheer affectation.

The verbs *can* and *may* are not synonymous. "Can I go to the pic-nic?" means "Am I able?" "May I go to the pic-nic?" means "Am I permitted?"

The nouns *centre* and *middle* are not synonymous terms.

To speak of "A *mutual* friend" is wrong. *Mutual* expresses what passes from each to each of two persons—*e.g.* "Mutual regard of brother and sister."

Do not confuse *lose* and *loose*.

*Individual* is not a synonym for *man*. It means one taken from a class.

*Unique* must stand alone. You cannot be *rather perfect* or *quite unique*. You are either perfect or imperfect, unique or not unique. In these cases there can be no limiting adverbs.

## EXERCISES

Point out the faults in the following sentences, and rewrite the passages in correct form:—

(i) Peter Galbraith could not fully understand his daughter's fascination for the mighty beacon which made a circle of flame on the prairie, burning summer and winter, from dusk to daylight

(ii) But, whatever his faults, not his worst enemy could accuse Dr Nevington of being a respecter of persons unless he was well assured beforehand whom such persons might be.

(iii) Nor should we omit to mention among the things which have furthered the spread of cheap communications, the introduction of penny postage between any part of the United Kingdom in 1839

(iv) Among the exponents and advocates of the Protectionists is Mr Underwood, who, if he be not a Cobdenite, then it may be asked, what is Cobdenism

(v) To pick one character out of many, there is Drisen, the descendant of a princely house, who is one of the most fascinating rogues that has enlivened the pages of fiction for many a day

(vi) Pierre came back in a few days to see how Shon was, and expressed his determination of staying, to help Sir Duke, if need be.

(vii) Let them agree to differ, for who knows but what agreeing to differ may not be a form of agreement rather than a form of difference

(viii) The West Indian atmosphere is not of the limpid brightness and transparent purity such as are found in the sketch entitled "A Street in Kingston."

(ix) I then further observed that, China having observed the laws of neutrality, how could he believe in the possibility of an alliance with Russia?

(x) These are men and women who profess to call themselves Christians, but I judged that they would soon mutually find each other out

(xi) If you would kindly reply by return, I shall be obliged

(xii) We came to the same place as we had passed three hours before.

(xiii) He never veiled his worship of that strong character of whom he admired most of all the spiritual concentration upon action

(xiv) Society, to which he was introduced, thought that they beheld in him a Johnson *redivivus*

(xv) No excuse is too ridiculous to be offered, no pretext too slight not to be seized upon, if it will extenuate the offence

(xvi) Hurrying along, the road dropped suddenly towards the river, about half a mile away

(xvii) His best essay is on the literature of Germany, especially Goethe

(xviii) When it was my pleasure to address a meeting of over two

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thousand at the Royal Theatre, the opposition numbered less than seven score.

(xix) As one of those who was present, I can bear witness to the success of the lecturer, and the emphatic welcome it received from those who heard it.

(xx) His use of alliteration can only in many cases be forgiven by the hero-worshipper, and in spite of the novel harmonies he introduced us to, the swing of his anapaests and dactyls are apt to cloy.

(xxi) Jeffreys was an exaggerated example of the acute but vulgar criminal lawyer, of which there have been plenty since his time.

(xxii) I was rather impressed by the manner of the orator than by his matter.

(xxiii) The soldiers were too exhausted to take the proper care they ought of their horses.

(xxiv) I cannot help but think that the general did not fight so much by choice as by compulsion.

(xxv) "Amen," said Yeo, and many an honest voice joined in that honest compact, and kept it too like men.

(xxvi) Between the junction of the two tributaries was a level piece of ground on which the force encamped.

(xxvii) The later years of his life were much diversified from the former ones.

(xxviii) It was while receiving a deputation that the bullet of the anarchist struck the President.

(xxix) A novel is usually criticised by whether its plot and characters are true to life.

(xxx) One thing that makes Arnold's poetry so picturesque is because he always chooses his epithets with such judgment.

(xxxi) I am sorry that a previous engagement will prevent me being present on Wednesday evening.

(xxxii) The nation had settled the question that it would not have conscription.

(xxxiii) The fields and meadows looked a picture, being scattered with sheep and cattle feeding on the green grass.

(xxxiv) So far as medicine is concerned, I am not sure that physiology, such as it was down to the time of Harvey, might as well not have existed.

(xxxv) The Diet should leave to the Tsar the initiative of taking such measures as may be necessary.

(xxxvi) Be this a difference of inertia, of bulk, or of form, matters not to the argument.

(xxxvii) The railway has done all and more than was expected of it.

(xxxviii) He will see the alterations that were proposed to be made, but rejected.

(xxxix) Doing one's duty generally consists of being moral, kind, and charitable.

(xl) Few candidates knew enough of the nature of discount as to be aware that the charge for discounting a bill is calculated on the

period between the date of the transaction and that of the maturity of the bill.

(xli) The volunteer does not volunteer to be compelled to suffer long and neglected illnesses, and too often death, yet such was South Africa on a vast scale, and is inevitable in war under the present official indifference.

(xlii) It is true that, disagreeing with M. Comte, though I do, in all those fundamental views that are peculiar to him, I agree with him in sundry minor views.

(xliii) From his conversation I should have pronounced him to be fitted to excel in whatever walk of ambition he had chosen to exert his abilities

(xliv) If you should be sufficiently interested to pay a personal visit to the farm, you will be welcome and every facility will be shown you

(xlv) Beaumont was so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and 'tis thought used his judgment in correcting all his plots

(xlvi) There were only a few companies, comprised mainly of militiamen

(xlvii) I beheld a man in the dress of a postilion whom I instantly recognised as he to whom I had rendered assistance

(xlviii) Every Warwick institution, from the corporation to the schools and the almshouses, have, joined hands in patriotic fellow-working

(xlix) Swift's plan was to offer to fulfil it on conditions so insulting that no one with a grain of self-respect could accept

(l) I think sculpture and painting have an effect to teach us manners and abolish hurry

(li) Their journeymen are far too declamatory, and too much addicted to substitute vague and puerile dissertations for solid instruction

(lii) Another stroke of palsy soon rendered Sir Sampson unconscious even to the charms of Grizzy's conversation

(liii) Moderate churchmen, moving at length from their old moorings, are beginning to lift this question out of the party rut

(liv) I have now seen him, and though not for long, he is a man who speaks with perfect frankness

(lv) The captain declared that his vessel had carried not less than three hundred passengers on any voyage

(lvi) I hope the day is far distant when politicians will be guided less by the needs of their party than by the good of the nation, or that the electors will prefer to have their opinions ready made than to judge for themselves

(lvii) Though the rent was well adapted for his means, the locality was ill adapted to the residence of a man of his rank

(lviii) It was his intention to have travelled from Cologne to Mayence but he was compelled to return home

(lix) Logically, either the proposition is true, or false; either the facts are correctly, or incorrectly stated.



## CHAPTER II

# ANALYSIS, PARSING, AND SYNTHESIS

### § 1. Analysis

**ANALYSIS** is the splitting up of sentences into their component parts. Simple sentences can only be analysed into two parts, the subject and the predicate.

The subject is that part which names the thing of which an assertion is made, and may be composed of a noun, adjective used as a noun, pronoun, infinitive, verbal noun, gerund or noun clause.

The meaning of the subject can be enlarged by the addition of an adjective or its equivalent, which is then known as the enlargement of the subject. The enlargement may be an adjective, noun in apposition, participle, an adjective clause or an adjective phrase.

The distinction between a phrase and a clause must be carefully borne in mind. a clause contains a finite verb, a phrase does not.

The predicate must contain a verb, which may have its meaning extended by an adverb, adverb phrase, adverb clause, or a phrase containing a nominative absolute.

For simple sentences therefore the following form of analysis should be used. —

Subject	{	Subject proper.
		Enlargement.
Predicate	{	Verb
		Extension.
		Object.
		Enlargement of object.

Double sentences can be analysed in a similar way, by

## ANALYSIS, PARSING, AND SYNTHESIS 25

splitting up the sentences into two more simple sentences and then dealing with these separately, as shown above

A complex sentence, you will remember, contains one principal clause, together with one or more subordinate clauses, which depend upon or amplify the principal statement. These subordinate clauses may be classified under three heads, according as they take the place of nouns, adjectives or adverbs

- (i) He told me that you had gone away.
  - (a) He told me . . . . . Principal sentence
  - (b) that you had gone away . . . . . Noun clause, object of *told*
- (ii) The town where we now live is much healthier
  - (a) The town is much healthier . . . . . Principal sentence
  - (b) where we now live . . . . . Adjective clause qualifying *town*
- (iii) We will stay where we are
  - (a) We will stay . . . . . Principal sentence
  - (b) where we are . . . . . Adverbial clause of place limiting *stay*
- (iv) He said that he knew where the book was.
  - (a) He said . . . . . Principal sentence.
  - (b) that he knew where the book was . . . . . Noun clause, object of *said* in (a)
  - (c) where the book was . . . . . Noun clause, object of *knew* in (b)

There is an alternative method of presentation

Sentence	He said he knew where the book was
Subordinate clause	he knew where the book was ( <i>noun</i> )
Sub-dependent clause	where the book was ( <i>noun</i> )

Analysis of whole sentence

Subject	He
Predicate { verb	said
{ object	he knew            was

Analysis of subordinate clause

Subject	He
Predicate { verb	knew
{ object	where            was

Analysis of sub-dependent clause

Subject { subject proper	book
{ enlargement	The
Predicate { verb	was
{ predicative adverb	where

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Remember that in elliptical sentences—i.e. sentences from which various words are missing—all missing words must be reinserted.

### § 2. Parsing

The word *parsing* comes from the Latin, *Quae pars orationis?*—i.e. what part of speech?

In the case of a noun or pronoun we are expected to state its kind, number, gender and case, in dealing with a verb, its voice, tense, mood, number and person; and in the case of every word to show its exact relation to any other word in the sentence with which it is closely connected.

*Example—*

Parse the italicised words in the following sentence.—

*Catching fish is a pleasant pastime for one who has plenty of leisure and patience, but it affords me little enjoyment*

Catching .	Gerund of verb <i>to catch</i> nom case, subject of <i>is</i>
fish . .	Noun, collective, 3rd pers, sing, com gend, acc case, obj of <i>catching</i>
pleasant .	Adj of qual, pos deg, limiting <i>pastime</i>
one . . .	Pron., indef, 3rd pers, sing, com gend, acc case after <i>for</i>
of . . .	Prep. governing <i>leisure</i> in acc case
patience .	Noun, abs., 3rd pers, sing, neut gend, acc. case after <i>of</i>
and . . .	Conj, joining the nouns <i>leisure</i> and <i>patience</i> .
but . . .	Conj, advers, joining the sentences. <i>Catching . . . patience and it . . . enjoyment</i>
affords . .	Weak verb, trans, act, indic. pres, 3rd pers, sing, agreeing with <i>it</i> .
me . . .	Pron, pers, 3rd pers, sing, com gend, dat case. indir. obj of <i>affords</i>
little . .	Adj. of quantity indef, limiting <i>enjoyment</i>
enjoyment	Noun, abs, 3rd pers, sing., neut gend, acc case after <i>affords</i>

### § 3. Synthesis

You are occasionally called upon to practise your skill in Synthesis, which is exactly the opposite to Analysis, for here you are given groups of short sentences and asked to

## ANALYSIS, PARSING, AND SYNTHESIS 27

weave them together into one or more harmonious complex sentences.

*Example—*

Narrate the following incident in three sentences, introducing all the facts supplied, and avoiding the use of the word *and*.—

Soon after the Spanish Governor sent for them. They were brought to Chaco. They were very well treated by the people there. John Byron was asked to marry the niece of a rich old priest. The lady made the suggestion through her uncle. She wished him to be converted first. The old priest made the offer. He took John Byron into a room. There were several large chests there. They were full of clothes. He took a large piece of linen from one of them. The linen was to be made into shirts for him. This was only if he married the lady. The thought of new shirts was a great temptation to Byron. He had only one shirt. He had worn this ever since he had been wrecked. He denied himself this luxury. He excused himself from the honour of marrying the lady.

*Suggested answer :*

Being brought (at the instigation of the Spanish governor) to Chaco, where he in common with his comrades was well treated by the inhabitants, John Byron found that he was expected to marry on condition that he embraced her faith, a lady who had made advances to him through her uncle, a rich old priest.

He was taken into a room containing several large chests full of clothes, from one of which the priest took a piece of linen, offering to have the stuff made into shirts if Byron would accept his niece's offer.

When we consider the fact that Byron possessed only one shirt, which he had worn ever since the day on which he was wrecked, we can realise how great was the temptation, but denying himself even this luxury he excused himself from the honour of marrying the lady.

### EXERCISES

(a) Write out the subordinate clauses in the following passages, saying of what kind they are, and on what word each depends :—

- (i) Not that I think you did not love your father,  
But that I know love is begun by time;  
And that I see, in passages of proof,  
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.

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There lives within the very flame of love  
 A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it ;  
 And nothing is at a like goodness still ;  
 For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,  
 Dies in his own too-much that we would do,  
 We should do when we would ; for this " would " changes,  
 And hath abatements and delays as many  
 As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents

(ii) Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit  
 Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,  
 Infuse his breath with magnanimity,  
 And make him, naked, foil a man at arms  
 I speak not this as doubting any here ,  
 For, did I but suspect a fearful man,  
 He should have leave to go away betimes ,  
 Lest, in our need, he might infect another,  
 And make him of like spirit to himself  
 If any such be here, as God forbid !  
 Let him depart before we need his help

(iii) The ills that I have done cannot be safe,  
 But by attempting greater , and I feel  
 A spirit within me hides my sluggish hands,  
 And says, they have been innocent too long  
 Was I a man bred great as Rome herself,  
 One formed for all her honours, all her glories,  
 Equal to all her titles , that could stand  
 Close up with Atlas, and sustain her name  
 As strong as he doth heaven, and was I,  
 Of all her brood, marked out for the repulse  
 By her no-voice, when I stood candidate  
 To be commander in the Pontic war ?

(iv) If it be so, Su, that you are the man  
 Must stead us all, and me among the rest ,  
 And if you break the ice, and do this feat,—  
 Achieve the elder, set the younger free  
 For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her  
 Will not so graceless be to be ingrate

(v) Though I am satisfied, and need no more  
 Than what I know, yet shall the oracle  
 Give rest to the minds of others such as he,  
 Whose ignorant credulity will not  
 Come up to the truth ; so have we thought it good  
 From our free person she should be confined

- (vi) And then he thinks he knows  
The Hills where his life rose  
And the Sea where it goes.
- (vii) I know not where his islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air.
- (viii) Where Claribel low lieth  
The breezes pause and die.
- (ix) What matters where  
A true man's cross may stand?
- (x) And that's your Venus, whence we turn  
To yonder girl that fords the Lymn
- (xi) Not on the vulgar mass  
    'Call'd "work," must sentence pass,  
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;  
    O'er which, from level stand,  
    The low world laid its hand,  
    'Round straightway to its mind, could value in a trice;  
  
But all, the world's coarse thumb  
And finger fail'd to plumb,  
So pass'd in making up the main account,  
All instincts immature,  
All purposes unsure,  
That weigh'd not as his work, yet swell'd the man's amount.
- (xii) Lo! as a careful housewife runs to catch  
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,  
Sets down her babe and makes all swift despatch  
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay,  
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,  
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent  
To follow that which flies before her face,  
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;  
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,  
Whilst I, thy babe, chase thee afar behind . . .

(xiii) If the reader has ever been present in a vast metropolis on the day when some great national idol was carried in pomp to his grave, and has felt powerfully, in the silence and desertion of the streets, the deep interest which at that moment held the heart of man,—if all at once he should hear the deathlike stillness broken up by the sound of wheels rattling away from the scene, he will be aware that at no moment was his sense of the complete suspension

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and pause in ordinary human concerns so full and affecting as at that moment when the suspension ceases, and the goings-on of human life are suddenly resumed.

(b) Construct three complex sentences consisting of the following clauses :—

- (i) Principal Sentence, Adverbial Clause of Condition, Noun Clause as object.
- (ii) Principal Sentence, Adverbial Clause of Concession, Adjectival Clause.
- (iii) Principal Sentence, Noun Clause in apposition to the subject, Adverbial Clause of Cause, Adjectival Clause.

(c) Give one or more examples of the use of any *five* of the following constructions .—

- (i) A collective noun with a plural verb
- (ii) A transitive verb with a double object.
- (iii) The subjunctive in a principal sentence
- (iv) The infinitive dependent on an adjective
- (v) The nominative absolute used with a present participle
- (vi) A gerund governing an object.
- (vii) An adverb modifying a preposition

(d) Combine the following detached statements into not more than three complex sentences .—

I was walking on a wild moor in Yorkshire. A tramp suddenly appeared. He begged. said he was "an honest tradesman off his job." I put two pence in his dirty palm. He smiled bitterly. He remarked "That ain't no use to me!" I put them back in my pocket. I went on my way. I thought he might follow. Bad language alone pursued me.

(e) Rewrite the following passage in three sentences, avoiding semicolons and the use of the word *and* .—

The Greeks had been besieging Troy. The siege had gone on for ten years. It was all in vain. One of the Greeks contrived a device. He made a horse of wood. It was to be filled with armed men. The Greeks were to pretend to return home. They were to hide behind an island. It was hoped the wooden horse would be taken inside the wall of Troy. The Trojans found that the Greeks were gone. The Greeks seemed to have returned home. The Trojans

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dragged the wooden horse inside their city. They were told it had been left as a peace-offering. They were told it was an offering to Minerva. They were warned by one of their priests. The priest said they should leave the wooden horse alone. He said the Greeks were to be feared, even when they were offering a gift. The Trojans held a feast that night. They rejoiced. Then they went to sleep. The armed men issued from the horse. The Greeks had returned. The armed men opened the gates. The Greeks entered. They took the inhabitants by surprise. They slew many of them. They possessed themselves of the city.



## CHAPTER III

### PUNCTUATION

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous is as bold as a lion."

Rendering by Tomkins minor in Dictation

"The wicked flee when nō man pursueth but the righteous, is as bold as a lion"

PUNCTUATION is an artificial means of endeavouring to reproduce on paper the different stresses and pauses that would occur if the passage were spoken instead of being written.

There appears to have been no system of punctuation in ancient times, while the present system was not introduced until the end of the fifteenth century. As time went on men began to rely more and more on stops as an aid to exposition until quite recently, when a reaction set in, and the tendency to-day is to write in such a way as to require the least possible use of punctuation marks. Legal documents, as you doubtless know, are so worded as to require no stops at all, the construction of the sentences being so carefully considered that the interpretation of them is absolutely clear from the language itself.

But the majority of writers have still to rely on punctuation to a certain degree in order to bring out the meaning of their arguments and to avoid ambiguity.

The point to remember is to avoid sprinkling your text haphazard with commas and other punctuation marks under the mistaken impression that they somehow heighten the effect of your work.

There are four common stops, called respectively the Comma, Semi-colon, Colon and Full Stop or period.

In Shakespeare's time these represented little more than time-beats: they were put in partly as a guide to the actor

so that he should learn to vary his pauses correctly, the comma counting as one, the semi-colon as two, the colon as three and the full stop as four beats.

Nowadays stops are used mainly to show, or hint at, the grammatical relation between words, phrases, clauses and sentences, as well as to regulate the pace, to throw emphasis on particular words and to indicate tone.

It is not to be imagined for a second that stops are devices to save one the labour of getting words into their right positions: they are meant to save the reader the moment or two that would sometimes be necessarily spent on rereading the sentence.

As an experiment eliminate all your punctuation marks from your next essay: if any portion of it then reads badly there is probably something radically wrong with your style and the construction of your sentences. Stops are not meant to alter the meaning of a passage, though they frequently do so, but to show it up.

There is a tendency in much modern work, notably in Mr Masfield's earlier books, to make the full stop do all the work. Certainly such a method makes for simplicity, but it quickly becomes tedious and jars the reader's nerves considerably.

Bearing in mind the excellent rule that understopping is better than overstopping, you will not be likely to insert a comma in such a sentence as *He asked what I should do.*

Nor will you be likely to fall into the trap of separating a verb from its subject, as in—"Opposition to him, was comparable to the stand of blocks of timber before a flame."

The question becomes slightly more complicated when we come to the case of adjective clauses.

Commas should not be used with a defining clause, but with a non-defining clause two commas should always be used.

*Example—*

The river *that runs through London* is turbid. (Defining.)

The Thames, *which runs through London*, is turbid. (Non-defining.)

Adverbial clauses are still more difficult to deal with. There is no working rule that I can give you.

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But when an adverbial clause is to be stopped, and stopped incompletely, the omitted stop must always be the one at the beginning and never the one at the end.

Passages in parenthesis are commonly separated at each end from the rest of the sentence by means of commas, but you must make sure that the passage under consideration is really in parenthesis; otherwise you will surround every adverb you meet with commas.

In enumerations it is as well to use the fully stopped form, as in—"Industry, honesty, and temperance are essential to happiness."

Semi-colons should generally be employed between independent sentences. The difficulty lies sometimes in being able to recognise sentences as independent.

By independent sentences we mean sentences that are joined by co-ordinating and not by subordinating conjunctions.

Cf. "I will not try; for it is dangerous" with "I will not try, because it is dangerous."

We know that *for* is co-ordinating and *because* is subordinating, but at first sight there seems very little difference between these sentences. In case of doubt the following hint may be found useful. A subordinating conjunction may be known from the other kind by its being possible to place it with its clause before the previous sentence instead of after it without destroying the sense—e.g. we can say "Because it is dangerous, I will not try," but not "For it is dangerous, I will not try."

With regard to the use of the exclamation mark, it is worth while to remember Landor's very instructive saying:

"I read warily; and whenever I find the writings of a lady, the first thing I do is to cast my eye along her pages, to see whether I am likely to be annoyed by the traps and spring guns of interjection; and if I happen to espy them I do not leap the paling."

The use of the colon is quickly dying out: those who use it seem to think it a prettier or more impressive stop than the semi-colon and use it instead of that; some

it just as a variant and resort to it when tired of the semi-colon.

Few take the trouble to make certain of the rules which govern its usage which are as follows :—

- (i) Between two sentences that are in clear antithesis, but not connected by an adversative conjunction—*e.g.* “Man proposes : God disposes.”
- (ii) Introducing a short quotation—*e.g.* “Always remember the ancient maxim : Know thyself.”
- (iii) Introducing a list of series—*e.g.* “Chief rivers : Thames, Severn, Humber”
- (iv) Introducing a sentence that comes as fulfilment of a promise expressed or implied in the previous sentence—*e.g.* “Some things we can, and others we cannot do : we can walk, but we cannot fly.”
- (v) Introducing an explanation or proof that is not connected with the previous sentence by *for* or some other conjunction—*e.g.* “Rebuke thy son, in private : public rebuke hardens the heart”

The dash, as readers of Sterne will immediately recognise, is frequently employed in a very capricious and arbitrary manner, as a substitute for all sorts of points, by writers whose thoughts, although sometimes striking and profound, are thrown together without order or dependence.

The dash is only to be used very sparingly, but the following occasions are legitimate :—

- (i) Adding to a phrase already used an explanation, example or preferable substitute—*e.g.* “Anybody might be an accuser—a personal enemy, an infamous person, a child, parent, brother or sister.”
- (ii) Inviting the reader to pause and collect his forces against the shock of an unexpected word that is to be used to close the sentence—*e.g.* “To write imaginatively a man should ~~have~~ imagination.”
- (iii) Assuring the reader that what is coming is witty.

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(iv) Marking the arrival at the principal sentence or the predicate after a subordinate clause or a subject that is long or compound.

(v) Resuming after a parenthesis or long phrase, generally with repetition of some previous words in danger of being forgotten.

(vi) Giving the air of an afterthought, to a final comment that would spoil the balance of the sentence if preceded only by an ordinary stop.

(vii) Marking a change of speakers when quotation marks and "he said" and other similar expressions are not used.

(viii) With colon or other stop before a quotation.

(ix) Introducing a list.

(x) Confessing an anacoluthon.

(xi) Breaking off a sentence altogether.

(xii) Doubled to serve the purpose of brackets.

Hyphens ought to be avoided when possible. There are three degrees of intimacy between words, of which the loosest is expressed by their mere juxtaposition as separate words the second by their being hyphenated, the closest by their being written continuously as one word.

Thus—*hand workers*, *hand-workers*, *handworkers*.

Be careful to distinguish between *walking stick*, which might mean a stick that walks, or metaphorically as a description of a stiffly behaved person, and *walking-stick*, a stick used in walking.

But it is worth remembering that the common tendency is rather to over-hyphen than to under-hyphen.

There comes a time when compound words should drop the hyphen—e.g. *to-day* and *to-morrow* ought certainly to be written *today* and *tomorrow*.

Quotation marks, like hyphens, should be used sparingly.<sup>1</sup>

It is ridiculous to labour the point that passages hackneyed

<sup>1</sup> The remarks immediately following apply to the students' written exercises, which need not be brought under the rules followed by printers.

by repetition are quotations, by confining them within quotation marks.

No stop is really required at the end of a quotation to separate the quotation, as such, from what follows; that is sufficiently done by the quotation marks.

No stop is needed at either end of such insertions as *he said* to part them from the quotation, that being sufficiently done by the quotation marks.

Consequently the true stops should never stand before the second quotation mark except in obvious cases—e.g. the full stop. Words that interrupt quotations should never be allowed stops to part them from the quotation

#### *Examples—*

- “It is enough for us to reflect that ‘such shortlived wits do wither as they grow’”
- “You are breaking the rules” “Well, the rules are silly”
- “Certainly not;” he exclaimed “I would rather have died”
- “I cannot guess” he retorted “what you mean.”
- “Is the question ‘Where was he?’ or ‘What was he doing?’?”

With regard to the use of double and single quotation marks, the prevailing system is to use double marks for most purposes and single ones for quotations within quotations.

The Oxford University Press, however, reserve the double marks exclusively for quotations within quotations.

In conclusion I should like once more to emphasise the importance of punctuating sparingly. The good writer will imitate the good referee who blows his whistle only on the fewest occasions consistent with fair play. At the same time it must be remembered that the omission of a stop may alter the meaning of a sentence completely, as in—“*Little children love one another*,” which means something very different from “*Little children, love one another.*”

There are still people who confuse the uses of the apostrophe.

An apostrophe is used—

(i) In the genitive case of the noun (but not of the pronoun): “He saw *its* tail disappear round the corner.”

*It's* is short for *it is*.

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(ii) To replace omitted letters, as in 'twas, don't, haven't.

Remember to place the apostrophe exactly above the place where the missing letter ought to be, just as you place the dot exactly over the *i* and not indiscriminately somewhere in the vicinity.

(iii) To form the plurals of letters of the alphabet or of words taken by themselves—

“You must dot your *i*'s and loop your *l*'s.”

“There are too many *very*'s in this essay.”

### EXERCISES

(a) Punctuate the following passage and assign the dialogue to the two speakers —

now did faithful begin to wonder and stepping to christian for he walked all this while by himself he said to him but softly what a brave companion have we got surely this man will make a very excellent pilgrim at this christian modestly smiled and said this man with whom you are so taken will beguile with this tongue of his twenty of them that know him not do you know him then know him yes better than he knows himself pray what is he his name is talkative he dwelleth in our town he is the son of one say well he dwelt in prating row and notwithstanding his fine tongue he is but a sorry fellow.

(b) Write the following passage and punctuate it :—

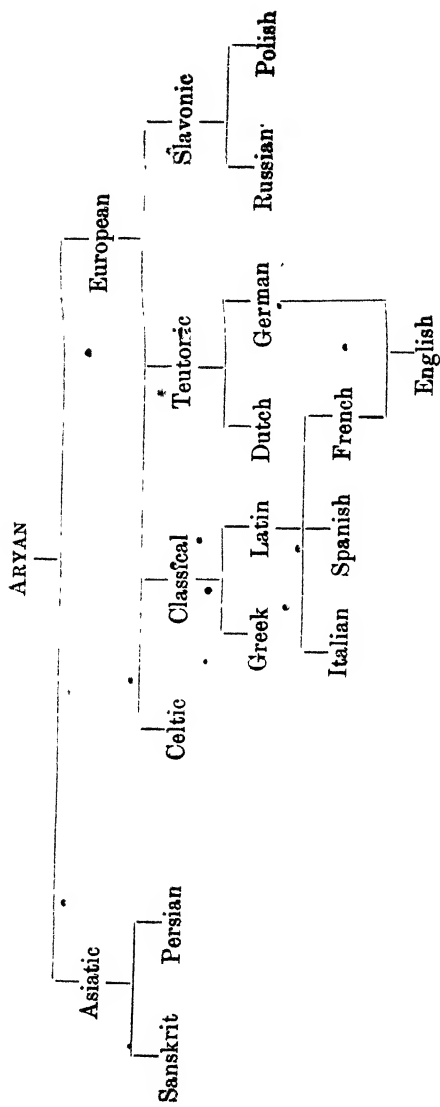
His birthday which occurred a week after his arrival was celebrated with one of the most splendid fêtes ever beheld at naples but notwithstanding the splendour with which he was encircled and the flattering honours with which all ranks welcomed him nelson was fully sensible of the depravity as well as weakness of those by whom he was surrounded what precious moments said he the courts of naples and vienna are losing three months would liberate italy but this court is so enervated that the happy moment will be lost i am very unwell and their miserable conduct is not likely to cool my irritable temper.

(c) Punctuate the following passage :—

At length however his civility was so far awakened as to inquire of Elizabeth after the health of her family she answered him in the

usual way and after a moment's pause added my eldest sister has been in town these three months have you never happened to see her there she was perfectly sensible that he never had but she wished to see whether he would betray any consciousness of what had passed between the Bingleys and Jane and she thought he looked a little confused as he answered that he had never been so fortunate as to meet Miss Bennet.





## CHAPTER IV

### VOCABULARY

#### I

IN working through the chapter on Essay-Writing you will, I hope, put into practice the following rules:—(i) the familiar word is to be given preference over the far-fetched; (ii) the concrete over the abstract; (iii) the single word over the circumlocution; (iv) the short over the long, and (v) (within limits) the Saxon over the Romance. If you can obey these five rules you are in a fair way to become a writer of English.

In the first place you must be warned against confusing the meanings of words.

Even well-known writers have been known to confuse such words as these: venal and venial; comprehensive and comprehensible; palatal and palatial; veracity and voracity; practice and practise; luminous and voluminous; perspicuity and perspicacity; reverend and reverent; continual and continuous; complaisant and complacent; deprecate and depreciate; predication and prediction; ingenuous and ingenious; temporal and temporary; vocation and avocation; ascetic and æsthetic; proscription and prescription; illusion and allusion; supercilious and superficial; transitory and transitional; mendicity and mendacity; personify and personate; appreciable and appreciative; punctual and punctilious; deport and disport; incredulous and incredible; official and officious; sentient and sententious, principal and principle.

I do not propose to enlighten you as to the distinction between the above pairs of words, but if there are any that you are ignorant of or doubtful about, do not rest until you have hunted down their exact meanings and committed them to memory.

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In the next place, if you attend to these rules you will not fall into the error of introducing numerous foreign phrases.

It is true that there are excellent foreign idioms which exactly express what no combination of words in English can convey, but be careful before you employ even these useful phrases. You may make a gross mistake.

"Arrière-pensée," for instance, does not mean "an after-thought."

"Cui bono?" does not mean "What is the good of it?"

"Au pied de la lettre," does not mean "to the foot of the letter."

If you don't know what these three very common phrases mean, search until you do; and then you may use them as occasion offers, but you will still have to be careful lest you offend in other equally well-known passages from French and Latin.

Swift's definition of style was that it was the right word in the right place. Such men as Milton, Pater, Macaulay, Shakespeare and Stevenson appear always to have kept at their beck and call every word in the language.

It is not for us to have from 10,000 to 20,000 different words at our command, but that is no reason why we should rest content with a paltry 300 or 400.

Have you ever wondered why workmen swear so much? It certainly is not because they are more intentionally vulgar or blasphemous than we are; it is simply that they have no adjectives with which to clothe their thoughts; their stock-in-trade of words is so easily exhausted that three or four words have to bear the burden of describing every quality or attribute that comes into their minds.

The way to improve your vocabulary is to read omnivorously and to form a habit of looking up words in a dictionary.

Nor does your labour end here. You should attempt to trace the derivation and changes of meaning through which words have passed during the centuries:—how, for instance, "fare," meaning "journey," should have become "fear"; and how "jeune," which originally meant "hungry," should now mean "inept." You may at first sight think this a dull pursuit, but I can assure you that it has boundless possibilities: a glance at Professor Weekley's *Romance of Names* and *Romance*

of *Surnames* will quickly convince you of the truth of that. Try, for instance, now, to trace from what countries we have borrowed bannock, yacht, siesta, caitiff, avon, squaw, banana, kopje, influenza, potato, elixir, zinc and maelstrom.

In the first place, of course, we owe a great many of our commonest words directly to the Latin; such words as pauper, bonus, complex, veto, premium, radius. A moment's thought will show you how innumerable are the words of this sort.

But far more remarkable than our debt to the Latin tongue is the resemblance between English and German. *Vater, mutter, bruder, haus, feld, gras, korn, land, haben, singen, bringen, brechen* and so on present no difficulties of translation even to one who knows no German at all.

Once realise that an English t becomes z, tz or ss in German, that th becomes d, p becomes pf or f, d becomes t, and v sometimes b, and the way is clear for the immediate understanding of hundreds of German words. In grammar, too, the languages are akin.

The reason is, of course, that both English and German are descended from a common primitive Germanic stock.

This does not mean, however, that the languages are alike in all respects. Modern German is amazingly complicated compared with modern English, particularly in gender rules and inflexions.

We had in Old English all the general characteristics which now differentiate our language from the Modern German. By Old English, sometimes called Anglo-Saxon, we mean the language spoken down to the middle of the twelfth century; by Middle English that in vogue between 1150 and 1500. Modern English covers the last four hundred years. During all this time the language has been and still is undergoing considerable changes and modifications: so much so that the English used in the years before the Norman Conquest seems like a foreign language.

For example: "ða ðe ne gelyfað ðurh agenne cyre hi scoriath, na ðurh gewyrd; for-ðan-ðe gewyrd nis nan ðing buton leas wena" defies immediate understanding even when you are told that "ð" stands for "th."

The passage means: "They who do not believe refuse

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through their own choice, not through fate, because fate is nothing but a false notion."

Owing to various causes since the Anglo-Saxon period we have, as I said, lost most of the inflexional uses, and now, furthermore, have arrived at a period when gender is determined (as would seem to be rational) by the sex of the object discussed.

We have now to consider the various historical events by which our tongue was enriched.

There was the Roman invasion, which gave us such words as street, silk, copper, inch, pepper and pound.

Then in the sixth and seventh centuries the English were converted to Christianity, and this accounted for ecclesiastical terms like bishop, creed, font, monk and priest.

Then a few words survived from the Celtic Britons, but these are much fewer in number than is generally realised.

To the Danes and Scandinavians, on the other hand, we owe a vast number—*e.g.* law, husband, knife, same, take, Thursday, want, wrong, get, hit, loose, loft, leg, call, odd and root.

Then came the Norman Conquest and the invasion by the French tongue, the most powerful of all influences on our native writers ever since. This influence was twofold: the Northern dialect came in 1066, and the Central French about 1150. These dialects differed considerably, so that we have to-day catch and chase, warden and guardian, launch and lance, wage and gaze, representing originally the same words.

French words abound in our legal terminology. Court, assize, judge, jury, council, tax, manor, chattel, city, money, rent are a few from a very long list,

Military terms too are derived in great numbers from the same source. Arms, armour, battle, siege, standard, harness, assault, fortress, and tower are examples.

Terms of relationship, like uncle, aunt, nephew, niece, and cousin come from the same country.

We also gained a second stock of Latin words through the French.

The revival of Greek learning which took place about the year 1500 led to fresh acquisitions, and to-day modern inventions and scientific terms are usually Greek in origin.

Photography, telephone, cinematograph and stereotype as examples will set you on the track of many more.

From Italy we derive terms in music and the fine arts. Finale, gamut, piano, staccato, dado, fresco, mezzotint, replica, studio, terra cotta, afford evidence of this influence.

The Dutch gave us nautical phrases like aloof, dock, skipper, rover, boom, avast, hull, and so on; the Spanish, such words as desperado, dispatch, negro, renegade, etc.

Mineralogical words come from the High German, as might be expected—bismuth, quartz, shale, zinc, etc. Some words can easily be traced to their origin by a little thought.

Try to derive the following :—

Verandah, cocoa, albatross, knout, vast, steppe, coffee, eider, gong, gutta-percha, amuck, rickshaw, taboo, toboggan.

Apart from foreign influences we have added to our stock by coining new words in three different ways : (i) Composition, by joining two existing words to form a compound ; (ii) Derivation ; and (iii) by Root-creation, which is the invention of an entirely new word.

Of the first sort apple-tree, blackbird, breakfast, scarecrow and spendthrift are examples.

Of the second, cleverness, noisy, thinker and horsemanship will show how we employ suffixes to expand the meaning of a word

Two other processes beyond those of adding prefixes and suffixes are back-formation by which we have abbreviated such words as "nestling" to arrive at "nestle"; and shortening, by which omnibus becomes bus and cabriolet, cab.

Root-creation accounts for all onomatopœic or "sense by sound" words like boom, cackle, whirl, whiz, pop, pom-pom and other words which represent particular sounds.

Another peculiarity of our vocabulary is the change of meaning which has overtaken so many words. Think out for a moment the number of different meanings you can get for fine, fast, jack, pipe and drive.

What do you imagine "preposterous" means? Literally, it ought to mean "placed in reversed order." How do you think it comes to mean what we commonly suppose it to stand for?

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"Premises" is another strange word. In its proper sense it can mean nothing but "things premised or stated beforehand." How, then, does it come to mean house and land? "Egregious" too, is really a term of praise; "silly" once meant "blessed"; "travel" was a synonym for "labour."

Then again, our vocabulary has been augmented by daring spirits among our writers who have minted or popularised words. To Coverdale we owe "loving-kindness"; to Tyndale "peacemaker" and "beautiful".

Naturally we expect to owe much that is best in our tongue to the translators of the Bible; and it is a profitable exercise to attempt to estimate exactly what that debt is.

Spenser gives us elfin, blatant, and several other words of picturesque beauty or graphic terror.

But Shakespeare, as we might expect, heads the list. His phrases like "coign of vantage," "yeoman service," "to the manner born," "to wear one's heart upon one's sleeve" have become part and parcel of our everyday speech. It is almost impossible to go through a day of our life without quoting liberally, though quite unconsciously, from the greatest of all poets. On the other hand, Milton has given us only a few words of which we had no knowledge before his time. "Pandemonium," "irresponsible" and "impassive" are among his contributions.

When we come to more modern writers we find that words have crept into the language by quite another route.

Sheridan creates a delightful lady, Mrs Malaprop, who cannot get her words right, and hence the word "Malapropism."

Swift gives us "Lilliputian," "Brobdingnagian" and "Yahoo"; Dickens contributes "Pecksniffian," "gamp" and many others; and the list may easily be extended.

Then there is the question of slang. There is no doubt that such writers as "O. Henry" have materially aided our sense of visualising people and incidents by indulging in this so-called lawless pastime, but it must be remembered that many aristocratic and time-honoured phrases were once slang but now have become recognised through long and persistent usage.

"To go one better," "to go off at a tangent," "to be in at the death," "to cut it fine," "to come up to the scratch,"

exactly express attitudes of mind that could scarcely be better put into words.

Foolish slang phrases and catchwords have their little day and cease to be, but Time tests all. The slang that is vital and graphic will survive in spite of all the pedants in the world.

But in this connection it is interesting to read what Jane Austen had to say in her day (1803) about the abuse of "nice." Turn to the fourteenth chapter of *Northanger Abbey* and take to heart the comments you find there. Full idiom and full slang are far apart, but just by way of exercise try to place each of the following phrases into its right group and determine which is slang and therefore not permissible, and which is idiom and therefore good English :—

Outrun the constable ; the man in the street ; kicking your heels ; between two stools ; cutting a loss ; riding for a fall ; not seeing the wood for the trees ; minding your P's and Q's ; crossing the t's ; begging the question ; special pleading ; a bone to pick ; half-seas over ; tooth and nail ; bluff ; a tall order.

A useful exercise is to take a word like "as" and think of as many similes as you can that are in common use—*e.g.* as proud as a peacock ; as hungry as a hunter ; as strong as a horse ; as stubborn as a mule ; as white as a sheet ; as plentiful as blackberries , as deaf as a post.

In how many senses do you think the word "jack" can be used ? We have "boot-jack," "Jack Frost," "jack-snipe," "to jack up." Continue the list.

Among other ways of widening your stock of words one is to write down all the words you can remember (with suitable synonyms) that begin with the same prefix or end with the same suffix.

Try the following to begin with :—

Prefixes : Trans, inter, ad, para, syn, pan, con, per, pro, sub, super, ana.

Suffixes : id, icious, itions, acious, ence, ent, ance, ant.



## II. Errors in Vocabulary

Limited though we are in our knowledge of words we are for ever unconsciously imitating Mrs Malaprop, and while we pride ourselves on a "nice derangement of epitaphs" others more learned than we hold their sides with laughter at our quaint mistakes. It is an error to indulge in archaisms; we may make Chatterton's mistake and think that a little learning and dabbling in mediæval English warrants our sprinkling "ekes" and "forsooths" all over our text. Avoid all tendency to archaism, either in spelling or phraseology.

It is also a mistake, and a very common one, to drag in by the heels at the most inopportune and inauspicious moments hackneyed quotations in writing essays. Never, if you can possibly avoid it, fall into the snare of talking about "to be or not to be," "the irony of fate," "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," "they also serve who only stand and wait." A quotation is very useful in its way, but it must be apt, fresh, and not too well known.

Similarly with such phrases as a *fidus Achates*, Don Juan, Adonis and most Biblical phrases. The constant use of such phrases irritates your reader much in the same way that you yourself are irritated while listening to a sermon very slowly delivered. You find that you can anticipate exactly the adjective which the preacher is going to employ with particular nouns. You know with him that "way" must always be preceded by "conceivable." Well, do not let it be so with you.

Let your nouns stand by themselves; they ought to be strong enough: if not, select fresh partners for them from time to time; they must be ineffably bored by the companionship of the same adjectives every time they appear in society.

Listen to this delightful extract, from Mr Townshend Warner's inimitable *Writing of English*, on how *not* to write:

Plumping himself down in his capacious arm-chair beside a cosy fire he lighted a fragrant cigar, and pouring himself out a moderate jorum of his usual whisky he abandoned himself to the sweet solace of his accustomed forty winks.

Comment on this ought to be unnecessary.

Again, when you find that an abstract noun is a necessity (it can nearly always be replaced by a verb or adjective) try to avoid words ending in -ation, -ness or -ism.

Charity, mercy, courage, truth, evil, faith and hope are among the finest words in the language; avoid long winded imitations.

Again, it is a mistake to use continually the same old similes: think out fresh ones. Phrases like "as busy as a bee," "as blind as a bat," "as neat as a new pin," "as hungry as a hunter," and so on have earned a Rip Van Winkle's rest.

Rest here and give yourself a chance of proving your affinity with or remoteness from Mrs Malaprop.

## EXERCISE

### THE RIVALS

• Enter MRS MALAPROP and SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE

*Mrs Mal* There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate simpleton who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

*Lyd.* Madam, I thought you once—

*Mrs Mal.* You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all—thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

*Lyd.* Ah, madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget

*Mrs Mal* But I say it is, miss; there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed—and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman

*Sir Anth.* Why sure she won't pretend to remember what she's ordered not!—ay, this comes of her reading!

*Lyd.* What crime, madam, have I committed, to be treated thus?

*Mrs Mal* Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it—But tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

*Lyd.* Madam, I must tell you plainly, that had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

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*Mrs Mal.* What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know, that as both always wear off 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a blackamoor—and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made!—and when it pleased Heaven to release me from him 'tis unknown what tears I shed! But suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

*Lyd.* Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

*Mrs Mal.* Take yourself to your room. You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humours.

*Lyd.* Willingly, ma'am—I cannot change for the worse. [*Exit.*]

*Mrs Mal.* There's a little intricate hussy for you!

*Sir Anth.* It is not to be wondered at, ma'am—all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, by Heaven! I'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet!

*Mrs Mal.* Nay, nay, Sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthropy.

*Sir Anth.* In my way hither, Mrs Malaprop, I observed, your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library!—She had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes, with marble covers!—From that moment I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

*Mrs Mal.* Those are vile places, indeed!

*Sir Anth.* Madam, a circulating library in a town is as an ever-green tree of diabolical knowledge! It blossoms through the year!—and depend on it, Mrs Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves will long for the fruit at last.

*Mrs Mal.* Fy, fy, Sir Anthony, you surely speak laconically.

*Sir Anth.* Why, Mrs Malaprop, in moderation now, what would you have a woman know?

*Mrs Mal.* Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments—But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts;—and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries;—but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy that she might not mis-spell, and mis-pronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise

that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know ;—and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

*Sir Anth.* Well, well, Mrs Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you ; though I must confess that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But, Mrs Malaprop, to the more important point in debate—you say you have no objection to my proposal.

*Mrs Mal.* None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr Acres, and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

*Sir Anth.* Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

*Mrs Mal.* We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony ; but I hope no objection on his side.

*Sir Anth.* Objection !—let him object if he dare !—No, no, Mrs Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple—in their younger days, 'twas "Jack do this" ; if he demurred, I knocked him down—and if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

*Mrs Mal.* Ah, and the properest way, o' my conscience !—nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity.—Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations ;—and, I hope you will represent her to the captain as an object not altogether illegible.

*Sir Anth.* Madam, I will handle the subject prudently.—Well, I must leave you ; and let me beg you, Mrs Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl.—Take my advice—keep a tight hand ; if she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key ; and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days you can't conceive how she'd come about. [Exit

*Mrs Mal.* Well, at any rate, I shall be glad to get her from under my intuition. She has somehow discovered my partiality for Sir Lucius O'Trigger—sure, Lucy can't have betrayed me !—No, the girl is such a simpleton, I should have made her confess it.—Lucy !—Lucy !—[Calls.] Had she been one of your artificial ones I should never have trusted her

#### Re-enter LUCY

*Lucy.* Did you call, ma'am ?

*Mrs Mal.* Yes, girl—Did you see Sir Lucius while you was out ?

*Lucy.* No, indeed, ma'am, not a glimpse of him.

*Mrs Mal.* You are sure, Lucy, that you never mentioned—

*Lucy.* Oh, gemini ! I'd sooner cut my tongue out.

*Mrs Mal.* Well, don't let your simplicity be imposed on.

*Lucy.* No, ma'am.

*Mrs Mal.* So, come to me presently, and I'll give you another letter to Sir Lucius; but mind, Lucy—if ever you betray what you are entrusted with (unless it be other people's secrets to me), you forfeit my malevolence for ever, and your being a simpleton shall be no excuse for your locality [Exit.]

SCENE III.—MRS MALAPROP'S *Lodgings*

MRS MALAPROP, with a letter in her hand, and CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE

*Mrs Mal.* Your being Sir Anthony's son, captain, would itself be a sufficient accommodation; but from the ingenuity of your appearance, I am convinced you & serve the character here given of you.

*Abs.* Permit me to say, madam, that as I never yet have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Languish, my principal inducement in this affair at present is the honour of being allied to Mrs Malaprop; of whose intellectual accomplishments, elegant manners, and unaffected learning, no tongue is silent

*Mrs Mal.* Sir, you do me infinite honour! I beg, captain, you'll be seated —[*They sit*] Ah! few gentlemen, nowadays, know how to value the ineffectual qualities in a woman!—few think, how a little knowledge becomes a gentlewoman—Men have no sense now but for the worthless flower of beauty!

*Abs.* It is but too true, indeed, ma'am;—yet I fear our ladies should share the blame—they think our admiration of beauty so great, that knowledge in them would be superfluous. Thus, like garden-trees, they seldom show fruit, till time has robbed them of more spacious blossom—Few, like Mrs Malaprop and the orange-tree, are rich in both at once.

*Mrs Mal.* Sir, you overpower me with good-breeding.—He is the very pine-apple of politeness!—You are not ignorant, captain, that this giddy girl has somehow contrived to fix her affections on a beggarly, strolling, eavesdropping ensign, whom none of us have seen, and nobody knows anything of.

*Abs.* Oh, I have heard the silly affair before—I'm not at all prejudiced against her on that account

*Mrs Mal.* You are very good and very considerate, captain. I am sure I have done everything in my power since I exploded the affair; long ago I laid my positive conjunctions on her, never to think on the fellow again;—I have since laid Sir Anthony's proposition before her; but, I am sorry to say, she seems resolved to decline every particle that I enjoin her.

*Abs.* It must be very distressing, indeed, ma'am

*Mrs Mal.* Oh! it gives me the hydrostatics to such a degree.—I thought she had persisted from corresponding with him; but, behold this very day, I have interceded another letter from the fellow; I believe I have it in my pocket.

*Abs.* Oh, the devil! my last note.

[*Aside.*

*Mrs Mal.* Ay, here it is.

*Abs.* Ay, my note indeed! Oh, the little traitress Lucy.

*Mrs Mal.* There, perhaps you may know the writing.

[*Gives him the letter.*

*Abs.* I think I have seen the hand before—yes, I certainly must have seen this hand before—

*Mrs Mal.* Nay, but read it, captain.

*Abs.* [Reads.] *My soul's idol, my adored Lydia!*—Very tender, indeed!

*Mrs Mal.* Tender, ay, and profane too, o' my conscience.

*Abs.* [Reads.] *I am excessively alarmed at the intelligence you send me, the more so as my new rival—*

*Mrs Mal.* That's you, sir

*Abs.* [Reads.] *Has universally the character of being an accomplished gentleman and a man of honour.*—Well, that's handsome enough

*Mrs Mal.* Oh, the fellow has some design in writing so

*Abs.* That he had, I'll answer for him, ma'am

*Mrs Mal.* But go on, sir—you'll see presently

*Abs.* [Reads.] *As for the old weather-beaten she-dragon who guards you.*—Who can he mean by that?

*Mrs Mal.* Me, sir! me!—he means me!—There—what do you think now?—but go on a little further

*Abs.* Impudent scoundrel!—[Reads.] *it shall go hard but I will elude her vigilance, as I am told that the same ridiculous vanity, which makes her dress up her coarse features, and deck her dull chat with hard words which she don't understand—*

*Mrs Mal.* There, sir, an attack upon my language! what do you think of that?—an aspersion upon my parts of speech! was ever such a brute! Sure, if I reprehend any thing in this world it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs!

*Abs.* He deserves to be hanged and quartered! let me see—[Reads.] *same ridiculous vanity—*

*Mrs Mal.* You need not read it again, sir

*Abs.* I beg pardon, ma'am.—[Reads.] *does also lay her open to the grossest deceptions from flattery and pretended admiration—an impudent coxcomb!*—so that I have a scheme to see you shortly with the old harridan's consent, and even to make her a go-between in our interview.—Was ever such assurance!

*Mrs Mal.* Did you ever hear anything like it?—he'll elude my vigilance, will he? Yes, yes! ha! ha! he's very likely to enter these doors;—we'll try who can plot best!

*Abs.* So we will, ma'am—so we will! Ha! ha! ha! a conceited puppy, ha! ha! ha!—Well, but, Mrs Malaprop, as the girl seems so infatuated by this fellow, suppose you were to wink at her corresponding with him for a little time—let her even plot an elopement

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with him—then do you connive at her escape—while I, just in the nick, will have the fellow laid by the heels, and fairly contrive to carry her off in his stead.

*Mrs Mal.* I am delighted with the scheme; never was anything better perpetrated!

*Abs.* But, pray, could not I see the lady for a few minutes now?—I should like to try her temper a little.

*Mrs Mal.* Why, I don't know—I doubt she is not prepared for a visit of this kind. There is a decorum in these matters.

*Abs.* O Lord! she won't mind me—only tell her Beverley—

*Mrs Mal.* Sir!

*Abs.* Gently, good tongue.

[*Aside*

*Mrs Mal.* What did you say of Beverley?

*Abs.* Oh, I was going to propose that you should tell her, by way of jest, that it was Beverley who was below; she'd come down fast enough then—ha! ha! ha!

*Mrs Mal.* 'Twould be a trick she well deserves; besides, you know the fellow tells her he'll get my consent to see her—ha! ha! Let him if he can, I say again. Lydia, come down here!—[*Calling*.] He'll make me a go-between in their interviews!—ha! ha! ha! Come down, I say, Lydia! I don't wonder at your laughing, ha! ha! ha! his impudence is truly ridiculous

*Abs.* 'Tis very ridiculous, upon my soul, ma'am, ha! ha! ha!

*Mrs Mal.* The little hussy won't hear. Well, I'll go and tell her at once who it is—she shall know that Captain Absolute is come to wait on her. And I'll make her behave as becomes a young woman.

*Abs.* As you please, madam.

*Mrs Mal.* For the present, captain, your servant. Ah! you've not done laughing yet; I see—elude my vigilance; yes, yes; ha! ha! ha! [*Exit.*

*Abs.* Ha! ha! ha! one would think now that I might throw off all disguise at once, and seize my prize with security; but such is Lydia's caprice, that to undeceive were probably to lose her. I'll see whether she knows me.

[*Walks aside, and seems engaged in looking at the pictures.*

*Enter MRS MALAPROP, FAG, and DAVID*

*Mrs Mal.* So! so! here's fine work!—here's fine suicide, parricide, and simulation, going on in the fields! and Sir Anthony not to be found to prevent the antistrophe!

*Jul.* For Heaven's sake, madam, what's the meaning of this?

*Mrs Mal.* That gentleman can tell you—'twas he enveloped the affair to me

*Lyd.* Do, sir, will you, inform us?

[*To FAG.*

*Fag.* Ma'am, I should hold myself very deficient in every requisite that forms the man of breeding, if I delayed a moment to

give all the information in my power to a lady so deeply interested in the affair as you are.

*Lyd.* But quick! quick, sir!

*Fag.* True, ma'am, as you say, one should be quick in divulging matters of this nature; for should we be tedious, perhaps while we are flourishing on the subject, two or three lives may be lost!

*Lyd.* O patience!—do, ma'am, for Heaven's sake! tell us what is the matter?

*Mrs Mal.* Why, murder's the matter! slaughter's the matter! killing's the matter!—but he can tell you the perpendiculars.

*Lyd.* Then, prithee, sir, be brief.

*Fag.* Why, then, ma'am, as to murder—I cannot take upon me to say—and as to slaughter, or manslaughter, that will be as the jury finds it.

*Lyd.* But who, sir—who are engaged in this!

*Fag.* Faith, ma'am, one is a young gentleman whom I should be very sorry anything was to happen to—a very pretty behaved gentleman! We have lived much together, and always on terms.

*Lyd.* But who is this? who? who? who?

*Fag.* My master, ma'am—my master—I speak of my master.

*Lyd.* Heavens! What, Captain Absolute!

*Mrs Mal.* Oh, to be sure, you are frightened now!

*Jul.* But who are with him, sir?

*Fag.* As to the rest, ma'am, this gentleman can inform you better than I

*Jul.* Do speak, friend

[To DAVID.]

*Dav.* Look'ee, my lady—by the mass: there's mischief going on. Folks don't use to meet for amusement with fire-arms, fire-locks, fire-engines, fire-screens, fire-office, and the devil knows what other crackers beside!—This, my lady, I say, has an angry savour

*Jul.* But who is there beside Captain Absolute, friend?

*Dav.* My poor master—under favour for mentioning him first. You know me, my lady—I am David—and my master of course is, or was, Squire Acres. Then comes Squire Faulkland

*Jul.* Do, ma'am, let us instantly endeavour to prevent mischief

*Mrs Mal.* O fy! it would be very inelegant in us!—we should only participate things

*Dav.* Ah! do, Mrs Aunt save a few lives—they are desperately given, believe me—Above all, there is that bloodthirsty Philistine, Sir Lucius O'Trigger

*Mrs Mal.* Sir Lucius O'Trigger? O mercy! have they drawn poor little dear Sir Lucius into the scrape? Why how you stand, girl! you have no more feeling than one of the Derbyshire petrifications!

*Lyd.* What are we to do, madam?

*Mrs Mal.* Why, fly with the utmost felicity, to be sure, to prevent mischief!—Here, friend, you can show us the place?



*Fag.* If you please, ma'am, I will conduct you.—*David*, do you look for Sir Anthony. [*Exit* DAVID.]

*Mrs Mal.* Come, girls! this gentleman will exhort us—Come, sir, you're our envoy—lead the way, and we'll precede.

*Fag.* Not a step before the ladies for the world!

*Mrs Mal.* You're sure you know the spot?

*Fag.* I think I can find it, ma'am; and one good thing is, we shall hear the report of the pistols as we draw near, so we can't well miss them;—never fear, ma'am, never fear.

[*Exeunt, he talking*]

SHERIDAN.

### III. Synonyms

One of the most effective ways of improving your vocabulary is to make a list of words out of a book that you are reading and then by the side of each place another word which means in effect the same; this is not always an easy thing to do. Finally, try to weave all the words into one connected prose or verse passage.

Try these by way of example.

Cornice, prodigious, symbol, contemn, labyrinth, commend, illegible, eligible, allegory, precipitate, exhort, incentive, halo, continence, epitaph, epithet, epigram, elegy, eulogy, obsequious, antidote, disparity, indigent, mendicity, mendacity, contumely, syllogism, epicure, paragon, rhythm, bleak, oblique, induction, prejudice, privilege, celibacy, incipient, nomad, gregarious

Not the meaning only, but the pronunciation of words may be foreign to you. People still exist who cannot pronounce such words as misled, sedative, plethora, satiety, absolutely, slough, awry, epitome, reconnaissance, volatile, rough, inventory and meagre.

If ever you are in any doubt do not rest until you have made certain where the accents properly fall.

### IV. Metaphor

It is important to remember that some of the commonest words are really metaphorical in origin. The ordinary Latin verb for "think" is a metaphor from "vine-pruning"; "pondering" is metaphorical "weighing."

The point is, how far do we use our comparison consciously? Do we do so in such phrases as "drop the curtain on," "a note of warning," "paves the way for," or "open the door to"?

### V. Trite Phrases

Avoid at all costs falling into the mistake of employing such worn-out phrases as "more easily imagined than described," "depend upon it," "in a vast majority of cases," "I am old-fashioned enough to believe," "it stands to reason."

Never allow yourself to get into such desperate straits that you have to make punctuation or italics do the work that your impoverished vocabulary or intellect fails to make clear. Of such glaring solecisms these perhaps stand out.

"And this honourable (?) proposal . . ."

"Certain *gentlemen* in the audience . . ."

"He wrote me yesterday 'I shall be delighted' (*sic*!)."

### VI. Misquotations

Be careful to quote accurately. Say.

"A little *learning* is a dangerous thing," not *knowledge*.

"To-morrow to fresh *woods* and pastures new," not *fields*.

Do not venture on "leading question" until you are certain that you have got the meaning accurately. The same applies to "the exception proves the rule," and "more honoured in the breach than the observance"

Never use any of the following quotations at all; they are already worn threadbare.—chartered libertine; balm in Gilead; my prophetic soul; harmless necessary; *e pur si muove*; there's the rub; the curate's egg; *hinc illæ lacrimæ*; fit audience though few; a consummation devoutly to be wished; more in sorrow than in anger; metal more attractive; heir of all the ages; curses not loud but deep; more sinned against than sinning; the irony of fate; the psychological moment; the man in the street; the sleep of the just; a work of supererogation; the pity of it; the scenes he loved so well. I can cordially recommend you, however, to hunt these quotations to their sources.

## CHAPTER V

### LETTER-WRITING

It might well be imagined that owing to the amount of practice which every one of us gets in the art of letter-writing any advice on the subject in a textbook on English would be unnecessary. One morning's post, however, will be enough to convince most of us that the art is a lost one. Compare any of the letters appended to the end of this chapter with any that you may have in your possession at this moment, and you will realise at once that a very grievous decline in the standard of letter-writing has set in since the eighteenth century. There are, of course, many reasons for this. We no longer look forward to the coming of the postman as a rare and quite wonderful event, the postage rates are cheap, and we are always in a hurry; while in most cases we are within reasonable distance of our correspondents and see them frequently.

There are, in the first place, two quite distinct types of letter: the business and the personal.

In the former we have to preserve the formalities and at the same time, if we are applying for a post, to convey somehow on paper a picture of ourselves, portraying our best side and our aptitude for the business we wish to undertake. When we consider the number of applicants who are competing with us we have to take very particular care that our application is likely to differ from the others in style and originality. We have to avoid a stilted form of address on the one hand, and a too vulgar or colloquial method on the other.

To ensure that our letter shall not be thrown into the waste-paper basket we have not only to write neatly, correctly and tersely, but also to secure the reader's attention in the opening sentence. You should, therefore, practise assiduously the composition of letters of this sort, putting yourself in the

position of every type of man in turn who would be likely to answer advertisements in a paper.

The letter will, of course, be headed with the full address of the writer and the date, and begin with some such phrase as *Dear Sir, Sir, or Gentlemen*. The usual ending is *Yours truly, Yours faithfully*, and in some cases, as to the War Office or to the editor of a newspaper, *I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant*, followed by your full name.

The body of the letter will contain all relevant details about your age, health, training, occupation, degrees, references, and special qualifications for the post which you are seeking. Be careful to split up the parts of your letter into compact paragraphs, each of which should be linked up with that which precedes and follows it.

Avoid all stock phrases or clichés, such as *Yours of 16th inst. re — to hand*. There is no merit in emulating the verbose phraseology of your tailor, who generally says that he is *awaiting the favour of your esteemed commands*.

Even in the most formal business letter it is not wise to eliminate the personal element altogether. But the occasions on which you will be called upon to concoct a purely official letter will be few in comparison with those on which you will be expected to write familiarly. Formal replies to invitations are always written throughout in the third person.

The personal letter aims above all things at being interesting. Furthermore it presupposes that the recipient is interested in the writer and wants to know what he has been doing and what are his views on the questions of the day. You need not, therefore, apologise for being egotistical; the best letters are always full of the writer's personality.

On the other hand, it does not follow because a letter is familiar that it should be vulgar. There is a tendency to confuse ease with carelessness; only those who know the facts would ever believe the infinite pains that great writers always take to ensure that their work should read as if it were artless and unforced.

A good letter is quite as hard to compose as a good essay, and requires just as much care in paragraphing, punctuation,

spelling, handwriting, connection, coherence, simplicity of diction, and originality of thought.

Slang is just as inexcusable in a letter as anywhere else. It is always a sure sign of a meagre vocabulary and should be rigorously shunned.

You will discover immediately, on reading the following letters of famous writers, that for the most part they describe a crisis in the life of the writer or the person written to; a good letter can scarcely be written if the writer has nothing to say, and a great occasion calls for worthy celebration, but you will do well to notice that one of the most charming of the whole series is by Charles Lamb on a subject so ostensibly mundane and uninteresting as roast pork. As with every other branch of writing, the first essential is an original point of view. This is what I would have you cultivate first of all. Once you have attained that you will find the rest of your work easy. In the meanwhile make up your mind that your letters hence shall no longer be mere duty scribbles, but carefully thought out, witty, neat, and above all full of all the interesting incidents that you have collected during the week. The pleasure that your letters usually give will be more than doubled at very little expense of time and energy; and you will be teaching yourself in the best possible way the art of self-expression.

The War naturally gave a great impetus to artistic letter-writing, and you should certainly read the letters of Chapin, Vernède, Keeling and Manwaring.

Closely related to epistolary composition is the privately written journal or diary. The practice of keeping a journal of your own theories and experiences is most valuable if you can rely on your own honesty. Arnold Bennett, however, asserts that the people who dare to write down on paper exactly what they feel or do, even though their own eyes are the only ones which will read what they have written, are very few. But no diary is worth writing unless you are mercilessly truthful about yourself. You should read *The Diary of a Dead Officer* and *The Journal of a Disappointed Man*.

## SELECTIONS FROM ENGLISH LETTERS

Read the following selections from the most famous English letter-writers :—

Margery Brews, 1476.  
 Roger Ascham, 1515-1568.  
 Earl of Essex, 1567-1601.  
 Sir Henry Sidney, ?-1586.  
 Sir Walter Raleigh, 1552-1618.  
 James Howell, 1596-1666.  
 Jeremy Taylor, 1613-1667.  
 Dorothy Osborne, 1628-1698  
 Jonathan Swift, 1667-1745  
 Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, 1690-1762.  
 Earl of Chesterfield, 1694-1773.  
 Horace Walpole, 1717-1797.  
 Richard Steele, 1672-1729  
 Samuel Johnson, 1709-1784.  
 Oliver Goldsmith, 1728-1774  
 Sir Walter Scott, 1771-1832  
 Charles Lamb, 1775-1834.

## MARGERY BREWS TO JOHN PASTON

*Unto my right well-beloved Valentine, John Paston, Squire, be this bill delivered, &c*

RIGHT reverend and worshipful, and my right well-beloved Valentine, I recommend me unto you, full heartily desiring to hear of your welfare, which I beseech Almighty God long for to preserve unto His pleasure and your heart's desire And if it please you to hear of my welfare, I am not in good health of body nor of heart, nor shall be till I hear from you :

For there wotteth no creature what pain that I endure,  
 And for to be dead, I dare it not dyscure [discover].

And my lady my mother hath laboured the matter to my father full diligently, but she can no more get than ye know of, for the which God knoweth I am full sorry. But if that ye love me, as I trust verily that ye do, ye will not leave me therefore ; for if that ye had

not half the livelihood that ye have, for to do the greatest labour that any woman alive might, I would not forsake you.

And if ye command me to keep me true wherever I go,  
I wis I will do all might you to love and never no mo.

And if my friends say that I do amiss,

They shall not me let so for to do,

Mine heart me bids evermore to love you

Truly over all earthly thing,

And if they be never so wroth,

I trust it shall be better in time coming.

No more to you at this time, but the Holy Trinity have you in keeping. And I beseech you that this bill be not seen of none earthly creature save only yourself, &c

And this letter was indite at Topcraft, with full heavy heart, &c.—  
By your own, MARGERY BREWS.

*February, 1476-1477*

ROGER ASCHAM TO HIS WIFE MARGARET.

[*November, 1568.*]

MINE OWN GOOD MARGARET,—The more I think upon your sweet babe, as I do many times both day and night, the greater cause I always find of giving thanks continually to God for his singular goodness bestowed at this time upon the child, yourself and me, even because it hath rather pleased him to take the child to himself into heaven, than to leave it here with us still on earth. When I mused on the matter as nature, flesh, and fatherly fantasy did carry me, I found nothing but sorrows and care, which very much did vex and trouble me, but at last forsaking these worldly thoughts, and referring me wholly to the will and order of God in the matter, I found such a change, such a cause of joy, such a plenty of God's grace towards the child, and of his goodness towards you and me, as neither my heart can comprehend, nor yet my tongue express the twentieth part thereof.

Nevertheless, because God and good will hath so joined you and me together as we must not only be the one a comfort to the other in sorrow, but also partakers together in any joy, I could not but declare unto you what just cause I think we both have of comfort and gladness by that God hath so graciously dealt with us as he hath. My first step from care to comfort was this, I thought God had done his will with our child, and because God by his wisdom knoweth what is best, and by his goodness will do best, I was by and by fully persuaded the best that can be is done with our sweet child, but seeing God's wisdom is unsearchable with any man's heart, and his goodness un-

speakeable with any man's tongue, I will come down from such high thoughts, and talk more sensibly with you, and lay open before you such matter as may be both a full comfort of all our cares past, and also a just cause of rejoicing as long as we live. You well remember our continual desire and wish, our nightly prayer together, that God would vouchsafe to us to increase the number of this world; we wished that nature should beautifully perform the work by us; we did talk how to bring up our child in learning and virtue; we had care to provide for it, so as honest fortune should favour and follow it. And see, sweet wife, how mercifully God hath dealt with us in all points, for what wish could desire, what prayer could crave, what nature could perform, what virtue could deserve, what fortune could afford, both we have received and our child doth enjoy already. And because our desire (thanked be God) was always joined with honesty, and our prayers mingled with fear, and applied always to the world too; the will and pleasure of God hath given us more than we wished, and that which is better for us now than we could hope to think upon; but you desire to hear and know how marry, even thus, we desired to be made vessels to increase the world, and it hath pleased God to make us vessels to increase heaven, which is the greatest honour to man, the greatest joy to heaven, the greatest spite to the devil, the greatest sorrow to hell, that any man can imagine. Secondly, when nature had performed what she would, grace stepped forth and took our child from nature, and gave it such gifts over and above the power of nature as where it could not creep in earth by nature it was straitway well able to go to heaven by grace. It could not then speak by nature, and now it doth praise God by grace; it could not then comfort the sick and careful mother by nature, and now through prayer is able to help father and mother by grace; and yet, thanked be nature, that hath done all she could do, and blessed be grace that hath done more and better than we would wish she should have done. Peradventure yet you do wish that nature had kept it from death a little longer, yea, but grace hath carried it where now no sickness can follow, nor any death hereafter meddle with it; and instead of a short life with troubles on earth, it doth now live a life that never shall end with all manner of joy in heaven.

And now, Margaret, go to, I pray you, and tell me as you think, do you love your sweet babe so little, do you envy his happy state so much, yea, once to wish that nature should have rather followed your pleasure in keeping your child in this miserable world, than grace should have purchased such profit for your child in bringing him to such felicity in heaven? Thirdly, you may say unto me, if the child had lived in this world, it might have come to such goodness by grace and virtue as might have turned to great comfort to us, to good service to our country, and served to have deserved as high a place in heaven as he doth now. To this, in short, I answer, ought we not in all things to submit to God's good will and pleasure, and



thereafter to rule our affections, which I doubt not but you will endeavour to do ? And therefore I will say no more, but with all comfort to you here, and a blessing hereafter, which I doubt not but is prepared for you.—Your dearly loving husband,

ROGER ASKAM.

To my dear wife, Mrs Margaret Askam, these.

THE EARL OF ESSEX TO QUEEN ELIZABETH

May 12, 1600.

Before all letters written in this hand be banished or he that sends this enjoin himself eternal silence, be pleased, I humbly beseech your Majesty, to read over these humble lines. At sundry times, and by sundry messengers, I received these words as your Majesty's own, that you meant to correct and not to ruin ; since which time when I languished in four months' sickness, forfeited almost all that I was enabled to engage, felt the very pangs of death upon me, and saw that poor reputation, whatsoever it was that I enjoyed hitherto, not suffered to die with me, but buried and I alive, I yet kissed your Majesty's fair correcting hand, and was confident in your royal word ; for I said to myself, between my ruin and my sovereign's favour there is no mean, and if she bestow favour again, she gives it with all things that in this world I either need or desire. But now the length of my troubles, and the continuance, or rather increase, of your Majesty's indignation, have made all men so afraid of me, as my own poor state is not only ruined, but my kind friends and faithful servants are like to die in prison because I cannot help myself with mine own

Now, I do not only feel the weight of your Majesty's indignation, and am subject to their malicious insinuations that first envied me for my happiness in your favour, and now hate me out of custom ; but as if I were thrown into a corner like a dead carcase, I am gnawed on and torn by the vilest and basest creatures upon earth. The prating tavern haunter speaks of me what he lists ; the frantic libeller writes of me what he lists ; already they print me and make me speak to the world, and shortly they will play me in what forms they list upon the stage. The least of these is a thousand times worse than death. But this is not the worst of my destiny, for your Majesty that hath mercy for all the world but me, that hath protected from scorn and infamy all to whom you ever avowed favour but Essex, and never repented you of any gracious assurance you had given till now ; your Majesty, I say, hath now, in this eighth month of my close imprisonment, as if you thought mine infirmities, beggary and infamy too little punishment, rejected my letters and refused to hear of me, which to traitors you never did. What therefore re-

maineth for me ? only this, to beseech your Majesty, on the knees of my heart, to conolude my punishment, my misery and my life all together, that I may go to my Saviour, who hath paid himself a ransom for me, and whom, methinks, I shall hear calling me out of this unkind world in which I have lived too long, and ever thought myself too happy.—From your Majesty's humblest vassal,

ESSEX.

SIR HENRY SIDNEY TO HIS SON PHILIP SIDNEY

[1566.]

I have received two letters from you, one written in Latin, the other in French, which I take in good part and will you to exercise that practice of learning often ; for that will stand you in most stead, in that profession of life that you are born to live in. And, since this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not, that it be all empty of some advices, which my natural care of you provoked me to wish you to follow, as documents to you in this your tender age. Let your first action be, the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God, by hearty prayer, and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer, with continual meditation, and thinking of him to whom you pray, and of the matter for which you pray. • And use this as an ordinary, and at an ordinary hour. Whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance to do that which you are accustomed to do. In that time apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth assign you, earnestly ; and the time (I know) he will so limit, as shall be both sufficient for your learning, and safe for your health. And mark the sense and the matter of that you read, as well as the words. So shall you both enrich your tongue with words, and your wit with matter ; and judgment will grow as years growth in you. Be humble and obedient to your master, for unless you frame yourself to obey others, yea, and feel in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you. Be courteous of gesture, and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence, according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing that winneth so much with so little cost. Use moderate diet, so as, after your meat, you may find your wit fresher, and not duller, and your body more lively, and not more heavy. Seldom drink wine and yet sometime do, lest being enforced to drink upon the sudden, you should find yourself inflamed. Use exercise of body, but such as is without peril of your joints or bones. It will increase your force, and enlarge your breath. Delight to be cleanly, as well in all parts of your body, as in your garments. It shall make you grateful in each company, and otherwise loathsome. Give yourself to be merry, for you degenerate from

your father, if you find not yourself most able in wit and body, to do any thing, when you be most merry ; but let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility, and biting words to any man, for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured than that which is given with the sword. Be you rather a hearer and bearer away of other men's talk, than a beginner or procurer of speech, otherwise you shall be counted to delight to hear yourself speak. If you hear a wise sentence, or an apt phrase, commit it to your memory, with respect of the circumstance, when you shall speak, it. Let never oath be heard to come out of your mouth, nor words of ribaldry ; detest it in others, so shall custom make to yourself a law against it in yourself. Be modest in each assembly, and rather be rebuked of light fellows for maiden-like shamefacedness, than of your sad friends for pert boldness. Think upon every word that you will speak, before you utter it, and remember how nature hath rampired up (as it were) the tongue with teeth, lips, yea, and hair without the lips, and all be-tokening reins, or bridles, for the loose use of that member. Above all things tell no untruth, no, not in trifles. The custom of it is naughty, and let it not satisfy you, that, for a time, the hearers take it for a truth ; for after it will be known as it is to your shame ; for there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar. Study and endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied. So shall you make such an habit of well-doing in you, that you shall not know how to do evil, though you would. Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of, by your mother's side ; and think that only by virtuous life and good action, you may be an ornament to that illustrious family, and otherwise, through vice and sloth, you shall be counted *labes generis*, one of the greatest curses that can happen to man. Well (my little Philip) this is enough for me, and too much, I fear, for you. But if I shall find that this light meal of digestion nourish anything the weak stomach of your young capacity, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with tougher food. Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God.

SIR WALTER RALEGH TO KING JAMES I

THE TOWER : Sept 24, 1618.

If in my jorney outuward bound I had of my men murdered at the Islands, and spared to tak revenge ; if I did discharge some Spanish barks taken, without spoile ; if I forbare all partes of the Spanish Indies, wherein I might have taken twentye of their townes on the sea cost, and did only follow the enterprise which I undertooke for Guiana,—where without any direction from me, a Spanish village

was burnt, which was newly sett up within three miles of the mine,—by your Majesties favor I finde no reason whie the Spanish Embassadore should complaine of me. If it were lawfull for the Spanish to murther 26 Englishmen, tyenge them back to backe, and then to cutt theire throtes, when they had traded with them a whole moneth, and came to them on the land without so much as one sword amongst them all ;—and that it may not be lawfull for your Majesties subjects, beinge forced by them, to repell force by force, we may justly say, “ O miserable English ! ”

If Parker and Mutton took Campeach and other places in the Honduraes, seated in the hart of the Spanish Indies ; burnt townes, killed the Spaniards, and had nothing sayed to them at their returne,—and that my selfe forbore to looke into the Indies, because I would not offend, I may as justly say, “ O miserable Sir Walter Raleigh ! ”

If I had spent my poore estate, lost my sonne, suffred, by sicknes and otherwise, a world of miseries, if I had resisted with the manifest hazard of my life the rebells [robberies] and spoils which my companyes would have made ; if when I was poore I could have mad my selfe rich ; if when I had gotten my libertye, which all men and Nature it selfe doth so much prise, I voluntarily lost it ; if when I was master of my life I rendred it againe, if, [though] I might elsewhere have sold my shipp and goods, and put five or six thousand pounds in my purse, I have brought her into England, I beseech your Majestie to belevee, that all this I have done because it should [not] be sayed to your Majestie that your Majestie had given libertie and trust to a man whose ende was but the recovery of his libertie, and whoe had betrayed your Majesties trust

My mutiners tould me, that if I returned for England I should be undone ; but I beleved more in your Majesty's goodnes then in their arguments. Sure I am, that I am the first who, being free and able to enrich my selfe, hath embraced povertie. And as sure I am that my example shall make me the last. But your Majestees wisdom and goodnes I have made my judges, who have ever bine, and shall ever remain your Majesty's most humble vassall

W. RALEGH.

JAMES HOWEL TO SIR J. S.— AT LEEDS CASTLE

WESTMINSTER : July 25, 1625.

SIR,—It was a quaint difference the ancients did put betwixt a letter and an oration ; that the one should be attired like a woman, the other like a man : the latter of the two is allowed large side robes, as long periods, parentheses, similes, examples, and other parts of rhetorical flourishes ; but a letter or epistle should be short-coated

## AN ENGLISH COURSE FOR SCHOOLS

and closely couched ; a hungerlin becomes a letter more handsomely than a gown ; indeed we should write as we speak ; and that's a true familiar letter which expresseth one's mind, as if he were discoursing with the party to whom he writes, in succinct and short terms. The tongue and the pen are both of them interpreters of the mind ; but I hold the pen to be the more faithful of the two. The tongue in *udo posita*, being seated in a moist slippery place, may fail and faulter in her sudden extemporal expressions ; but the pen having a greater advantage of premeditation, is not so subject to error, and leaves things behind it upon firm and authentic record. Now letters, though they be capable of any subject, yet commonly they are either narratory, objuratory, consolatory, monitory, or congratulatory. The first consists of relations, the second of reprehensions, the third of comfort, the two last of counsel and joy : there are some who in lieu of letters write homilies ; they preach when they should epistolize : there are others that turn them to tedious tractates : this is to make letters degenerate from their true nature. Some modern authors there are who have exposed their letters to the world, but most of them, I mean among your Latin epistolizers, go freighted with mere Bartholomew ware, with trite and trivial phrases only, lifted with pedantic shreds of school-boy verses. Others there are, among our next transmarine neighbours eastward, who write in their own language, but their style is so soft and easy, that their letters may be said to be like bodies of loose flesh without sinews, they have neither joints of art nor arteries in them ; they have a kind of simpering and lank hectic expressions made up of a bombast of words and finical affected compliments only. I cannot well away with such fleazy stuff, with such cobweb-compositions, where there is no strength of matter, nothing for the reader to carry away with him that may enlarge the notions of his soul. One shall hardly find an apophthegm, example, simile, or any thing of philosophy, history, or solid knowledge, or as much as one new created phrase in a hundred of them ; and to draw any observations out of them, were as if one went about to distil cream out of froth, insomuch that it may be said of them, what was said of the Echo, " that she is a mere sound and nothing else."

I return you your Balzac by this bearer : and when I found those letters wherein he is so familiar with his King, so flat ; and those to Richlieu so puffed with prophane hyperboles, and larded up and down with such gross flatteries, I forebore him further

So I am your most affectionate servitor

## LETTER-WRITING

69

JAMES HOWEL TO THE RT. HON. LADY SCROOP, COUNTESS OF  
SUNDERLAND

STAMFORD: Aug. 5, 1628.

MADAM,—I lay yesternight at the post-house at Stilton, and this morning betimes the post-master came to my bed's-head and told me the Duke of Buckingham was slain.

My faith was not then strong enough to believe it, till an hour ago. I met in the way with my Lord of Rutland (your brother) riding post towards London; it pleased him to alight, and shew me a letter, wherein there was an exact relation of all the circumstances of this sad tragedy.

Upon Saturday last, which was but next before yesterday, being Bartholomew eve, the Duke did rise up in a well-disposed humour out of his bed, and cut a caper or two, and being ready, and having been under the barber's hand (where the murderer had thought to have done the deed, for he was leaning upon the window all the while) he went to breakfast, attended by a great company of commanders, where Monsieur Subize came to him, and whispered him in the ear that Rochelle was relieved; the Duke seemed to slight the news, which made some think that Subsize went away discontented.

After breakfast the Duke going out, Colonel Fryer stepped before him, and stopped him upon some business, and Lieutenant Felton, being behind, made a thrust with a common tenpenny knife over Fryer's arm at the Duke, which lighted so fatally that he slit his heart in two, leaving the knife sticking in the body. The Duke took out the knife and threw it away; and laying his hand on his sword, and drawing it half out, said, "The villain hath killed me" (meaning, as some think, Colonel Fryer) for there had been some difference betwixt them; so reeling against a chimney, he fell down dead. The Dutchess being with child, hearing the noise below, came in her night-gears from her bedchamber, which was in an upper room, to a kind of rail, and thence beheld him weltering in his own blood. Felton had lost his hat in the crowd, wherein there was a paper sewed, wherein he declared, that the reason which moved him to this act, was no grudge of his own, though he had been far behind for his pay, and had been put by his Captain's place twice, but in regard he thought the Duke an enemy to the state, because he was branded in parliament; therefore what he did was for the public good of his country. Yet he got clearly down, and so might have gone to his horse, which was tied to a hedge hard by; but he was so amazed that he missed his way, and so struck into the pastry, where, although the cry went that some Frenchman had done it, he, thinking the word was Felton, boldly confessed it was he that had done the deed, and so he was in their hands.

Jack Stamford would have run at him, but he was kept off by Mr Nicholas; so being carried up to a tower, Captain Mince tore off his

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spurs, and asking how he durst attempt such an act, inaking him believe the Duke was not dead, he answered boldly, that he knew he was dispatched, for it was not he, but the hand of heaven that gave the stroke ; and though his whole body had been covered over with armour of proof, he could not have avoided it. Captain Charles Price went post presently to the King four miles off, who being at prayers on his knees when it was told him, yet never stirred, nor was he disturbed a-whit till all divine service was done This was the relation, as far as my memory could bear, in my Lord of Rutland's letter, who willed me to remember him to your Ladyship, and tell you that he was going to comfort your niece (the Dutchess) as far as he could And so I have sent the truth of this sad story to your Ladyship, as fast as I could by this post, because I cannot make that speed myself, in regard of some business I have to dispatch for my Lord in the way . so I humbly take my leave, and rest your Ladyship's most dutiful servant.

JEREMY TAYLOR TO JOHN EVELYN

*February 17, 1657*

DEAR SIR,—If dividing and sharing griefs were like the cutting of rivers, I dare say to you, you would find your stream much abated ; for I account myself to have a great cause of sorrow, not only in the diminution of the numbers of your joys and hopes, but in the loss of that pretty person, your strangely hopeful boy I cannot tell all my own sorrows without adding to yours ; and the causes of my real sadness in your loss are so just and so reasonable, that I can no otherwise comfort you but by telling you, that you have very great cause to mourn ; so certain it is that grief does propagate as fire does You have enkindled my funeral torch and by joining mine to yours, I do but encrease the flame “ Hoc me malè urit,” is the best signification of my apprehension of your sad story But sir, I cannot choose, but I must hold another and a brighter flame to you, it is already burning in your heart ; and if I can but remove the dark side of the lantern, you have enough within you to warm yourself and to shine to others Remember, sir, your two boys are two bright stars, and their innocence is secured, and you shall never hear evil of them again Their state is safe, and heaven is given to them upon very easy terms ; nothing but to be born and die It will cost you more trouble to get where they are ; and amongst other things one of the [hardness] will be, that you must overcome even this just and reasonable grief ; and, indeed though the grief hath but too reasonable a cause, yet it is much more reasonable that you master it. For besides that they are no losers but you are the person that complains, do but consider what you would have suffer'd for their interest . you [would] have suffered them to go from you, to be great princes in a strange country :

and if you can be content to suffer your own inconvenience for their interest, you command [commend ?] your worthiest love, and the question of mourning is at an end. But you have said and done well, when you look upon it as a rod of God; and he that so smites here will spare hereafter: and if you, by patience, and submission, imprint the discipline upon your own flesh, you kill the cause, and make the effect very tolerable; because it is, in some sense chosen, and therefore in no sense insufferable.

Sir, if you do not look to it, time will snatch your honour from you, and reproach you for not effecting that by Christian philosophy which time will do alone. And if you consider, that of the bravest men in the world we find the seldomest stories of their children, and the apostles had none, and thousands of the worthiest persons, that sound most in story, died childless; you will find it is a rare act of Providence so to impose upon worthy men a necessity of perpetuating their names by worthy actions and discourses, governments and reasonings. If the breach be never repair'd, it is because God does not see it fit to be; and if you will be of this mind, it will be much the better. But, sir, you will pardon my zeal and passion for your comfort, I will readily confess that you have no need of any discourse from me to comfort you. Sir, now you have an opportunity of serving God by passive graces, strive to be an example and a comfort to your Lady, and by your wise counsel and comfort, stand in the breaches of your own family, and make it appear that you are more to her than ten sons. Sir, by the assistance of Almighty God, I purpose to wait on you some time next week, that I may be a witness of your Christian courage and bravery, and that I may see that God never displeases you as long as the main stake is preserved—I mean your hopes and confidences of heaven. Sir, I shall pray for all that you can want—that is, some degrees of comfort and a present mind; and shall always do you honour, and fain also would do you service, if it were in the power, as it is in the affections and desires of, dear sir, your most affectionate and obliged friend and servant,

JER TAYLOR.

DOROTHY OSBORNE TO SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

*Passing the time*

[No date; c. 1653.]

I have been reckoning up how many faults you lay to my charge in your last letter, and I find I am severe, unjust, unmerciful, and unkind! O me! how should one do to mend all those! 'Tis work for an age, and I fear that I shall be so old before I am good, that 'twill not be considerable to any body but myself whether I am so or not. . . . You ask me how I pass my time here. I can give you a perfect account, not only of what I do for the present, but what I am likely to do this seven years if I stay here so long. I rise in the



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morning reasonably early, and before I am ready I go round the house till I am weary of that, and then into the garden till it grows too hot for me. I then think of making me ready; and when that's done I go into my father's chamber; from thence to dinner, where my cousin Molle and I sit in great state in a room and at a table that would hold a great many more. After dinner we sit and talk till Mr P. comes in question, and then I am gone. The heat of the day is spent in reading or working; and about six or seven o'clock I walk out into a common that lies hard by the house, where a great many young wenches keep sheep and cows, and sit in the shade singing of ballads; I go to them, and compare their voices and beauty to some ancient shepherdesses that I have read of, and find a vast difference there; but, trust me, I think these are as innocent as those could be. I talk to them, and find *they want nothing to make them the happiest people in the world but the knowledge that they are so*. Most commonly, while we are in the middle of our discourse, one looks about her, and spies her cows going into the corn, and then away they all run as if they had wings at their heels. I that am not so nimble stay behind, and when I see them driving home their cattle think it is time for me to return too. When I have supped I go into the garden, and so to the side of a small river that runs by it, where I sit down and wish you with me (you had best say this is not kind, neither). In earnest, it is a pleasant place, and would be more so to me if I had your company, as I sit there sometimes till I am lost with thinking; and were it not for some cruel thoughts of the crossness of my fortune, that will not let me sleep there, I should forget there were such a thing to be done as going to bed. Since I writ this, my company is increased by two, my brother Harry, and a fair niece, my brother Peyton's daughter. She is so much a woman that I am almost ashamed to say I am her aunt, and so pretty, that if I had any design to gain a servant I should not like her company; but I have none, and therefore I shall endeavour to keep her here as long as I can persuade her father to spare her, for she will easily consent to it, having so much of my humour (though it be the worst thing in her) as to like a melancholy place, and little company. . . My father is reasonably well, but keeps his chamber still; but will hardly, I am afraid, ever be so perfectly recovered as to come abroad again

BY THE SAME TO THE SAME

[No date; c. 1653]

. . . God forgive me, I was as near laughing yesterday where I should not: would you believe that I had the grace to go to hear a sermon upon a week-day? In earnest, 'tis true, and Mr Marshall was the man that preached, but never any body was so defeated. He is so famed that I expected rare things from him, and seriously I listened to him at first with as much reverence and attention as if he

had been St Paul. And what do you think he told us ? why, that if there were no kings, no queens, no lords, no ladies, no gentlemen or gentlewomen in the world, it would be no loss at all to God Almighty : this he said over some forty times, which made me remember it, whether I would or not. The rest was much at this rate, entertained with the prettiest odd phrases, that I had the most ado to look soberly enough for the place I was in that ever I had in my life. He does not preach so always, sure ; if he does, I cannot believe his sermons will do much towards the bringing anybody to heaven, more than by exercising their patience ; yet I'll say that for him, he stood stoutly for tithes, though in my opinion few deserve them less than he, and it may be he would be better without them. Yet you say you are not convinced that to be miserable is the way to be good ; to some natures I think it is not ; but there are many of so careless and vain a temper that the least breath of good fortune swells them with so much pride, that if they were not put in mind sometimes by a sound cross or two that they are mortal, they would hardly think it possible ; and though it is a sign of a servile nature, when fear produces more of reverence in us than love, yet there is more danger of forgetting one's self in a prosperous fortune than in the contrary ; and affliction may be the surest though not the pleasantest guide to heaven. What think you, might I not preach with Mr Marshall for a wager ?

TO THE SAME

[No date ; c. 1653]

• There are a great many ingredients must go to the making me happy in a husband. My cousin F. says our humours must agree, and to do that he must have that kind of breeding that I have had, and used to that kind of company ; that is, he must not be so much a country gentleman as to understand nothing but hawks and dogs, and be fonder of either than of his wife ; nor of the next sort of them, whose time reaches no farther than to be justice of peace, and once in his life high sheriff, who reads no book but statutes, and studies nothing but how to make a speech interlarded with Latin, that may amaze his disagreeing poor neighbours, and fright them rather than persuade them into quietness. He must not be a thing that began the world in a free school, was sent from thence to the university, and is at his farthest when he reaches the inns of courts ; has no acquaintance but those of his form in those places ; speaks the French he has picked out of old laws, and admires nothing but the stories he has heard of the revels that were kept there before his time. He must not be a town gallant neither, that lives in a tavern and an ordinary ; that cannot imagine how an hour should be spent without company unless it be in sleeping, that makes court to all the women he sees, thinks they believe him, and laughs and is laughed at equally. Nor a travelled Monsieur, whose head is feathered inside and outside,

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that can talk of nothing but of dances and duels, and has courage enough to wear slashes, when every body else dies with cold to see him. *He must not be a fool of no sort, nor peevish, nor ill-natured, nor proud, nor courteous; and to all this must be added, that he must love me, and I him, as much as we are capable of loving.* Without all this his fortune, though never so great, would not satisfy me, and with it a very moderate one would keep me from ever repenting my disposal. .

DEAN SWIFT TO LORD-TREASURER OXFORD

November 21, 1713.

MY LORD,—Your lordship is the person in the world to whom everybody ought to be silent upon such an occasion as this, which is only to be supported by the greatest wisdom and strength of mind: wherein, God knows, the wisest and best of us, who would presume to offer their thoughts, are far your inferiors. It is true, indeed, that a great misfortune is apt to weaken the mind and disturb the understanding. This, indeed, might be of some pretence to us to administer our consolations, if we had been wholly strangers to the person gone. But, my lord, whoever had the honour to know her, wants a comforter as much as your lordship: because, though their loss is not so great, yet they have not the same firmness and prudence to support the want of a friend, a patroness, a benefactor, as you have to support that of a daughter. My lord, both religion and reason forbid me to have the least concern for that lady's death upon her own account; and he must be an ill Christian, or a perfect stranger to her virtues, who would not wish himself, with all submission to God Almighty's will, in her condition. But your lordship, who has lost such a daughter, and we, who have lost such a friend, and the world, which has lost such an example, have, in our several degrees, greater cause to lament than perhaps was ever given by any private person before: for, my lord, I have sat down to think of every amiable quality that could enter into the composition of a lady, and could not single out one which she did not possess in as high a perfection as human nature is capable of. But as to your lordship's own particular, as it is an inconceivable misfortune to have lost such a daughter, so it is a possession which few can boast of to have had such a daughter. I have often said to your lordship "That I never knew any one by many degrees so happy in their domestics as you;" and I affirm you are so still, though not by so many degrees: from whence it is very obvious that your lordship should reflect upon what you have left, and not upon what you have lost.

To say the truth, my lord, you began to be too happy for a mortal; much more happy than is usual with the dispensations of Providence long to continue. You had been the great instrument of preserving

your country from foreign and domestic ruin : you have had the felicity of establishing your family in the greatest lustre, without any obligation to the bounty of your prince, or any industry of your own : you have triumphed over the violence and treachery of your enemies by your courage and abilities : and, by the steadiness of your temper, over the inconstancy and caprice of your friends. Perhaps your lordship has felt too much complacency within yourself upon this universal success : and God Almighty, who would not disappoint your endeavours for the public, thought fit to punish you with a domestic loss, where he knew your heart was most exposed ; and, at the same time, has fulfilled his own wise purposes, by rewarding in a better life that excellent creature he has taken from you.

I know not, my lord, why I write this to you, nor hardly what I am writing. I am sure it is not from any compliance with form ; it is not from thinking that I can give your lordship any ease. I think it was an impulse upon me that I should say something : and whether I shall send you what I have written I am yet in doubt.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

DEAN SWIFT TO MRS MOORE

DEANERY HOUSE : *December 27, 1727.*

DEAR MADAM,—Though I see you seldomer than is agreeable to my inclinations, yet you have no friend in the world that is more concerned for anything that can affect your mind, your health, or your fortune : I have always had the highest esteem for your virtue, the greatest value for your conversation, and the truest affection for your person ; and therefore cannot but heartily condole with you for the loss of so amiable, and (what is more) so favourite a child. These are the necessary consequences of too strong attachments, by which we are grieving ourselves with the death of those we love, as we must one day grieve those who love us with the death of ourselves. For life is a tragedy, wherein we sit as spectators awhile, and then act our own part in its self-love, as it is the motive to all our actions, so it is the sole cause of our grief. The dear person you lament is by no means an object of pity, either in a moral or religious sense. Philosophy always taught me to despise life, as a most contemptible thing in itself ; and religion regards it only as a preparation for a better, which you are taught to be certain that so innocent a person is now in possession of ; so that she is an immense gainer, and you and her friends the only losers. Now, under misfortunes of this kind, I know no consolation more effectual to a reasonable person than to reflect rather upon what is left than what is lost. She was neither an only child nor an only daughter. You have three children left, one of them of an age to be useful to his family, and the two others as promising as can be expected from their age ; so that, according to the general dispensations of God Almighty, you have small reason to

repine upon that article of life. And religion will tell you that the true way to preserve them is, not to fix any of them too deep in your heart, which is a weakness that God seldom leaves long unpunished : common observation showing us that such favourite children are either spoiled by their parents' indulgence, or soon taken out of the world ; which last is, generally speaking, the lighter punishment of the two. God, in his wisdom, hath been pleased to load our declining years with many sufferings, with diseases and distress of nature ; with the death of many friends, and the ingratitude of more ; sometimes with the loss or diminution of our fortunes, when our infirmities most need them ; often with contempt from the world, and always with neglect from it ; with the death of our most hopeful or useful children ; with a want of relish for all worldly enjoyments , with a general dislike of persons and things , and though all these are very natural effects of increasing years, yet they were intended by the author of our being to wean us gradually from our fondness of life, the nearer we approach toward the end of it And this is the use you are to make in prudence, as well as in conscience, of all the afflictions you have hitherto undergone, as well as of those which in the course of nature and providence you have reason to expect. May God who hath endowed you with so many virtues, add strength of mind and reliance upon his mercy, in proportion to your present sufferings, as well as those he may think fit to try you with through the remainder of your life. I fear my present ill disposition, both of health and mind, has made me but a sorry comforter : however it will show that no circumstance of life can put you out of my mind, and that I am, with the truest respect, esteem, and friendship, dear Madam, your most obedient and humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU (THEN PIERREPONT) TO  
E W MONTAGU, ESQ.

*March, 1711*

Though your letter is far from what I expected, having once promised to answer it, with the sincere account of my inmost thoughts, I am resolved you shall not find me worse than my word, which is (whatever you may think) inviolable

'Tis no affectation to say, that I despise the pleasure of pleasing people whom I despise all the fine equipages that shine in the ring never gave me another thought, than either pity or contempt for the owners, that could place happiness in attracting the eyes of strangers. Nothing touches me with satisfaction but what touches my heart, and I should find more pleasure in the secret joy I should feel, at a kind expression from a friend I esteemed, than at the admiration of a whole playhouse, or the envy of those of my own sex, who could not attain to the same number of jewels, fine clothes, &c., supposing I was at the very summit of this sort of happiness.

You may be this friend if you please : did you really esteem me, had you any tender regard for me, I could, I think, pass my life in any station, happier with you, than in all the grandeur of the world with any other. You have some humours, that would be disagreeable to any woman that married with an intention of finding her happiness abroad. That is not my resolution. If I marry, I propose to myself a retirement ; there is few of my acquaintance I should ever wish to see again ; and the pleasing one, and only one, is the way in which I design to please myself. Happiness is the natural design of all the world ; and everything we see done, is meant in order to attain it. My imagination places it in friendship. By friendship, I mean an entire communication of thoughts, wishes, interests, and pleasures, being undivided ; a mutual esteem, which naturally carries with it a pleasing sweetness of conversation, and terminates in the desire of making one of another happy, without being forced to run into visits, noise, and hurry, which serve rather to trouble, than compose the thoughts of any reasonable creature. There are few capable of a friendship such as I have described, and 'tis necessary for the generality of the world to be taken up with trifles. Carry a fine Lady or a fine Gentleman out of town, and they know no more what to say. To take from them plays, operas, and fashions, is taking away all their topics of discourse ; and they know not how to form their thoughts on any other subjects. They know very well what it is to be admired, but are perfectly ignorant of what it is to be loved. I take you to have sense enough, not to think this science romantic. I rather choose to use the word friendship, than love ; because in the general sense that word is spoke, it signifies a passion rather founded on fancy than reason : and when I say friendship, I mean a mixture of friendship and esteem and which a long acquaintance increases, not decays ; how far I deserve such a friendship, I can be no judge of myself : I may want the good sense, that is necessary to be agreeable to a man of merit, but I know I want the vanity to believe I have ; and can promise you shall never like me less, upon knowing me better ; and that I shall never forget that you have a better understanding than myself.

And now let me entreat you to think (if possible) tolerably of my modesty, after so bold a declaration : I am resolved to throw off reserve, and use me ill if you please. I am sensible, to own an inclination for a man is putting one's self wholly in his power : but sure you have generosity enough not to abuse it. After all I have said, I pretend no tie but on your heart : if you do not love me, I shall not be happy with you ; if you do I need add no further. I am not mercenary, and would not receive an obligation that comes not from one who loves me. I do not desire my letter back again : you have honour and I dare trust you. I am going to the same place I went last spring. I shall think of you there : it depends upon you in what manner.

M. P.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU TO MRS S. C.—

ADRIANOPLE: April 1, 1717.

In my opinion, Dear S—, I ought rather to quarrel with you for not answering my Nimeguen letter of August till December, than to excuse my not writing again till now. I am sure there is on my side a very good excuse for silence, having gone such tiresome land journeys, though I don't find the conclusion of them so bad as you seem to imagine. I am very easy here, and not in the solitude you fancy me. The great number of Greeks, French, English, and Italians, that are under our protection, make their court to me from morning till night; and I'll assure you, are many of them very fine ladies; for there is no possibility for a Christian to live easily under this government but by the protection of an ambassador—and the richer they are the greater is their danger.

Those dreadful stories you have heard of the plague have very little foundation in truth. I own I have much ado to reconcile myself to the sound of a word which has always given me such terrible ideas, though I am convinced there is little more in it than in a fever. As a proof of this, let me tell you that we passed through two or three towns most violently affected. In the very next house where we lay (in one of those places) two persons died of it. Luckily for me I was so well deceived that I knew nothing of the matter; and I was made believe, that our second cook who fell ill here had only a great cold. However, we left our doctor to take care of him, and yesterday they both arrived here in good health, and I am now let into the secret that he has had the plague. There are many that escape it; neither is the air ever infected. I am persuaded that it would be as easy a matter to root it out here as out of Italy and France; but it does so little mischief, they are not very solicitous about it, and are content to suffer this distemper instead of our variety, which they are utterly unacquainted with.

Propos of distempers, I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The small-pox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless by the invention of ingrafting, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the small-pox: they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together), the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox, and asks what vein you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch), and puts into the vein as much matter as can lye upon the head of her needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell; and in this manner

opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, one in each arm, and one on the breast, to mark the sign of the cross ; but this has a very ill effect, all these wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by those that are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs, or that part of the arm that is concealed.\* The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark ; and in eight days' time they are as well as before their illness. When they are wounded, there remain running sores during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation ; and the French ambassador says pleasantly, that they take the small-pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it ; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of this experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England ; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them, not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it. Perhaps, if I live to return, I may, however, have courage to war with them. Upon this occasion admire the heroism in the heart of your friend, &c. &c.

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON, PHILIP STANHOPE, ESQ.

LONDON : November 24, 1747.

DEAR BOY,—As often as I write to you (and that you know is pretty often) so often am I in doubt whether it is to any purpose, and whether it is not labour and paper lost. This entirely depends upon the degree of reason and reflection which you are master of, or think proper to exert. If you give yourself time to think, and have sense enough to think right, two reflections must necessarily occur to you ; the one is, that I have a great deal of experience and that you have none ; the other is, that I am the only man living who cannot have, directly or indirectly, any interest concerning you, but your own. From which two undeniable principles, the obvious and necessary conclusion is, that you ought, for your own sake, to attend to and follow my advice.

\* If, by the application which I recommend to you, you acquire great knowledge, you alone are the gainer ; I pay for it. If you should deserve either a good or a bad character, mine will be exactly what it



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is now, and will neither be the better in the first case, nor the worse in the latter. You alone will be the gainer or the loser.

Whatever your pleasures may be, I neither can nor shall envy you them, as old people are sometimes suspected, by young people, to do ; and I shall only lament, if they should prove such as are unbecoming a man of honour, or below a man of sense. But you will be the real sufferer, if they are such. As therefore it is plain that I have no other motive than that of affection in whatever I say to you, you ought to look upon me as your best, and for some years to come, your only friend.

True friendship requires certain proportions of age and manners, and can never subsist where they are extremely different, except in the relations of parent and child ; where affection on one side, and regard on the other, make up the difference. The friendship which you may contract with people of your own age, may be sincere, may be warm ; but must be for some time reciprocally unprofitable, as there can be no experience on either side.

The young leading the young, is like the blind leading the blind ; " they will both fall into the ditch " The only sure guide is he who has often gone the road which you want to go. Let me be that guide : who have gone all roads ; and who can consequently point out to you the best. If you ask me why I went any of the bad roads myself, I will answer you very truly, that is for want of a good guide ; ill example invited me one way, and a good guide was wanting to show me a better. But if anybody, capable of advising me, had taken the same pains with me, which I have taken, and will continue to take with you, I should have avoided many follies and inconveniences, which undirected youth ran me into. My father was neither able nor desirous to advise me ; which is what I hope you cannot say of yours. You see that I make use only of the word *advise* ; because I would much rather have the assent of your reason to my advice, than the submission of your will to my authority. This, I persuade myself, will happen, from that degree of sense which I think you have ; and therefore I will go on advising, and with hopes of success. You are now settled for some time at *Leipsic* : the principal object of your stay there is the knowledge of books and sciences ; which if you do not, by attention and application, make yourself master of while you are there, you will be ignorant of them all the rest of your life : and take my word for it a life of ignorance is not only a very contemptible, but a very tiresome one. Redouble your attention, then, to Mr *Harte*, in your private studies of the *Literæ Humaniores*, especially *Greek*. State your difficulties whenever you have any ; do not suppress them either from mistaken shame, lazy indifference or in order to have done the sooner. Do the same with Professor *Mascow*, or any other professor.

When you have thus usefully employed your mornings, you may with a safe conscience divert yourself in the evenings, and make those evenings very useful too, by passing them in good company.

and, by observation and attention, learning as much of the world as Leipsic can teach you. You will observe and imitate the manners of the people of the best fashion there ; not that they are (it may be) the best manners in the world ; but because they are the best manners of the place where you are, to which a man of sense always conforms. The nature of things is always and everywhere the same : but the modes of them vary, more or less, in every country ; and an easy and genteel conformity to them, or rather the assuming of them at proper times and in proper places, is what particularly constitutes a man of the world, and a well-bred man.

Here is advice enough I think, and too much it may be you will think, for one letter : if you follow it, you will get knowledge, character and pleasure by it ; if you do not, I only lose *operam et oleum*, which, in all events, I do not grudge you.

I send you by a person who sets out this day for Leipsic, a small packet containing some valuable things which you left behind ; to which I have added, by way of New Year's gift, a very pretty tooth-pick case : and, by the way, pray take care of your teeth, and keep them extremely clean. I have likewise sent you the Greek roots lately translated into English from the French of the Port Royal. Inform yourself what the Port Royal is. To conclude, with a quibble ; I hope you will not only feed upon the Greek roots, but likewise digest them perfectly. Adieu.

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON

LONDON : December 18, 1747.

DEAR BOY,—As two mails are now due from Holland I have no letters of your's or Mr Harte's to acknowledge, so that this letter is the effect of that *scribendi cacoethes*, which my fears, my hopes, and my doubts concerning you, give me. When I have wrote you a very long letter upon any subject, it is no sooner gone but I think I have omitted something in it which might be of use to you, and then I prepare the supplement for the next post ; or else some new subject occurs to me, upon which I fancy I can give you some information, or point out some rules, which may be advantageous to you. This sets me to writing again, though God knows whether to any purpose or not : a few years more can only ascertain that. But, whatever my success may be my anxiety and my care can only be the effects of that tender affection which I have for you, and which you cannot represent to yourself greater than it really is. But do not mistake the nature of that affection, and think it of a kind that you may with impunity abuse. It is not natural affection, there being in reality no such thing ; for, if there were, some inward sentiment must necessarily and reciprocally discover the parent to the child, and the child to the parent without any exterior indications, knowledge, or

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acquaintance whatsoever ; which never happened since the creation of the world, whatever Poets, Romance or Novel-writers and such sentiment-mongers, may be pleased to say to the contrary. Neither is my affection for you that of a mother, of which the only, or at least the chief, objects are health and life : I wish you them both most heartily ; but at the same time I confess they are by no means my principal care.

My object is to have you fit to live ; which if you are not, I do not desire that you should live at all. My affection for you then is, and only will be, proportioned to your merit ; which is the only affection that one rational being ought to have for another.

Hitherto I have discovered nothing wrong in your heart or head : on the contrary, I think I see sense in the one and sentiments in the other. This persuasion is the only motive for my present affection ; which will either increase or diminish according to your merit or demerit. If you have the knowledge, the honour, and the probity which you may have, the marks and warmth of my affection shall amply reward them, but if you have them not, my aversion and indignation will rise in the same proportion ; and in that case, remember that I am under no further obligation than to give you the necessary means of subsisting. If ever we quarrel, do not expect or depend upon any weakness in my nature, for a reconciliation, as children frequently do, and often meet with, from silly parents. I have no such weakness about me ; and as I will never quarrel with you but upon some essential point, if once we quarrel I will never forgive. But I hope and believe that this declaration (for it is no threat) will prove unnecessary. You are no stranger to the principles of virtue ; and surely who ever knows virtue must love it. As for knowledge you have already enough of it to engage you to acquire more. The ignorant only either despise it, or think that they have enough : those who have the most are always the most desirous to have more, and know that the most they can have is alas ! but too little.

Reconsider from time to time, and retain the friendly advice which I send you. The advantage will be all your own.

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON

LONDON : August 10, 1749.

DEAR BOY,—Let us resume our reflections upon men, their characters, their manners ; in a word, our reflections upon the World.

They may help you to form yourself, and to know others. A knowledge very useful at all ages, very rare at yours : it seems as if it were no body's business to communicate it to young men. Their masters teach them, singly, the languages, or the sciences of their several departments ; and are indeed generally incapable of teaching them the World : their Parents are often so too, or at least neglect doing it ;

either from avocations, indifference, or from an opinion, that throwing them into the world (as they call it) is the best way of teaching it them. This last notion is in a great degree true ; that is, the World can doubtless never be well known by theory ; practice is absolutely necessary ; but, surely, it is of great use to a young man, before he sets out for that country, full of mazes, windings, and turnings, \*o have at least a general map of it, made by some experienced traveller.

There is a certain dignity of manners absolutely necessary, to make even the most valuable character either respected or respectable.

Horse-play, romping, frequent and loud fits of laughter, jokes, waggy, and indiscriminate familiarity, will sink both merit and knowledge into a degree of contempt. They compose at most a merry fellow ; and a merry fellow was never yet a respectable man. Indiscriminate familiarity, either offends your superiors, or else dubs you their dependent, and led captain. It gives your inferiors, just, but troublesome and improper claims of equality. A joker is near akin to a buffoon ; and neither of them is the least related to wit. Whoever is admitted or sought for, in company, upon any other account than that of his merit and manners, is never respected there, but only made use of. We will have such-a-one, for he sings prettily ; we will invite such-a-one to a ball, for he dances well ; we will have such-a-one at supper, for he is always joking and laughing ; we will ask another, because he plays deep at all games, or because he can drink a great deal. These are all vilifying distinctions, mortifying preferences, and exclude all ideas of esteem and regard. Whoever is had (as it is called) in company, for the sake of any one thing singly, is singly that thing, and will never be considered in any other light ; frequently never respected, let his merits be what they will.

This dignity of manners, which I recommended so much to you, is not only as different from pride, as true courage is from blustering, or true wit from joking ; but is absolutely inconsistent with it ; for nothing vilifies and degrades more than pride. The pretensions of the proud man, are oftener treated with sneer and contempt, than with indignation : as we offer ridiculously too little to a tradesman, who asks ridiculously too much for his goods ; but we do not haggle with one who only asks a just and reasonable price.

Abject flattery and indiscriminate assentation degrade, as much as indiscriminate contradiction and noisy debate disgust. But a modest assertion of one's own opinion ; and a complaisant acquiescence in other people's, preserve dignity.

Vulgar, low expressions, awkward motions and address, vilify, as they imply, either a very low turn of mind, or low education, and low company.

Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and a laborious attention to little objects, which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, owe a man ; who from thence is thought (and not unjustly) incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Retz, very sagaciously marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment that he told

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him he had wrote three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.

A certain degree of exterior seriousness in looks and motions, gives dignity, without excluding wit and decent cheerfulness, which are always serious themselves. A constant smirk upon the face, and a whiffing activity of the body, are strong indications of futility. Whoever is in a hurry, shows that the thing he is about is too big for him. Haste and hurry are very different things. I have only mentioned some of those things which may, and do, in the opinion of the world, lower and sink characters, in other respects valuable enough ; but I have taken no notice of those that affect, and sink the moral character. They are sufficiently obvious. A man who has patiently been kicked, may as well pretend to courage, as a man blasted by vices and crimes may to dignity of any kind. But an exterior decency and dignity of manners, will even keep such a man longer from sinking, than otherwise he would be : of such consequence is the *το πρεπον*, even though affected and put on ! Pray read frequently, and with the utmost attention, nay get by heart if you can, that incomparable chapter in Cicero's Offices, upon the *το πρεπον*, or the *Decorum*. It contains whatever is necessary for the dignity of Manners. In my next, I will send you a general map of Courts ; a region yet unexplored by you ; but which you are one day to inhabit. The ways are generally crooked and full of turnings, sometimes strewed with flowers, sometimes choked up with briars ; rotten ground and deep pits frequently lie concealed under a smooth, and pleasing surface : all the paths are slippery, and every slip is dangerous. Sense and discretion must accompany you at your first setting out ; but, notwithstanding those, till experience is your guide, you will every now and then step out of your way, or stumble. Lady Chesterfield has just now received your German letter, for which she thanks you ; she says the language is very correct ; and I can plainly see the character is well formed, not to say better than your English character. Continue to write German frequently, that it may become quite familiar to you. Adieu.

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE TO GEORGE MONTAGU

ARLINGTON STREET. November 13, 1760.

Even the honeymoon of a new reign don't produce events every day. There is nothing but the common saying of addresses and kissing hands. The chief difficulty is settled ; Lord Gower yields the mastership of the horse to Lord Huntingdon, and removes to the great wardrobe ; from whence Sir Thomas Robinson was to have gone into Ellis' place, but he is saved. The city, however, have a mind to be out of humour ; a paper has been fixed on the Royal Exchange with these words, " No petticoat government, no Scotch minister, no

Lord George Sackville"; two hints totally unfounded, and the other scarce true. No petticoat ever governed less, it is left at Leicester House: Lord George's breeches are as little concerned; and, except Lady Susan Stuart and Sir Harry Erskine, nothing has yet been done for any Scots. For the King himself, he seems all good nature, and wishing to satisfy everybody; all his speeches are obliging.

I saw him again yesterday, and was surprised to find the levee-room had lost so entirely the air of the lion's den. This sovereign don't stand in one spot, with his eyes fixed royally on the ground, and dropping bits of German news: he walks about, and speaks to everybody. I saw him afterwards on the throne where he is graceful and genteel, sits with dignity and reads his answers to addresses well, it was the Cambridge address, carried by the Duke of Newcastle in his doctor's gown, and looking like the *Médecin malgré lui*. He had been vehemently solicitous for attendance for fear my Lord Westmoreland, who vouchsafes himself to bring the address from Oxford, should outnumber him. Lord Litchfield and several other Jacobites have kissed hands; George Selwyn says, "They go to St James", because now there are so many Stuarts there."

Do you know, I had the curiosity to go to the burying to other night; I had never seen a royal funeral; nay, I walked as a rag of quality, which I found would be, and so it was, the easiest way of seeing it. It is absolutely a noble sight. The Prince's chamber, hung with purple, and a quantity of silver lamps, the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six vast chandeliers of silver on high stands, had a very good effect. The ambassador from Tripoli and his son were carried to see that chamber.

The procession, through a line of foot-guards, every seventh man bearing a torch, the horse-guards lining the outside, their officers with drawn sabres and crape sashes on horseback, the drums muffled, the fifes, bells tolling, and minute guns,—all this was very solemn. But the charm was the entrance of the abbey, where we were received by the dean and chapter in rich robes, the choir and almsmen bearing torches; the whole abbey so illuminated, that one saw it to greater advantage than by day; the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof, all appearing distinctly, and with the happiest *chiaro scuro*. There wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels here and there, with priests saying mass for the repose of the defunct; yet one could not complain of its not being Catholic enough. I had been in dread of being coupled with some boy of ten years old; but the heralds were not very accurate, and I walked with George Grenville, taller and older, to keep me in countenance. When we came to the Chapel of Henry the Seventh, all solemnity and decorum ceased; no order was observed, people sat or stood where they could or would; the Yeomen of the Guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin; the bishop read sadly and blundered in the prayers; the fine chapter, *Man that is born of a woman*, was chanted, not read; and the anthem, besides being immeasurably tedious,

would have served as well for a nuptial. The real serious part was the figure of the Duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark brown adonis, and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards.

Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant: his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes; and placed over the mouth of the vault into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend, think how unpleasant a situation! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train, to avoid the chill of the marble. It was very theatric to look down into the vault, where the coffin was, attended by mothers with lights. Clavering, the groom of the bed-chamber, refused to sit up with the body, and was dismissed by the King's order.

I have nothing more to tell you, but a trifle, a very trifle. The King of Prussia has totally defeated Marshal Daun. This which would have been prodigious news a month ago, is nothing to-day; it only takes its turn among the questions, "Who is to be groom of the bed-chamber? What is Sir T. Robinson to have?" I have been to Leicester fields to-day; the crowd was immoderate; I don't believe it will continue so. Good night.

SIR RICHARD STEELE TO HIS WIFE

ST JAMES'S COFFEE HOUSE, 1 Sept. 1707

MADAM,—It is the hardest thing in the world to be in love, and yet to attend to business. As for me, all who speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up, or other people will do it for me.

A gentleman asked me this morning, "What news from Lisbon?" and I answered, "She's exquisitely handsome." Another desired to know when I had been last at Hampton Court. I replied "It will be on Tuesday come se'nnight." Pr'ythee allow me at least to kiss your hand before that day, that my mind may be in some composure. O love!

A thousand torments dwell about thee!  
Yet who would live to live without thee?

Methinks I could write a volume to you ; but all the language on earth would fail in saying how much, and with what disinterested passion, I am ever yours.

STEELE TO THE SAME

LORD SUNDERLAND'S OFFICE, 19 May, 1708  
*Eleven o'clock.*

DEAR PRUE,—I desire you to get the coach and yourself ready as soon as you can conveniently, and call for me here, from whence we will go and spend some time together in the fresh air in free conference. Let my best periwig be put in the coach-box, and my new shoes, for it is a great comfort to be well dressed in agreeable company. You are vital life to your oblig'd, affectionate husband, and humble servant

STEELE TO THE SAME

12 Aug. 1708.

MADAM,—I have your letter, wherein you let me know that the little dispute we have had is far from being a trouble to you ; nevertheless I assure you, any disturbance between us is the greatest affliction to me imaginable. You talk of the judgement of the world ; I shall never govern my actions by it, but by the rules of morality and right reason. I love you better than the light of my eyes or the life-blood in my heart ; but you are also to understand that neither my sight shall be so far enchanted, nor my affection so much master of me, as to make me forget our common interest. To attend my business as I ought, and improve my fortune, it is necessary that my time and my will should be under no direction but my own. I write all this rather to explain my own thoughts to you, than to answer your letter distinctly. I enclose it to you, that upon second thoughts, you may see the disrespectful manner in which you treat Your affectionate, faithful husband.

SAMUEL JOHNSON TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF  
CHESTERFIELD

7 Feb. 1775.

MY LORD,—I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of *The World*, that two papers, in which my *Dictionary* is recommended to the public, are by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.



## AN ENGLISH COURSE FOR SCHOOLS

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*;—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in *Virgil* grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity, not to confess obligations, where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I shall conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation.—My Lord, your Lordship's most humble, most obedient servant.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH TO HIS UNCLE CONTARINE

LEYDEN, April or May, 1754.

DEAR SIR,—I suppose by this time I am accused of either neglect or ingratitude, and my silence imputed to my usual slowness of writing. But believe me, Sir, when I say, that till now I had not an opportunity of sitting down with that ease of mind which writing required. You may see by the top of the letter that I am at Leyden; but of my journey hither you must be informed. Some time after

the receipt of your last, I embarked for Bordeaux, on board a Scotch ship called the *St Andrews*, Capt. John Wall, master. The ship made a tolerable appearance, and as another inducement, I was let to know that six agreeable passengers were to be my company. Well, we were but two days at sea when a storm drove us into a city of England called Newcastle-upon-Tyne. We all went ashore to refresh us after the fatigue of our voyage. Seven men and I were one day on shore, and on the following evening as we were all very merry, the room door bursts open, enters a sergeant and twelve grenadiers with their bayonets screwed, and puts us all under the King's arrest. It seems my company were Scotchmen in the French service, and had been in Scotland to enlist soldiers for the French army. I endeavoured all I could to prove my innocence; however, I remained in prison with the rest a fortnight, and with difficulty got off even then. Dear Sir, keep this all a secret, or at least say it was for debt; for if it were once known at the University, I should hardly get a degree. But hear how Providence interposed in my favour; the ship was gone on to Bordeaux before I got from prison, and was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, and every one of the crew were drowned. It happened the last great storm. There was a ship at that time ready for Holland. I embarked, and in nine days, thank my God, I arrived safe at Rotterdam; whence I travelled by land to Leyden; and whence I now write.

You may expect some account of this country, and though I am not well qualified for such an undertaking, yet shall I endeavour to satisfy some part of your expectations. Nothing surprised me more than the books every day published, descriptive of the manners of this country. Any young man who takes it into his head to publish his travels, visits the countries he intends to describe; passes through them with as much inattention as his *valet de chambre*; and consequently not having a fund himself to fill a volume, he applies to those who wrote before him, and gives us the manners of a country not as he must have seen them, but such as they might have been fifty years before. The modern Dutchman is quite a different creature from him of former times; he in everything imitates a Frenchman but in his easy disengaged air, which is the result of keeping polite company. The Dutchman is vastly ceremonious, and is perhaps exactly what a Frenchman might have been in the reign of Louis XIV. Such are the better-bred. But the downright Hollander is one of the oddest figures in nature. Upon a head of lank hair he wears a half-cocked narrow hat laced with black ribbon: no coat, but seven waistcoats, and nine pairs of breeches; so that his hips reach almost up to his armpits. This well-clothed vegetable is now fit to see company, or make love. But what a pleasing creature is the object of his appetite? Why, she wears a large fur cap with a deal of Flanders lace: for every pair of breeches he carries, she puts on two petticoats.

A Dutch lady burns nothing about her phlegmatic admirer but his

tobacco. You must know, Sir, every woman carries in her hand a stove with coals in it, which, when she sits, she snugs under her petticoats; and at this chimney dozing Strephon lights his pipe. I take it that this continual smoking is what gives the man the ruddy healthful complexion he generally wears, by draining his superfluous moisture, while the woman, deprived of this amusement, overflows with such viscidities as tint the complexion, and give that paleness of visage which low fenny grounds and moist air conspire to cause. A Dutch woman and Scotch will well bear an opposition

The one is pale and fat, the other lean and ruddy: the one walks as if she were straddling after a go-cart, and the other takes too masculine a stride. I shall not endeavour to deprive either country of its share of beauty, but must say, that of all objects on this earth, an English farmer's daughter is most charming. Every woman there is a complete beauty, while the higher class of women want many of the requisites to make them even tolerable. Their pleasures here are very dull, though very various. You may smoke, you may doze; you may go to the Italian comedy, as good an amusement as either of the former. This entertainment always brings in Harlequin, who is generally a magician, and in consequence of his diabolical art performs a thousand tricks on the rest of the persons of the drama, who are all fools. I have seen the pit in a roar of laughter at this humour, when with his sword he touches the glass from which another was drinking. 'Twas not his face they laughed at, for that was masked. They must have seen something vastly queer in the wooden sword, that neither I, nor you, Sir, were you there, could see.

In winter, when their canals are frozen, every house is forsaken, and all people are on the ice, sleds, drawn by horses, and skating, are at that time the reigning amusements. They have boats here that slide on the ice, and are driven by the winds. When they spread all their sails, they go more than a mile and a half a minute, and their motion is so rapid the eye can scarcely accompany them. Their ordinary manner of travelling is very cheap and very convenient: they sail in covered boats drawn by horses; and in these you are sure to meet people of all nations. Here the Dutch slumber, the French chatter, and the English play at cards. Any man who likes company may have them to his taste. For my part I generally detached myself from all society, and was wholly taken up in observing the face of the country. Nothing can equal its beauty; wherever I turn my eye, fine houses, elegant gardens, statues, grottos, vistas, presented themselves; but when you enter their towns you are charmed beyond description. No misery is to be seen here; every one is usefully employed.

Scotland and this country bear the highest contrast. There hills and rocks intercept every prospect; here 'tis all a continued plain. There you might see a well-dressed duchess issuing from a dirty close; and here a dirty Dutchman inhabiting a palace. The Scotch may be compared to a tulip planted in dung; but I never see a Dutchman in

his own house, but I think of a magnificent Egyptian temple dedicated to an ox. Physic is by no means here taught so well as in Edinburgh; and in all Leyden there are but four British students, owing to all necessaries being so extremely dear, and the professors so very lazy (the chemical professor excepted), that we don't much care to come hither. I am not certain how long my stay here may be; however, I expect to have the happiness of seeing you at Kilmore, if I can, next March.

Direct to me, if I am honoured with a letter from you, to Madam Dialhon's at Leyden.

Thou best of men, may Heaven guard and preserve you, and those you love

SIR WALTER SCOTT TO HIS MOTHER

[1797.]

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I should very ill deserve the care and affection with which you have ever regarded me, were I to neglect my duty so far as to omit consulting my father and you in the most important step which I can possibly take in life, and upon the success of which my future happiness must depend. It is with pleasure I think I can avail myself of your advice and instructions in an affair of so great importance as that which I have at present on my hand. You will probably guess from this preamble, that I am engaged in a matrimonial plan, which is really the case. Though my acquaintance with the young lady has not been of long standing, this circumstance is in some degree counterbalanced by the intimacy in which we have lived, and by the opportunities which that intimacy has afforded me of remarking her conduct and sentiments on many different occasions, some of which were rather of a delicate nature, so that in fact I have seen more of her during the few weeks we have been together, than I could have done after a much longer acquaintance, shackled by the common forms of ordinary life. You will not expect from me a description of her person,—for which I refer you to my brother, as also for a fuller account of all the circumstances attending the business than can be comprised in the compass of a letter. Without flying into raptures, for I must assure you that my judgement as well as my affections are consulted upon this occasion; without flying into raptures then, I may safely assure you, that her temper is sweet and cheerful, her understanding good, and what I know will give you pleasure, her principles of religion very serious. I have been very explicit with her upon the nature of my expectations, and she thinks she can accommodate herself to the situation which I should wish her to hold in society as my wife, which, you will easily comprehend, I mean should neither be extravagant nor degrading. Her fortune, though partly dependent upon her brother, who is high in office at Madras, is very considerable—at present £500

a-year. This, however, we must, in some degree, regard as precarious,—I mean to the full extent; and indeed when you know her you will not be surprised that I regard this circumstance chiefly because it removes those prudential considerations which would otherwise render our union impossible for the present. Betwixt her income and my own professional exertions, I have little doubt we will be enabled to hold the rank in society which my family and situation entitle me to fill.

My dear Mother, I cannot express to you the anxiety I have that you will not think me flighty nor inconsiderate in this business. Believe me, that experience, in one instance,—you cannot fail to know to what I allude—is too recent to permit my being so hasty in my conclusions as the warmth of my temper might have otherwise prompted. I am also most anxious that you should be prepared to show her kindness, which I know the goodness of your own heart will prompt, more especially when I tell you that she is an orphan, without relations, and almost without friends. Her guardian is, I should say *was*, for she is of age, Lord Downshire, to whom I must write for his consent, a piece of respect to which he is entitled for his care of her—and there the matter rests at present. I think I need not tell you that if I assume the new character which I threaten, I shall be happy to find that in that capacity, I may make myself more useful to my brothers, and especially to Anne, than I could in any other. On the other hand, I shall certainly expect that my friends will endeavour to show every attention in their power to a woman who forsakes for me, prospects much more splendid than what I can offer, and who comes into Scotland without a single friend but myself. I find I could write a great deal more upon this subject, but as it is late, and as I must write to my father, I shall restrain myself. I think (but you are the best judge) that in the circumstances in which I stand, you should write to her, Miss Carpenter, under cover to me at Carlisle.

Write to me very fully upon this important subject—send me your opinion, your advice, and above all, your blessing; you will see the necessity of not delaying a minute in doing so, and in keeping this business *strictly private*, till you hear farther from me, since you are not ignorant that even at this advanced period, an objection on the part of Lord Downshire, or many other accidents, may intervene; in which case, I should little wish my disappointment to be public.

SCOTT TO J. B. S. MORRITT

EDINBURGH, 9 July, 1814.

MY DEAR MORRITT,—I owe you many apologies for not sooner answering your very entertaining letter upon your Parisian journey. I heartily wish I had been of your party, for you have seen what I

trust will not be seen again in a hurry ; since, to enjoy the delight of a restoration, there is a necessity for a previous *boyleversement* of everything that is valuable in morals and policy, which seems to have been the case in France since 1790. The Duke of Buccleugh told me yesterday of a very good reply of Louis to some of his attendants, who proposed shutting the doors of his apartments to keep out the throng of people. "Open the door," he said, "to John Bull ; he has suffered a great deal in keeping the door open for me."

Now, to go from one important subject to another, I must account for my own laziness, which I do by referring you to a small anonymous sort of a novel, in three volumes, *Waverley*, which you will receive by the mail of this day. It was a very old attempt of mine to embody some traits of those characters and manners peculiar to Scotland, the last remnants of which vanished during my own youth, so that few or no traces now remain. I had written great part of the first volume, and sketched other passages, when I mislaid the MS., and only found it by the merest accident as I was rummaging the drawers of an old cabinet ; and I took the fancy of finishing it, which I did so fast, that the last two volumes were written in three weeks. I had a great deal of fun in the accomplishment of this task, though I do not expect that it will be popular in the south, as much of the humour, if there be any, is local, and some of it even professional. You, however, who are an adopted Scotchman, will find some amusement in it. It has made a very strong impression here, and the good people of Edinburgh are busied in tracing the author, and in finding out originals for the portraits it contains. In the first case, they will probably find it difficult to convict the guilty author, although he is far from escaping suspicion. Jeffrey has offered to make oath that it is mine, and another great critic has tendered his affidavit *ex contrario* ; so that these authorities have divided the Gude Town. However, the thing has succeeded very well, and is thought highly of. I don't know if it has got to London yet. I intend to maintain my *incognito*. Let me know your opinion about it. . . .

24 July.

. . . I had just proceeded thus far when your kind favour of the 21st reached Abbotsford. I am heartily glad you continued to like *Waverley* to the end. The hero is a sneaking piece of imbecility ; and if he had married Flora, she would have set him up upon the chimney-piece, as Count Borowlaski's wife used to do with him. I am a bad hand at depicting a hero properly so called, and have an unfortunate propensity for the dubious characters of borderers, buccaneers, Highland robbers, and all others of a Robin-Hood description. I do not know why it should be, as I am myself, like Hamlet, indifferent honest ; but I suppose the blood of the old cattle-drivers of Teviotdale continues to stir in my veins.

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CHARLES LAMB TO COLERIDGE

27 Sept 1796

MY DEAREST FRIEND,— White, or some of my friends, or the public papers, by this time may have informed you of the terrible calamities that have fallen on our family. I will only give you the outlines. My poor dear, dearest sister, in a fit of insanity, has been the death of our own mother. I was at hand only time enough to snatch the knife out of her grasp. She is at present in a madhouse, from whence I fear she must be moved to an hospital. God has preserved to me my senses, I eat, and drink, and sleep, and have my judgement, I believe, very sound. My poor father was slightly wounded, and I am left to take care of him and my aunt. Mr Norris, of the Bluecoat School, has been very kind to us, and we have no other friend; but, thank God, I am very calm and composed, and able to do the best that remains to do. Write as religious a letter as possible, but no mention of what is gone and done with. With me “the former things are passed away,” and I have something more to do than to feel.

God Almighty have us in His keeping!

Mention nothing of poetry. I have destroyed every vestige of past vanities of that kind. Do as you please, but if you publish, publish mine (I give free leave) without name or initial, and never send me a book, I charge you.

Your own judgement will convince you not to take any notice of this yet to your dear wife. ‘You look after your family: I have reason and strength left to take care of mine.’ I charge you, don’t think of coming to see me. Write. I will not see you if you come. God Almighty love you and all of us!

CHARLES LAMB TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

30 Jan 1801

I ought before this to have replied to your very kind invitation into Cumberland. With you and your sister I could gang anywhere; but I am afraid whether I shall ever be able to afford so desperate a journey. Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don’t much care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead Nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street, the unnumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, waggons, playhouses, all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden, the very women of the Town; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles,—life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night, the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining

upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old book-stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me, without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me often into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fullness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must I have been doing all my life, not to have lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes?

My attachments are all local, purely local. I have no passion (or have had none since I was in love, and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books) to groves and valleys. The rooms where I was born, the furniture which has been before my eyes all my life, a book-case which has followed me about like a faithful dog, (only exceeding him in knowledge), wherever I have moved, old chairs, old tables, streets, squares, where I have sunned myself, my old school,—these are my mistresses—have I not enough, without your mountains? I do not envy you. I should pity you, did I not know that the mind will make friends of anything. Your sun, and moon, and skies, and hills, and lakes, affect me no more, or scarcely come to me in more venerable characters, than as a gilded room with tapestry and tapers, where I might live with handsome visible objects. I consider the clouds above me but as a roof beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy the mind. and at last, like the pictures of the apartment of a connoisseur, unable to afford him any longer a pleasure. So fading upon me, from disuse, have been the beauties of Nature, as they have been confinedly called; so ever fresh, and green, and warm are all the inventions of men, and assemblies of men in this great city. I should certainly have laughed with dear Joanna.

Give my kindest love, and my sister's, to D and yourself; and a kiss from me to little Barbara Lewthwaite. Thank you for liking my play!

CHARLES LAMB TO SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

9 March, 1822

DEAR COLERIDGE,—It gives me great satisfaction to hear that the pig turned out so well. they are such interesting creatures at a certain age. What a pity such buds should blow out into the maturity of rank bacon! You had all some of the crackling and brain sauce. Did you remember to rub it with butter, and gently dredge it a little, just before the crisis? Did the eyes come away kindly with no Oedipean avulsion? Was the crackling the colour of the ripe pomegranate? Had you no complement of boiled neck



of mutton before it, to blunt the edge of delicate desire? Did you flesh maiden teeth in it? Not that I sent the pig, or can form the remotest guess what part Owen could play in the business. I never knew him give anything away in my life. He would not begin with strangers. I suspect the pig, after all, was meant for me; but at the unlucky juncture of time being absent, the present somehow went round to Highgate. To confess an honest truth, a pig is one of those things which I could never think of sending away. Teal, widgeon, snipes, barn-door fowls, ducks, geese—your tame villatic things—Welsh mutton, collars of brawn, sturgeon, fresh or pickled, your potted char, Swiss cheeses, French pies, early grapes, muscadines, I impart as freely unto my friends as to myself. They are but self-extended, but pardon me if I stop somewhere. Where the fine feeling of benevolence giveth a higher smack than the sensual rarity, there my friends (or any good man) may command me, but pigs are pigs, and I myself therein am nearest to myself. Nay, I should think it an affront, an undervaluing done to Nature who bestowed such a boon upon me, if in a churlish mood I parted with the precious gift. One of the bitterest pangs of remorse I ever felt was when a child—when my kind old aunt had strained her pocket-strings to bestow a six-penny whole plum-cake upon me. In my way home through the borough I met a venerable old man, not a mendicant, but thereabouts, a look-beggar, not a verbal petitioner; and in the cock-broth of taught charity I gave away the cake to him. I walked on a little in all the pride of an Evangelical peacock, when of a sudden my old aunt's kindness crossed me, the sum it was to her, the pleasure she had a right to expect that I—not the old impostor—should take in eating her cake; the ingratitude by which under the colour of a Christian virtue, I had frustrated her cherished purpose. I sobbed, wept, and took it to heart so grievously, that I think I never suffered the like, and I was right. It was a piece of unfeeling hypocrisy, and it proved a lesson to me ever after. The cake has long been masticated, consigned to the dunghill with the ashes of that unseasonable pauper. But when Providence, who is better to us than all our aunts, gives me a pig, remembering my temptation and my fall, I shall endeavour to act towards it more in the spirit of the donor's purpose.

Yours (short of pig) to command in everything.

## CHAPTER VI

### REPRODUCTION

IN this English exercise a passage is read aloud to you, the reading occupying some ten or fifteen minutes. You are then expected to reproduce the substance of the passage *in your own words* in about an hour. You are not permitted to take any notes during the reading. The trap you are liable to fall into is to memorise chunks of the original which may well be unimportant. The object of reproduction is not to test your memory alone, it aims rather at training you in the art of being able to select salient features and to reject what is irrelevant. It is not unlike *précis*: you read a novel or portion of a novel; shut the book and reproduce a summary of it in a given number of words. In *précis*, however, you may refer to the original as often as you like.

There are endless varieties of reproduction, all of which are worth trying. After reading out a chapter of *Robinson Crusoe* or *Gulliver's Travels*, the master may ask you to invent another chapter.

A more ambitious plan is for him to draw an island on the board and ask you to write a long story about it after the style of *Treasure Island*.

An even better plan is for each boy to draw his own island and write each week a chapter of a novel, the action of which is to take place entirely on it.

Another variant is to give the outlines of a plot and ask the form to write a play on that subject, or if a play is beyond their powers, one or two isolated scenes.

Again, such stories as *The Inn of the Two Witches*, *Markheim*, or *The Innocence of Father Brown* are read up to a certain point, and each boy endeavours to finish the story along his own lines.

Perhaps *Sohrab and Rustum* is read to the class. Instead of the usual reproduction a criticism of the poem might be asked for, or a letter from Peran-Wisa to Sohrab's mother, asking her to urge him not to fight.

Both in reproduction and in précis the most difficult part of the work is to preserve a sense of balance—i.e. to give to each incident exactly its own emphasis, not to dwell so long on one aspect of the story as to crowd two-thirds of the narrative into a space quite inadequate to hold it. This sense of balance only comes through incessant practice.

You are unconsciously practising this art of reproduction whenever you tell a good short story which commends itself to you. You should make a point of doing this frequently. Good raconteurs are as rare as they are welcome and valuable.

## CHAPTER VII

### PARAPHRASE

PARAPHRASE differs from *précis* and reproduction in one important feature, and that is whereas the last two are shorter than the original, the former is at least as long if not longer.

To give the substance of the original is not enough. You are required to bring out the full force of all the clauses, explaining and occasionally expanding what is obscure, though in paraphrase, as in *précis* and reproduction, you are not permitted to allow your personal feelings to intrude.

You may make alterations, often with good effect, but your first object is to find the leading thought, or motif, of the whole before attempting to construe it.

You will commonly find that the passage set is poetry, because the thought is likely to be more involved and therefore requires more unravelling than prose does, there would be but little object in asking you to explain a passage the meaning of which was self-evident.

It is good practice to expand the meaning of some short epigram or aphorism before proceeding to the longer business of paraphrasing a sonnet or stanza of verse.

For exercises try the poetry at the end of the chapter on Prosody, and the papers at the end of the book.

### EXERCISES

(a) Paraphrase the following passages —

- (i) Hoist with his own petard.
- (ii) Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back,  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.
- (iii) Caviare to the general.

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- (iv) 'The child is father of the man.
- (v) He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to  
| fortune.
- (vi) Hitch your waggon to a star.
- (vii) It is a custom  
More honoured in the breach than in the observance
- (viii) *Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,*  
*Stains the white radiance of Eternity.*
- (ix) My salad days,  
When I was green in judgment
- (x) The native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought
- (xi) The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils himself in many ways  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world
- (xii) A little learning is a dangerous thing,  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring
- (xiii) True wit is nature to advantage drest,  
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well exprest.
- (xiv) Fondly we think we merit honour then,  
When we but praise ourselves in other men
- (xv) Good-nature and good sense must ever goin,  
To err is human, to forgive divine
- (xvi) God made the country, and man made the town
- (xvii) Procrastination is the thief of time
- (xviii) Philosophy will clip an angel's wings
- (xix) Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
(That last infirmity of noble mind)  
To scorn delights, and live laborious days

(b) Give, with comments, the sense of the following passages.—

- (i) That love is merchandized, whose rich esteeming  
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
- (ii) But all was false and hollow ; though his tongue  
Dropp'd manna, and could make the worse appear  
The better reason, to perplex and dash  
Maturest counsels
- (iii) Underneath day's azure eyes,  
Ocean's nursing, Venice, lies.
- (iv) How commentators each dark passage shun,  
And hold their farthing candle to the sun
- (v) He was not of an age, but for all time
- (vi) . To the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past
- (vii) When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,  
The post of honour is a private station.

- (viii) O, for a draught of vintage ! that hath been  
Cool'd a long age in the deep delvèd earth,  
Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth  
(ix) I held it truth, with him who sings,  
To one clear harp in divers tones,  
That men may rise on stepping stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things

Whenever you come across a stiff, short passage like the above, in Shakespeare, or any other poet, do not let it pass untranslated. Sit down at once and wrestle with it until you can translate every word of it *on paper* so as to make the passage intelligible not only to yourself but to those round you.

For exercises in Paraphrase use the extracts given at the end of Chapters XI and XVII, and the examination papers at the end of the book.

## CHAPTER VIII

### DICTION

It is an excellent practice to base a great deal of English work on Dictation.

The subject is so vast, and has been in the past so much neglected, that many masters find it difficult to know exactly where to begin

We will take as example one of Keats' sonnets.

To one who has been long in city pent,  
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair  
And open face of heaven—to breathe a prayer  
Full in the smile of the blue firmament  
Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,  
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair  
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair  
And gentle tale of love and languishment  
Returning home at evening, with an ear  
Catching the notes of Philomel—an eye  
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,  
He mourns that day so soon has glided by,  
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear  
That falls through the clear ether silently.

First the master points out the rules of dictation as laid down for Army candidates

The passage is read through slowly in order that the candidates may understand the gist of it—i.e. not mistake "fair" for "fare," or "tale" for "tail"

Then it is given out very slowly, no word being repeated, and only full stops indicated, the writer being made responsible for the other punctuation marks

When the second reading is over the sonnet is again read through in order that the candidates may insert or delete stops, alter the spelling or put in words that they failed to hear before

The papers are then collected and corrected by the master, who will give them back as soon as possible, with P written in the margin opposite a mistake in punctuation, S opposite one in spelling, W.W. to signify wrong words, and so on. The pupil will then find out where he has gone wrong and correct his mistakes.

There is an alternative method

The pupils may be required to correct their own work in answer to questions distributed round the form. If they fail to detect mistakes they become liable to severe deductions. This also is good practice.

But Dictation can be used for other purposes. In the first place an introductory talk on handwriting must precede the lesson. It is absurd to expect a uniform standard considering that character is supposed to be evident in calligraphy, but there are general rules which everyone ought to observe from his early youth.

Legibility is the first essential, neatness and clarity following close upon its heels in order of importance. To attain these characteristics writing should be large, quite free from flourishes, well spaced out, each letter distinctly formed by pressing the pen more heavily on the down than the up stroke. The i's always should be dotted, t's crossed only on the right-hand side of the letter,<sup>1</sup> h's, l's, f's, b's looped, but their tails and heads not allowed to extend too far above or below the line. Foreign formations of letters are to be avoided. Neither "ε" nor "δ" should be allowed to take the place of "e" or "d."

Keep in mind the fact that your written message may some day be of great moment, that the lives of a great number of people may depend upon its interpretation, that the reader may be of little or no education, and you will at once understand that attention to detail is not unimportant, nor does it show evidence of a finicking mind.

<sup>1</sup> "I am afraid that we have no post to offer you. You do not cross your t's firmly, and your words are an irregular distance apart. Good morning." The managing director of a firm employing sixty girls always chooses his employees according to qualities deduced from their handwriting. He says that the system seldom fails — *Daily Mail*



Dictation then, in the first place, teaches you how to form letters of the alphabet correctly. It also prevents you from sinking into the habit of listening mechanically. All your faculties have to be on the alert to catch the meaning in order to be able to spell and punctuate. But this is by no means all.

Passages chosen for dictation should always be of the best of their kind, and worth committing to memory. Learn the passage by heart while you are writing it out. This ought to come quite easy to you after a little practice.

The more you learn by heart the easier you will find the exercise. The brain is extraordinarily capable of retention if it is only practised in the art day by day.

The next exercise is to paraphrase the passage. do not rest until you feel that you have fully grasped its inner meaning and can explain in simple prose exactly what were the thoughts that the poet strove to express.

If you are uncertain about your parts of speech an admirable exercise can be obtained by writing under each word in the sonnet its technical name in Grammar.

From this you proceed to analyse the sonnet, and having done this to learn all that you can about the author and his work.

If the work is done in form the master ought to take it as an introduction to the study of the poet, and so to a discussion (say) of the whole movement which we now call the Romantic Revival. This done, he will proceed to talk about Prosody and show how to scan the lines and point out the rhyme scheme peculiar to a sonnet, following on with a history of the development of this form of verse.

If this is adequately treated it will not be asking too much of the class to write a sonnet in imitation of it, on any subject they like to select.

So now, perhaps, you see what a good starting-point dictation makes for an English lesson. It requires knowledge of punctuation, spelling and calligraphy; it leads to memorising, grammar, analysis, prosody, literary history and original creative work.

## CHAPTER IX

### PRÉCIS

THE art of condensing passages to lengths varying from one third to one-thirtieth of their original number of words is exceedingly useful and calls into play several faculties which require exercise if you wish to become a capable citizen.

Every journalist has to perform this task for the newspaper to which he belongs, every story-teller has to do it when children ask him to reproduce for them some fairy-tale, every letter-writer does it in his summary of the week's events when he writes home.

But it is a practice that requires increasing effort, and you will find the following hints useful before you attempt to make an epitome of the exercises here given you.

First you must carefully read the passage through in order to get the gist of it. Write down the salient points on a piece of paper as soon as your first reading is over.

Secondly, you should read the passage through again, noting the topic of each paragraph. On this occasion you might underline the passages which strike you as significant, and perhaps cross out those which you are sure will be irrelevant.

You should then write out *in your own words* the digest of the original, altering, if it suits your purpose, the order of the argument.

It is not a good plan to underline portions of the narrative that seem to you important on a first reading, for the simple reason that, once underlined, a passage will stand out in all subsequent rereadings whether it is deserving of special attention or not.

It is a good thing to make your first draft rather longer than is required of your final précis. It is far easier to eliminate adjectives or even whole sentences than it is to add

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to a passage which falls short of the required number of words.

*Then you must not forget to make your final draft coherent, connected, lucid and succinct. To do this it may be necessary to rearrange the order of the original. Slavish copying is above all things to be avoided. Just as you are expected to use your own words, so ought you to make the matter of arrangement one to suit your own convenience.*

It is as well always to use the past tense and the third person, putting the passage into indirect speech if it is not already in that form.

For exercises in prose use the prose extracts at the end of Chapters V and XV, also those given in the examination papers at the end of the book.

## CHAPTER X

### ELOCUTION: DEBATING, LECTURING, ACTING, ETC.

SIDE by side with and certainly not less important than your training in the art of self-expression in writing comes your training in self-expression in speech.

Most people now realise that the writer achieves his skill by constant practice, but they still fancy that rhetoric and oratory are God-given arts. This would perhaps be no bad thing were it not that nearly everyone we meet imagines that this gift is peculiarly his own. I have seldom come across anyone who honestly thought that he was a bad reader. Think for a moment of the way in which lessons are read in church. If you were to go now to a professor of elocution and ask him his candid opinion of your present method of using your mouth you would probably be horrified at the number of things you have to learn that you fondly imagined were born in you.

In the first place, being English, we are averse from any gesticulation, this dislike of movement is carried to such a ludicrous extent that we scarcely move our lips at all when we speak.

“Prunes” and “prisms” are the only words we really know how to pronounce.

If you want to make yourself articulate you should practise every morning and night there are many exercises, but perhaps the most useful is a long-drawn-out o-o-o-o-o—u-u-u-u-u— a-a-a-a-a—e-e-e-e-e, exaggerating the sound of each of these vowels as much as possible. This will at least make your lip muscles malleable.

The next thing to do is to read aloud daily (an audience is neither necessary nor desirable), keeping your mind firmly fixed on the following points —(1) to read very slowly, (2) to

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pronounce every syllable distinctly (silly though this may sound at first); (iii) to learn to throw your voice where you want it, both with regard to pitch and distance—that is to say, you must avoid monotony of tone and you must remember that listeners in a far gallery have come in order to hear you and that your remarks are not to be addressed to the stall-holders only; (iv) to keep your voice up at the ends of all sentences except the concluding one. Finish them all on a rising note; it helps to keep your audience awake and their interest sustained.

You must, of course, stand upright, keep as still as possible, avoid all tricks (passing your hand through your hair, for example), and give your diaphragm or sounding-board as full play as possible. Deep breathing exercises will enable you to do this.

Having learnt the rudiments of elocution you should on all possible occasions take part in debates.

You will probably feel on first rising to your feet that all words have fled from you, and that you have forgotten both the order and the gist of what you meant to say, but merely to learn to face an audience is part of your training, the rest will come.

You should never read your speech either at a lecture or debate, you must yourself realise the difference between a master who talks and a master who merely refers to a book when he is teaching.

Those notes which you consider necessary should be terse, clearly written and few. There ought to be no need for you to refer to them; after a little practice you will discard them altogether, but at first they are like the words of a song in the hands of a singer, not to be referred to except in an emergency but just something to hold.

Again, whether you are lecturing or debating, remember to keep strictly to the point which you are trying to elucidate; don't turn off at a tangent and digress, however fascinating the temptation to do so may become. It is your business both in writing and talking to present a case clearly, simply and concisely; a spice of wit and humour should certainly be added if you happen to be possessed of these most rare

qualities, but be careful to make sure that your wit does not *degenerate into buffoonery* nor your humour descend to *facetiousness*.

Quite as much time should be spent in school over oral work of this kind as over written work.

For preparation you are given *carte blanche* to work up a speech on any subject. You will think, perhaps, of a country you have visited that is but little known, or of a hobby you have taken up about which your friends are quite ignorant.

Whatever you do avoid talking about something which is equally well known to your audience and to yourself.

It may be, however, that you are so poverty-stricken in your interests that you have hitherto failed to specialise in music or poetry or knowledge of natural history or architecture or any mechanical or scientific invention. In that case go to the library, look up in the *Encyclopædia* some abstruse subject about which you are sure your friends are ignorant—say, the Mendelian theory—read carefully what it is all about, then strive with all your might not only to master the elements of it, but also to make your exposition of it interesting if not amusing.

• Having got your subject up thoroughly, take the fewest possible notes, decide precisely in what order you are going to touch upon the salient points, and then, when your turn comes to talk, remember to stand upright and still, to speak very slowly, to pronounce each word distinctly, trying to get harmony into your voice and emotion (if required) into your matter.

You will be able to tell almost at once whether you are succeeding or failing. There is a quaint, unseen, connecting cord between all audiences and all lecturers; any public speaker can tell in five minutes whether or not he has arrested attention. Once that is done he can proceed to sway them whichever way he likes.

This art of speaking is peculiarly important because it has such far-reaching results. You can impress your point of view on a whole nation if your personality is of such a kind that it arouses sympathy in your hearers.

Without personality, of course, no speech can count for

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anything ; the sad thing is that even those whose characters are charming and whose subject matter may be almost divine, may yet fail to make their appeal ring true for want of a little elementary training in early youth. Make up your mind, then, to start to-day.

Read aloud dramatic and poignant passages, attend and speak at all debates, lecture whenever a chance presents itself, and in your ordinary conversation make a point of speaking simply and with clear articulation, above all, take part in acting.

Everybody thinks he can act ; the instinct is there, dormant in each of us. Was there ever a child who did not take a delight in dressing up and pretending he was someone else ? Think of the pleasure that charades give to the people who perform in them.

When you come, therefore, to Shakespeare, Goldsmith and Sheridan prevail upon your master to let you give a display of your talents ; it is stupid to sit round in a circle or in rows in a class, and read speeches which were written to be declaimed with true dramatic gesture.

Dress up, but not extravagantly. Read your parts beforehand, not with the idea of learning the play off by heart, but in order to know when you shake Brutus by the hand or stab Cassio, or pluck out Gloucester's eyes. Make certain of the meaning of what you are saying, and don't be afraid of letting yourself go. There is not much chance of your overdoing it. And, above all, remember this one rule, without which no real acting can ever be successful.

When you are acting the part of Tony Lumpkin, be Tony Lumpkin ; when you represent Mrs Malaprop, be Mrs Malaprop.

In other words, from the moment you take the stage forget that you were ever Michael Cassidy, or whatever your name is, and think yourself right into your part. Think hard all the time as the person concerned. That is the golden rule and it must never be forgotten.

In conclusion I should like to anticipate an objection that may be levelled against lecturing, debating and acting at school. It may be thought that while one boy is lecturing the rest of

the class will be idle. Those who make this objection have much to learn. . . .

Let me illustrate by an example .

A form goes into prep. to get up any subject. The lecturing hour arrives. The master goes to the back of the room and calls up the boys in whatever order he chooses.

Each of the rest of the form takes a piece of paper, and everyone marks everyone else on these among other counts :

(i) Clearness of speech ; (ii) musical rhythm and balance of sentences ; (iii) omission of pauses, coughs, er-er-er's, grammatical mistakes , (iv) power of interesting his audience ; (v) the ordered method in which the speaker presents his points ; (vi) his manner of standing.

At the same time they take notes on the subject matter of each lecture as if they were reporters, in order to be able to answer questions on any of the subjects touched upon.

Thirdly, they use the hour as a valuable help for their next weekly essay, which is to be called "Hints to a Would-be Lecturer."

If, in addition to this, they are requested to make a note of all blemishes and solecisms, they will not find the time hang very heavily on their hands

Think for a moment of the types of subject which everyone will be required to know something about at the end of the period.

I append a list, taken at random from one of my own hours. In all cases the lecturer should choose his own subject .

White mice , the heat of the earth , the making of steel ; the Andes ; Switzerland in winter , aeroplanes ; telepathy ; Thuggism ; North-American Indians , fishing ; militarism ; monkeys , sheep-dogs ; buoys , fireworks , concrete ; coal-mining ; parrots ; larks ; pigeons , rabbits ; ferreting ; gramophones ; Channel Tunnel ; coal-gas ; Siam ; Canadian forestry ; Venice , surf-riding , fretwork ; super-heating ; badgers. .

In such a subject as Geography the master may vary the teaching by requiring each boy to lecture on some special aspect of a country, its religion, climate, railways, etc.

Quite apart from the value of what they learn from the



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topics chosen, the form will acquire much useful information from listening to one another.

They will realise that the boy who reads his lecture fails to secure attention, that notes must be carefully arranged, that each word must be pronounced distinctly, that a lecturer must look at his audience, that he must not fidget or lean on a desk, that he must avoid the facetious, that a catalogue is dull, and that nervousness must be cured.

## CHAPTER XI

### PROSODY

**PROSODY** is the art of versification. You must not imagine that poets are born and not made. Everyone who wishes to become proficient in the art of writing English must so familiarise himself with the practice of writing verse and steep himself with poetry that he is able to write prose and poetry equally well.

You cannot steep yourself in verse, however, until you have learnt the rules that govern this type of composition

The following definitions will be of use to you in elucidating most kinds of poetry.—

*Stanza* is another word for verse.

*Foot* is a single accented word or group of syllables.

*Rhyme* or *rime*. Words are said to rhyme when they have the same vowel sound, and the consonant sounds (if any) that follow are the same, while those that precede are different.

*Blank verse* is unrhymed verse

*Scansion* is counting out the number of feet in a line or stanza

*Couplet* is a pair of rhyming verses

*Sonnet* is a stanza of fourteen lines, each of five iambic feet, rhyming

ABBAABBA	called the octet
and CDECDE	} called the sestet
or CDCDCD	
CDEEDC	
or CDCDEE	

*Rhythm* is the balance.

*Feet* may be of four kinds :

- (i) *Iambic*, consisting of one unaccented followed by one accented syllable ∪ .—

∪̄ To-day ∪̄ I'll come if ∪̄ I can get away. ∪̄ .

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- (ii) *Trochee*, consisting of one accented followed by one unaccented syllable \_ ∪

Hōly, Hōly, Hōly.

- (iii) *Anapæst*, consisting of two unaccented syllables followed by one accented one ∪ ∪ \_

Cōme ālong.

- (iv) *Dactyl*, consisting of one accented syllable followed by two short ones \_ ∪ ∪

Merrily.

There are other less common feet known as the spondee (\_ \_) and amphibrach (∪ \_ ∪).

*Cæsura* The pause of the voice, which may occur at almost any point in the line, either at the end or in the middle of a foot.

Rhythm depends very much on the position of the cæsura.

*The Heroic Couplet.* Five iambic feet rhyming in pairs, Pope and Dryden were the most brilliant exponents of this system of versification.

True wit is nature to advantage drest,  
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

*Alexandrine* consists of six iambic feet

*Spenserian Stanza* is the stanza used in the *Faerie Queene*. It consists of eight iambic lines of five feet each, followed by an Alexandrine, rhyming ABABBCBCC.

*Shakespearean Sonnet* differs from the ordinary or Italian form in consisting of three quatrains followed by a couplet, rhyming

ABABCDDEFEGG

*Epic* is a long poem dealing with a great theme. *Paradise Lost* is the stock example in English.

*Lytic.* A short poem expressing one emotion, incident or situation.

An *Ode* is a long lyric.

*Masque* is a short play in which the dramatis personæ are personified abstractions. *Comus* is an excellent example.

*Elegy* is literally a lament or dirge, written to commemorate the death of some person or persons. The best elegy in the language, Gray's *Elegy*, is, however, written about no one in particular. Others are Arnold's *Thyrsis*, Milton's *Lycidas*, Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, Shelley's *Adonais*.

*Ballad* meant originally a dancing song, now it is taken to mean a narrative in verse of uncertain origin sung by minstrels in olden days and handed down verbally or sold by chapmen until Bishop Percy, in the eighteenth century, collected several in his *Reliques* and so brought them into prominence. Three of the best-known are: *Sir Patrick Spens*, *Chevy Chase* and *Sir Andrew Barton*.

*Satire* is the name given to that branch of poetry which attacks men and institutions <sup>1</sup>

• Dryden, Burns, Pope and Byron are our leading exponents in this art. • • •

This is a fitting place for me to give you a selection of the best examples of poetry in our language.

You should take each of these in turn and determine its metre and rhyme scheme, then paraphrase it and in many cases take the verses as models for imitation. •

<sup>1</sup> It is important to notice that the successful satirist takes pains to praise the object of his attack before heaping scorn on him. Paradoxical though it may sound it is true that the essence of satire is good humour

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## SELECTIONS FROM ENGLISH POETRY

<i>Author</i>	<i>Date</i>	
Unknown	—	<i>Sir Patrick Spens</i>
Marlowe	1564-1593	<i>Selections</i>
Herrick	1591-1674	"
Milton	1608-1674	{ <i>Lycidas</i> <i>L' Allegro</i> <i>'Il Penseroso</i> <i>Sonnets</i>
Dryden	1631-1700	{ <i>Alexander's Feast</i> , from <i>Absalom and Achitophel</i>
Pope	1688-1744	<i>Selections</i>
Gray	1716-1771	<i>Elegy, etc.</i>
Collins	1721-1759	<i>Ode to Evening</i>
Burns	1759-1796	<i>Selections</i>
Wordsworth	1789-1850	"
Shelley	1792-1822	"
Keats	1795-1821	"
Browning	1812-1889	"

### SIR PATRICK SPENS

#### I. THE SAILING

THE king sits in Dunfermline town  
 Drinking the blude-red wine ;  
 " O whare will I get a skeely<sup>1</sup> skipper  
 To sail this new ship o' mine ? "

O up and spak an eldern knight,  
 Sat at the king's right knee ;  
 " Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailer  
 That ever sail'd the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter,  
 And seal'd it with his hand,  
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,  
 Was walking on the strand.

<sup>1</sup> skeely = skilful.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,  
To Noroway o'er the faem;  
The king's daughter o' Noroway,  
'Tis thou must bring her hame."

The first word that Sir Patrick read  
So loud, loud laugh'd he;  
The deist word that Sir Patrick read  
The tear blinded his e'e.

"O wha is this has done this deed  
And tauld the king o' me,  
To send us out, at this time o' year,  
To sail upon the sea?"

"Be it wind, be it woet, be it hail, be it sleet,  
Our ship must sail the faem;  
The king's daughter o' Noroway,  
'Tis we must fetch her hame"

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn  
Wi' a' the speed they may;  
They hae landed in Noroway  
Upon a Wodensday

## II THE RETURN

"Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men a'!  
Our gude ship sails the morn"  
"Now ever alack, my master dear,  
I fear a deadly storm

"I saw the new moon late yestreen  
Wi' the auld moon in her arm,  
And if we gang to sea, master,  
I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sail'd a league, a league,  
A league but barely three,  
When the lift<sup>1</sup> grew dark, and the wind blew loud,  
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmast lap<sup>2</sup>,  
It was sic a deadly storm:  
And the waves cam owre the broken ship  
'Till a' her sides were torn.

<sup>1</sup> lift = sky.

<sup>2</sup> lap = sprang.

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"Go fetch a web o' the silken claith,  
Another o' the twine,  
And wap them into our ship's side,  
And let nae the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,  
Another o' the twine,  
And they wapp'd them round that gude ship's side,  
But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords  
To wet their cork-heel'd shoon;  
But lang or a' the play was play'd  
They wat, their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather bed  
That flatter'd<sup>1</sup> on the faem;  
And mony was the gude lord's son  
That never mair cam hame

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,  
Wi' their fans into their hand,  
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens  
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit  
Wi' their gowd kames<sup>2</sup> in their hair  
A-waiting for their ain dear loves!  
For them they'll see nae mair

Half-owre, half-owre to Aberdour,  
'Tis fifty fathoms deep;  
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,  
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet!

### THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

Come live with me and be my Love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dale and field,  
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals

<sup>1</sup> flatter'd = tossed afloat.

<sup>2</sup> kames = combs.

There will I make thee beds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,  
Fair lined slippers for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds  
With coral clasps and amber studs:  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me and be my Love

Thy silver dishes for thy meat  
As precious as the gods do eat,  
Shall on an ivory table be  
Prepared each day for thee and me

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May-morning  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me and be my Love

C. MARLOWE.

# WHO EVER LOVED, THAT LOVED NOT AT FIRST SIGHT ?

It lies not in our power to love or hate,  
For will in us is overruled by fate  
When two are stricken, long ere the course begin,  
We wish that one should lose, the other win ;  
And one especially do we affect  
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect .  
The reason no man knows ; let it suffice  
What we behold is censured by our eyes  
Where both deliberate, the love is slight .  
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight ?

C. MARLOWE (*Hero and Leander*).

## HELEN

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,  
And burned the topless towers of Ilium ?—  
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss !—  
Her lips suck forth my soul : see where it flees !—



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Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.  
 Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,  
 And all is dross that is not Helena.  
 I will be Paris, and for love of thee,  
 Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sacked,  
 And I will combat with weak Menelaus,  
 And wear thy colours on my plumed crest;  
 Yes, I will wound Achilles in the heel,  
 And then return to Helen for a kiss.  
 Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air  
 Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;  
 Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter  
 When he appeared to hapless Semele;  
 More lovely than the monarch of the sky  
 In wanton Arethusa's azured arms;  
 And none but thou shalt be my paramour! •

C. MARLOWE (*Faustus*).

### TO DAFFODILS

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see  
 You haste away so soon;  
 As yet the early-rising sun  
 Has not attained his noon.  
 Stay, stay,  
 Until the hasting day  
 Has run  
 But to the even-song;  
 And, having prayed together, we  
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,  
 We have as short a Spring,  
 As quick a growth to meet decay,  
 As you, or anything  
 We die  
 As your hours do, and dry  
 Away,  
 Like to the summer's rain;  
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew,  
 Ne'er to be found again.

R. HERBICK

TO THE VIRGINS TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

GATHER ye rose-buds while ye may,  
Old time is still a-flying ;  
And this same flower that smiles to-day,  
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,  
The higher he's a-getting,  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,  
When youth and blood are warmer ;  
But being spent the worse and worst  
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,  
And while ye may, go marry ;  
For having lost but once your prime,  
You may for ever tarry.

R. HERRICK.

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING

GET up, get up for shame, the blooming morn  
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn  
See how Aurora throws her fair  
Fresh-quilted colours through the air :  
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see  
The dew bespangling herb and tree.  
Each flower has wept, and bowed toward the east,  
Above an hour since, yet you not dressed,  
Nay ! not so much as out of bed ;  
When all the birds have Matins said,  
And sung their thankful hymns 'tis sin,  
Nay, profanation to keep in,  
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day,  
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen  
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green  
And sweet as Flora Take no care  
For jewels for your gown, or hair ;

Fear not, the leaves will strew  
 Gems in abundance upon you ;  
 Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,  
 Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.  
 Come, and receive them while the light  
 Hangs on the dew-locks of the night :  
 And Titan on the eastern hill  
 Retires himself, or else stands still  
 Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying  
 Few beads are best, when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come, and coming, mark  
 How each field turns a street, each street a park  
 Made green, and trimmed with trees : see how  
 Devotion gives each house a bough,  
 Or branch ; each porch, each door, ere this,  
 An ark, a tabernacle is,  
 Made up of whitethorn nearly interwove ;  
 As if here were those cooler shades of love  
 Can such delights be in the street,  
 And open fields, and we not see't ?  
 Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey  
 The proclamation made for May  
 And sin no more, as we have done, by staying  
 But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying

There's not a budding boy or girl, this day,  
 But is got up, and gone to bring in May.  
 A deal of youth, ere this, is come  
 Back and with whitethorn laden home  
 Some have dispatched their cakes and cream,  
 Before that we have left to dream ;  
 And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,  
 And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth :  
 Many a green gown has been given ;  
 Many a kiss both odd and even ,  
 Many a glance too has been sent  
 From out the eye, love's firmament ;  
 Many a jest told of the key's betraying  
 This night, and locks picked, yet we're not a-Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,  
 And take the harmless folly of the time  
 We shall grow old apace and die  
 Before we know our liberty  
 Our life is short, and our days run  
 As fast away as does the sun ;

And as a vapour, or a drop of rain  
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,  
So when or you or I are made  
A fable, song, or fleeting shade;  
All love, all liking, all delight  
Lies drowned with us in endless night  
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,  
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying

R. HERRICK.

LYCIDAS

*Elegy on a Friend drowned in the Irish Channel, 1637*

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more  
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,  
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,  
And with forced fingers rude  
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.  
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear  
Compels me to disturb your season due.  
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere he prime,  
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.  
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew  
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
He must not float upon his watery bier  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
Without the meed of some melodious tear

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well  
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;  
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string  
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse  
So may some gentle Muse  
With lucky words favour my destined urn;  
And as he passes, turn  
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,  
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill;  
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd  
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,  
We drove a-field, and both together heard  
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,  
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright  
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.

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Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,  
Temper'd to the oaten flute,  
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel  
From the glad sound would not be absent long ;  
And old Damoetas loved to hear our song.

But, oh ! the heavy change, now thou art gone,  
Now thou art gone, and I never must return !  
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves  
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrow  
And all their echoes, mourn :  
The willows and the hazel copses green  
Shall now no more be seen  
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays :  
As killing as the cambril to the rose,  
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,  
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear  
When first the white-thorn blows ;  
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep  
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?  
For neither were ye play, on the steep  
Where your old bards, the ransomed Druid,  
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream .  
Ay me ! I fondly dream—  
Had ye been there, For what could that have done !  
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,  
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,  
Whom universal nature did lament,  
When by the rout that made the hideous roar  
His gory visage down the stream was sent,  
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with uncessant care  
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade  
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?  
Were it not better done, as others use,  
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair ?  
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
(That last infirmity of noble mind)  
To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;  
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find  
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears  
And slits the thin-spun life " But not the praise "  
Phoebus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears ;

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
Nor in the glistening foil  
    off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies :  
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes  
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;  
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain, ethere, and thou her pour'd flood,  
Smoot' with this crown'd with vocal reeds,  
That strain'd of a higher mood.  
But now my ears, and see,  
And listens to the herald of the sea  
That came in Neptune's plea ;  
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the winds,  
And their mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain ?  
And every gust of rugged wings  
    off each beaked promontory :

    "answer brings,  
    "lungeon stray'd ;  
    "brine  
    "lay'd.  
    "ridious bar'  
    "rigg'd with, burses dark,  
    "acred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,  
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge  
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.  
"Ah ! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge !"  
Last came, and last did go  
The Pilot of the Galilean lake ;  
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain  
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain) ;  
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake :  
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,  
Enow of such, as for their bellies' sake  
Creep and intrude and climb into the fold !  
Of other care they little reckoning make  
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,  
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.  
Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold  
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the use of  
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs !  
What recks it them ? What need they ? They are sped ;

And when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ;  
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,  
 But swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw  
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread :  
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw  
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said :  
 —But that two-handed engine at the door  
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no :

Return, Alpheus ; the dead voice  
 That shrunk thy streams ; return,  
 And call the vales, and bid them hither come  
 Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues  
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use  
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brook  
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely lies  
 Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd  
 That on the green turf suck the  
 And purple all the ground with  
 Bring the rathe primrose that  
 The tufted crow-toe, and  
 The white pink, and the  
 The glowing violet,  
 The musk-rose, and the sweet attico  
 With cowslips wan that hang the  
 And every flower that sad emblem wears,  
 Bid amarantus all his beauty shed,  
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears  
 To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies  
 For so to interpose a little ease,  
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise —  
 Ay me ! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas  
 Wash far away, — where'er thy bones are hurl'd,  
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides  
 Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,  
 Vistest the bottom of the monstrous world ;  
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,  
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,  
 Where the great Vision of the guarded mount  
 Looks townward Namancos and Bayona's hold  
 —Look homeward, Angel, now, and wilt with ruth :  
 —And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth !

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,  
 For I your sorrow, is not dead,  
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor :  
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,

And yet anon repairs his drooping head  
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore  
 Dims in the forehead of the morning sky:  
 Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
 With the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves;  
 Through the groves and other streams along,  
 To his oozy locks heaves, and  
 His nuptial song  
 Of joy and love.

Let  
 If glory move,  
 From his eyes  
 More,  
 Shore  
 Of good  
 Good

Un to the oaks and rills,  
 With sandals gray;  
 His quills,  
 He lay:  
 All the hills,  
 Bay  
 Little blue  
 And pastures new

J. MILTON.

# ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light is spent  
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
 And that one talent which is death to hide  
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
 My true account, lest He returning chide,—  
 Doth God exact day-labour, Night denied?  
 I fondly ask.—But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies; God doth not need  
 Either man's work, or His own gifts: who best  
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state

Is kingly; thousands at His bidding stand  
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest:  
 They also serve who only stand and wait

J. MILTON



L'ALLEGRO

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,  
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born  
 In Stygian cave forlorn  
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks,  
 Find out some unouth cell  
 Where brooding Darkness  
 And the night-raven sit  
 There under ebon shades  
 As ragged as thy locks,  
 In dark Cimmerian den

But come  
 In heaven's  
 And by me  
 Whom love  
 With two sister Graces  
 To ivy-crown'd  
 Or whether  
 The frolic  
 Zephyr, who  
 As he met  
 There on bed  
 And fresh-blown  
 Fill'd her with  
 So buxom, blithe, and downy hair.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee  
 Jest, and youthful jollity,  
 Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
 Nods, and becks, and wreath'd smiles  
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
 And love to live in dimple sleek;  
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
 And Laughter holding both his sides :—  
 Come, and trip it as you go  
 On the light fantastic toe;  
 And in thy right hand lead with thee  
 The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty :  
 And if I give thee honour due  
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
 To live with her, and live with thee  
 In unreprov'd pleasures free;  
 To hear the lark begin his flight  
 And ringing startle the dull night  
 From his watch-tower in the skies,  
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise :

## PROSODY



Then to some, in spite of sorrow,  
 Or at my window bid good-morrow  
 Through the sweetbrier, or the vine,  
 Or the twisted eglantine :  
 While the cock with lively din  
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
 As to the stack, or the barn-door,  
 Stoutly struts his darkness before :  
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn  
 Shout and blow from the merry wood

umbering morn,  
ome hoar huff,  
ood echoing shrill:

unseen,  
hillocks green,  
ern gate •  
begins his state  
ber-light,

her right,  
"as right;  
hand,  
ground.

ungeth blithe,  
 to his scythe,  
 to his sale  
 to dale.

Wh  
tu.

Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;  
Mountains, on whose barren breast  
The labouring clouds do often rest ;  
Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;  
Towers and battlements it sees  
Bossom'd high in tufted trees,  
Where perhaps some Beauty lies,  
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes  
From betwixt two aged oaks,  
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
Are at their savoury dinner set  
Of herbs, and other country messes  
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;  
And then in hasty her bower she leaves  
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;  
Or, if the earlier season lead,  
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.

Sometimes with secure delight  
The upland hamlets will invite,

When the merry bells ring round,  
 And the jocund rebecks sound  
 To many a youth and many a maid,  
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;  
 And young and old come forth to play  
 On a sun-shine holyday,  
 Till the live-long day-light fail:  
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,  
 With stories told of many a feat,  
 How Faery Mab the junks did eat,  
 She was pinch'd, and  
 And he, by Friar's lan-  
 Tells how the dream  
 To earn his dream  
 When in one night  
 His shadowy flail  
 That ten day-labor  
 Then lies his  
 And, stretch'd  
 Basks at the  
 And crop-full out of  
 Ere the first cock  
 Thus done the  
 By whispering  
 Tower'd  
 And the busy  
 Where the forces of  
 In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,  
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence, and judge the prize  
 Of wit or arms, while both contend  
 To win her grace, whom all commend.  
 There let Hymen oft appear  
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
 With mask, and antique pageantry;  
 Such sights as youthful poets dream  
 On summer eves by haunted stream.  
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If Jonson's learn'd sock be on,  
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.  
 And ever against eating cares  
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs  
 Married to immortal verse,  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce  
 In notes, with many a winding bout  
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,

With wanton heed and giddy cunning,  
The melting voice through mazes running,  
Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony ;  
That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
From golden slumber, on a bed  
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear  
Soft strains as would have won the ear  
Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
His half-regain'd Eurydice.  
These delights if thou canst give,  
Misth, with thee I mean to live.

J. MILTON.

IL PENSEROSO

How vain the deluding Joys,  
That the brood of Folly without father breed !  
How little you then heed  
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys !  
Dwell in some idle brain,  
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess  
As thick and pure as when  
As the gay mate of man the sunbeams,  
Sweet hovers, and seems  
The fickle passengers of Morpheus' train.

But hail, thou goddess sage and holy,  
Hail, divinest Melancholy !  
Whose saintly visage is too bright  
To hit the sense of human sight,  
And therefore to our weaker view  
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue ;  
Black, but such as in esteem  
Prince Memnon's sister might beseeem,  
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove  
To set her beauty's praise above  
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended  
Yet thou art higher far descended  
Than bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,  
To solitary Saturn bore ;  
His daughter she : in Saturn's reign  
Such mixture was not held a stain :  
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades  
He met her, and in secret shades

Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, steadfast, and demure,  
All in a robe of darkest grain  
Flowing with majestic train,  
And sable stole of Cipres lawn  
Over thy decent shoulders draw  
Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
With even step, and musing gait,  
And looks commercing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.  
There, held in holy passion still,  
Forget thyself to marble, till  
With a sad leaden downward cast  
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:  
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet  
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet  
And hears the Muses in a ring  
Aye round about Jove's altar sing:  
And add to these retired Leisure  
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure:—  
But first and chiefest, with thee bring  
Him that yon soars on golden wing  
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
The cherub Contemplation;  
And the mute Silence hist along  
'Less Philomel will deign a song  
In her sweetest saddest plight  
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,  
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke  
Gently o'er the accustom'd oak.  
—Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly  
Most musical, most melancholy!  
Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among  
I woo, to hear thy even-song;  
And missing thee, I walk unseen  
On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
To behold the wandering Moon  
Riding near her highest noon,  
Like one that had been led astray  
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,  
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,  
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
Oft, on a plat of rising ground  
I hear the far-off Curfew sound  
Over some wide-water'd shore,  
Swinging slow with sullen roar.

Or, if the air will not permit,  
 Some still removed place will ---  
 \*Where glowing embers through the room  
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ;  
 Far from all resort of mirth,  
 Save the cricket on the hearth,  
 (Or the bellman's drowsy charm  
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.  
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour  
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,  
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear  
 With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere  
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
 What worlds or what vast regions hold  
 The immortal soul, that hath forsook  
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook :  
 And of those demons that are found  
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
 Whose power hath a true consent  
 With planet, or with element.  
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy  
 In scepter'd pause come sweeping by,  
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
 Or the tale of Troy divine ;  
 Or what (though rare) of later age  
 Enobled hath the Turkish stage  
 But, O sad Virgin, that thy power  
 Might raise Musæus from his bower,  
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,  
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek  
 And made Hell grant what Love did seek !  
 Or call up him that left half-told,  
 The story of Cambuscan bold,  
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,  
 And who had Canacé to wife  
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glass ;  
 And of the wondrous horse of brass  
 On which the Tartar king did ride :  
 And if aught else great bards beside  
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung  
 Of turneys, and of trophies hung,  
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,  
 Where more is meant than meets the ear. ,  
 Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,  
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,  
 Not trick'd and frownc'd as she was wont  
 With the Attic Boy to hunt,

But kercheft in a comely cloud  
 While rocking winds are piping loud,<sup>f</sup>  
 Or usher'd with a shower still,  
 When the gust hath blown his fill,  
 Ending on the rustling leaves  
 With muttèd drops from off the eaves  
 And when the sun begins to fling  
 His flaming beams, me, goddess, bring  
 To archèd walks of twilight groves,  
 And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,  
 Of pine, or monumental oak,  
 Where the rude axe, with heavèd stroke,  
 Was never heard, the nymphs to daunt  
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.  
 There in close covert by some brook  
 Where no profane eye may look,  
 Hide me from day's garish eye,  
 While the bee with honey'd thigh  
 That at her flowery work doth sing,  
 And the waters murmuring,  
 With such consort as they keep  
 Entice the dewy sleeper'd Sleep;  
 And let some strange mysterious dream  
 Wave at his wings in airy stream  
 Of lively portraiture display'd,  
 Softly on my eyelids laid  
 And, as I wake, sweet music breathe  
 Above about, or underneath,  
 Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,  
 Or the unseen Genius of the wood

But let my due feet never fail  
 To walk the studious cloister's pale,  
 And love the high-embowèd roof,  
 With antique pillars massy proof,  
 And storied windows richly dight  
 Casting a dim religious light  
 There let the pealing organ blow  
 To the full-voiced quire below  
 In service high and anthems clear,  
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age  
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
 The hairy gown and mossy cell  
 Where I may sit and rightly spell  
 Of every star that heaven doth shew,  
 And every herb that sips the dew,

Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
And I with thee will choose to live.

J. MILTON.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST, OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won  
By Philip's valiant son—  
Aloft in awful state  
The godlike hero sat;  
On his imperial throne  
His valiant peers were placed around,  
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound,  
(So should desert in arms be crown'd);  
The lovely Thais by his side  
Sat like a blooming Eastern bride  
In flower of youth and beauty's pride —  
Happy, happy pair!  
None but the brave  
None but the brave  
None but the brave deserves the fair!

Timotheus, placed on high  
Amid the tuneful quire  
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre.  
The trembling notes ascend the sky  
And heavenly joys inspire  
The song began from Jove  
Who left his blissful seats above—  
Such is the power of mighty love!  
A dragon's fiery form belied the god,  
Sublime on radiant spires he rode  
When he to fair Olympia prest,  
And while he sought her snowy breast,  
Then round her slender waist he curl'd,  
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.  
—The listening crowd admire the lofty sound;  
A present deity! they shout around  
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound:  
With ravish'd ears  
The monarch hears,  
Assumes the god,  
Affects to nod  
And seems to shake the spheres



The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,  
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :  
 The jolly god in triumph comes ;  
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums !  
 Flush'd with a purple grace  
 He shows his honest face :  
 Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes !  
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
 Drinking joys did first ordain ;  
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure  
 Rich the treasure,  
 Sweet the pleasure,  
 Sweet is pleasure after pain` 6

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain ;  
 Fought all his battles o'er again,  
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain !  
 The master saw the madness rise,  
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes,  
 And while he Heaven and Earth defied  
 Changed his hand and check'd his pride  
 He chose a mournful Muse  
 Soft pity to infuse .  
 He sung Darius great and good,  
 By too severe a fate  
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
 Fallen from his high estate,  
 And weltering in his blood ;  
 Deserted at his utmost need  
 By those his former bounty fed ,  
 On the bare earth exposed he lies  
 With not a friend to close his eyes  
 — With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,  
 Revolving in his alter'd soul  
 The various turns of Chance below ;  
 And now and then a sigh he stole,  
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see  
 That love was in the next degree ;  
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,  
 For pity melts the mind to love  
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures  
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures  
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble,  
 Honour but an empty bubble ;

Never ending, still beginning,  
 Fighting still, and still destroying,  
 If the world be worth thy winning,  
 Think, O think, it worth enjoying :  
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
 Take the good the gods provide thee !  
 —The many rend the skies with loud applause  
 So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause  
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
 Gazed on the fair  
 Who caused his care,  
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again  
 At length with love and wine at once opprest  
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast

Now strike the golden lyre again  
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain !  
 Break his bands of sleep asunder  
 And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder  
 Hark ! hark ! the horrid sound  
 Has raised up his head :  
 As awaked from the dead  
 And amazed he stares around  
 Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,  
 See the Furies arise !  
 See the snakes that they rear  
 How they hiss in their hair,  
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !  
 Behold a ghastly band,  
 Each a torch in his hand !  
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain  
 And unburied remain  
 Inglorious on the plain .  
 Give the vengeance due  
 To the valiant crew !  
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
 How they point to the Persian abodes\*  
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods.  
 —The princes applaud with a furious joy  
 And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ,  
 Thais led the way  
 To light him to his prey,  
 And like another Helen, fired another Troy !

—Thus, long ago,  
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,

While organs yet were mute,  
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute  
 And sounding lyre  
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire  
 At last divine Cecilia came,  
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;  
 The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store  
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
 And added length to solemn sounds,  
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before  
 —Let old Timotheus yield the prize  
 Or both divide the crown ;  
 He raised a mortal to the skies ;  
 She drew an angel down !

J. DRYDEN.

## GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

A MAN so various, that he seemed to be  
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome .  
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong ;  
 Was everything by starts, and nothing long ;  
 But, in the course of one revolving moon,  
 Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon ,  
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,  
 Beside ten thousand freaks that died in thinking  
 Blest madman, who could every hour employ,  
 With something new to wish, or to enjoy !  
 Railings and praising were his usual themes,  
 And both, to show his judgement, in extremes ;  
 So over violent, or over civil,  
 That every man with him was God or Devil.  
 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;  
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert  
 Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late ;  
 He had his pest, and they had his estate.

J. DRYDEN (*Absalom and Achitophel*).

## ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, EARL OF SHAFTESBURY

Of these the false Achitophel was first ;  
 A name to all succeeding ages curst  
 For close designs and crooked counsels fit,  
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit ,

Restless, unfixed in principles and place ;  
 In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace ;  
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,  
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay,  
 And o'er-informed the tenement of clay :  
 A daring pilot in extremity,  
 Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high \*  
 He sought the storms ; but, for a calm unfit,  
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.  
 Great wits are sure to madness near allied,  
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide ;  
 Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,  
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest ?  
 Punish a body which he could not please,  
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease ?  
 J DRYDEN (*Absalom and Achitophel*)

# A LITTLE LEARNING IS A DANGEROUS THING

A LITTLE learning is a dangerous thing ;  
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring .  
 These shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
 And drinking largely sobers us again  
 Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,  
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,  
 While from the bounded level of our mind,  
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind ,  
 But more advanced, behold with strange surprise,  
 New distant scenes of endless science rise !  
 So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,  
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,  
 The eternal snows appear already past,  
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last :  
 But those attained, we tremble to survey  
 The growing labours of the lengthened way,  
 The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,  
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise !  
 A. POPE (*Essay on Criticism*).

## THE ART OF WRITING

BUT most by numbers judge a poet's song,  
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong :  
 In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,  
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ;

Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,  
 Not mend their minds, as some to church repair,  
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.  
 These equal syllables alone require,  
 Though oft the ear the open vowels tire ;  
 While expletives their feeble aid do join ;  
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line :  
 While they ring round the same unvaried chimes  
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes ;  
 Where'er you find " the cooling western breeze,"  
 In the next line, it " whispers through the trees " :  
 If crystal streams " with pleasing murmurs creep,"  
 The reader's threatened, not in vain, with " sleep " .  
 Then, at the last, and only couplet fraught  
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,  
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song  
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,  
 As those move easiest who have learned to dance  
A POPE (*Essay on Criticism*)

## ADDISON (1735)

WERE there one whose fires .  
 True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires :  
 Blest with each talent and each art to please,  
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease  
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone—  
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,  
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,  
 And hate for arts that caused himself to rise ;  
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
 And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;  
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,  
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;  
 Alike, reserved to blame, or to commend,  
 A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend ;  
 Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,  
 And so obliging that he ne'er obliged ;  
 Like Cato, give his little Senate laws,  
 And sit attentive to his own applause ;  
 While wits and Templars every sentence raise,  
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise—  
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?  
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he !  
A. POPE (*Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot*).

TO A MOUSE

*On turning her up in her nest, with the plough, November, 1785*

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie  
O what a panic's in thy breastie !  
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,  
Wi' bickering brattle !  
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee  
Wi' murd'ring pattle !

I'm truly sorry man's dominion  
Has broken Nature's social union,  
An' justifies that ill opinion  
Which makes thee startle  
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,  
An' fellow-mortal !

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thiev'd ;  
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !  
A daimen-icker in a thrave  
'S a sma' request  
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,  
And never miss't !

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !  
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin' :  
And naething, now, to big a new ane,  
O' foggage green !  
An' bleak December's winds ensuin'  
Baith snell an' keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste  
An' weary winter comin' fast,  
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,  
Thou thought to dwell,  
Till, crash ! the cruel coulter past  
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble  
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !  
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,  
But house or hald,  
To thole the winter's sleety dribble  
An' cranreuch cauld !

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane  
 In proving foresight may be vain .  
 The best laid schemes o' mice an' men  
 Gang aft a-gley,  
 An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,  
 For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me !  
 The present only toucheth thee .  
 But, Och ! I backward cast my e'e  
 On prospects drear '  
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,  
 I guess an' fear '

R. BURNS.

### ODE TO EVENING

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song  
 May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear .  
 Like thy own solemn springs,  
 Thy springs, and dying gales ,

O Nymph reserved,—while now the bright-haired sun  
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,  
 With brede ethereal wove,  
 O'erhang his wavy bed ;

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat  
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,  
 Or where the beetle winds  
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,  
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum,—  
 Now teach me, maid composed,  
 To breathe some soften'd strain

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,  
 May not unseemly with its stillness suit ;  
 As, musing slow, I hail  
 Thy genial loved return.

For when thy folding-star arising shows  
 His paly circlet, at his warning lamp  
 The fragrant Hours, and Elves  
 Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge  
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,  
The pensive Pleasures sweet  
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,  
Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells,  
Whose walls more awful nod  
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds or driving rain  
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut  
That, from the mountain's side,  
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,  
And bears their simple beaus, and marks o'er all  
Thy dewy fingers draw  
The gradual dusky veil

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,  
And batho thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!  
While Summer loves to sport  
Beneath thy lingering light,

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,  
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,  
Affrights thy shrinking train  
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,  
Shall Fancy Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,  
Thy gentlest influence own,  
And love thy favourite name!

W COLLINS

# ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY-CHURCHYARD

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.



## 144 AN ENGLISH COURSE FOR SCHOOLS

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade  
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care.  
No children run to hisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke,  
How jocund did they drive their team afield!  
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave  
Awaits alike th'inevitable hour:—  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, unpute to these the fault  
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;  
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;  
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th'applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbad nor circumscrib'd alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;  
Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;  
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

## 146 AN ENGLISH COURSE FOR SCHOOLS

Their name, their years, spelt by th'unletterd Muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply :  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;  
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires

For thee, who, mindful of th'unhonour'd death,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;  
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary headed swain may say,  
“ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn ,

“ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech  
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ,  
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,  
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love

“ One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,  
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;  
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

“ The next with dirges due in sad array  
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,—  
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn ”

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth  
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown ;  
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth .  
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;  
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :  
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,  
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)  
The bosom of his Father and his God

T. GRAY.

MARY MORISON

O MARY, at thy window be,  
It is the wish'd, the trystet hour !  
Those smiles and glances let me see  
That make the miser's treasure poor  
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,  
A weary slave frae sun to sun,  
Could I the rich reward secure .  
The lovely Mary Morison

Yestreen when to the trembling string  
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',  
To thee my fancy took its wing,—  
I sat, but neither heard nor saw  
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,  
And yon the toast of a' the town,  
I sigh'd, and said among them a',  
“ Ye are na Mary Morison ”

O Mary, canst thou wreek his peace  
Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee ?  
Or canst thou break that heart of his,  
Whase only faut is loving thee ?  
If love for love thou wilt na gie,  
At least be pity to me shown ,  
A thought ungentle canna be  
The thought o' Mary Morison

R BURNS.

## AULD LANG SYNE

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And never brought to min' ?  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And auld lang syne ?  
 For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,  
 And pu'd the gowans fine ;  
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot  
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidled i' the burn,  
 From morning sun till 'dine ;  
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
 Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,  
 And gie's a hand o' thine ;  
 And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught,  
 For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,  
 And surely I'll be mine ;  
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet  
 For auld lang syne.  
 For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne.

R. BURNS.

## ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold  
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;  
 Round many western islands have I been  
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne :  
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :

—Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken ,  
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes

He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien

J. KEATS

### THE MERMAID TAVERN

SOULS of Poets dead and gone,  
What Elysium have ye known,  
Happy field or mossy cavern,  
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern ?  
Have ye tipp'd drink more fine  
Than mine host's Canary wine ?  
Or are fruits of Paradise  
Sweeter than those dainty pies  
Of venison ? O generous food !  
Dressed as though bold Robin Hood  
Would, with his maid Marian,  
Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day  
Mine host's sign-board flew away,  
Nobody knew whither, till  
An astrologer's old quill  
To a sheepskin gave the story,  
Said he saw you in your glory,  
Underneath a new old sign  
Sipping beverage divine,  
And pledging with contented smack  
The Mermaid in the Zodiac !

Souls of Poets dead and gone,  
What Elysium have ye known,  
Happy field or mossy cavern,  
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern ?

J. KEATS.

## ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

THE poetry of earth is never dead  
 When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,  
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run  
 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead  
 That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead  
 In summer luxury,—he has never done  
 With his delights, for when tired out with fun  
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed  
 The poetry of earth is ceasing never  
 On a lone winter evening, when the frost  
 Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills  
 The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,  
 And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,  
 The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

J. KEATS.

## ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,  
 Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,  
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme  
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape,  
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
 In Tempe, or the dales of Arcady ?  
 What men or gods are these ? What maidens loath ?  
 What mad pursuit ? What struggle to escape ?  
 What pipes and timbrels ? What wild ecstasy ?  
 Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
 Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ;  
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,  
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone .  
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ,  
 Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
 Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve ;  
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,  
 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair !  
 Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed  
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu ;  
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
 For ever piping songs for ever new ;

More happy love ! more happy, happy love !  
 For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,  
 For ever panting, and for ever young ;  
 All breathing human passion far above,  
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,  
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice ?  
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,  
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,  
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest ?  
 What little town by river or sea shore,  
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,  
 Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn ?  
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore  
 Will silent be, and not a soul, to tell  
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return

O Attic shape ! Fan attitude ! with briede  
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,  
 With forest branches and the trodden weed,  
 Thou silent form ! dost tease us out of thought  
 As doth eternity cold Pastoral !  
 When old age shall this generation waste,  
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,  
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all  
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

J. KEATS.

# TO ONE WHO HAS BEEN LONG IN CITY PENT

To one who has been long in city pent,  
 'Tis very sweet to look into the fair  
 And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer  
 Full in the smile of the blue firmament  
 Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,  
 Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair  
 Of wavy grass, and reads a debonaire  
 And gentle tale of love and languishment ?  
 Returning home at evening, with one ear  
 Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye  
 Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,  
 He mourns that day so soon has glided by  
 E'en like the passage of an angel's tear  
 That falls through the clear ether silently.

J KEATS,



## WHEN I HAVE FEARS THAT I MAY CEASE TO BE

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be  
 Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,  
 Before high-piled books, in character,  
 Hold like rich garners the full ripened grain ;  
 When I behold, upon the night's starred face,  
 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,  
 And think that I may never live to trace  
 Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance ;  
 And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,  
 That I shall never look upon thee more,  
 Never have relish in the faery power  
 Of unreflecting love ;—then on the shore  
 Of the wide world I stand alone, and think  
 Till love and fame to nothingness do sink<sup>a</sup>

J. KEATS.

## LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

"O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
 Alone and palely loitering ?  
 The sedge has wither'd from the lake,  
 And no birds sing

"O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms !  
 So haggard and so woe-begone ?  
 The squirrel's granary is full,  
 And the harvest's done

"I see a lily on thy brow  
 With anguish moist and fever-dew,  
 And on thy cheeks a fading rose  
 Fast withereth too.

"I met a lady in the meads,  
 Full beautiful—a faery's child,  
 Her hair was long, her foot was light,  
 And her eyes were wild

"I made a garland for her head,  
 And bracelets too, and fragrant zone ;  
 She look'd at me as she did love,  
 And made sweet moan.

" I set her on my pacing steed  
And nothing else saw all day long,  
For sidelong would she bend, and sing  
A faery's song.

" She found me roots of relish sweet,  
And honey wild and manna-dew,  
And sure in language strange she said  
' I love 'heo true '

" She took me to her elfin grot,  
And there she wept and sigh'd full sore ;  
And there I shut her wild wild eyes  
With kisses four.

" And there she lullèd me asleep,  
• And there I dream'd—Ah ! woe betide !  
The latest dream I ever dream'd  
On the cold hill's side

" I saw pale kings and princes too,  
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all .  
They cried—' La belle Dame sans Merci  
Hath thee in thrall ! '

" I saw their starved lips in the gloam  
With horrid warning gapèd wide,  
And I awoke and found me here  
On the cold hill's side

" And this is why I sojourn here  
Alone and palely loitering  
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,  
And no birds sing "

J KEATS

ENGLAND AND SWITZERLAND, 1802

Two Voices are there , one is of the Sea,  
One of the Mountains ; each a mighty voice .  
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,  
They were thy chosen music, Liberty !

There came a tyrant, and with holy glee  
Thou fought'st against him,—but hast vainly striven :  
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,  
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.

## 154 AN ENGLISH COURSE FOR SCHOOLS

—Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft ;  
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left—  
For, high soul'd Maid, what sorrow would it be

That Mountain floods should thunder as before,  
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,  
And neither awful Voice be heard by Thee !

W. WORDSWORTH.

### ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC

ONCE did She hold the gorgeous East in fee  
And was the safeguard of the West ; the worth  
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,  
Venice, the eldest child of Liberty.

She was a maiden city, bright and free ;  
No guile seduced, no force could violate ;  
And when she took unto herself a mate,  
She must espouse the everlasting Sea

And what if she had seen those glories fade,  
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay, —  
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid

When her long life hath reach'd its final day :  
Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade  
Of that which once was great is pass'd away.

W. WORDSWORTH

LONDON, 1802

O FRIEND ! I know not which way I must look  
For comfort, being, as I am, oppress'd  
To think that now our life is only dress'd  
For show ; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,

Or groom !—We must run glittering like a brook  
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest ;  
The wealthiest man among us is the best :  
No grandeur now in nature or in book

## PROSODY

Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,  
This is idolatry ; and these we adore :  
Plain living and high thinking are no more !

The homely beauty of the good old cause  
Is gone ; our peace, our fearful innocence,  
And pure religion breathing household laws.

W. WORDSWORTH.

## THE SAME

MILTON ! thou shouldst be living at this hour .  
England hath need of thee she is a fen  
Of stagnant waters . altar, sword, and pen,  
Fireside; the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
Of inward happiness We are selfish men :  
Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power

Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart :  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free ;

So didst thou travel on life's common way  
In cheerful godliness, and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on herself did lay

W. WORDSWORTH.

WHEN I have borne in memory what has tamed  
Great nations ; how ennobling thoughts depart  
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert  
The student's bower for gold,—some fears unnamed.

I had, my Country !—am I to be blamed ?  
Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,  
Verily, in the bottom of my heart •  
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.

For dearly must we prize thee ; we who find  
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men ;  
And I by my affection was beguiled :

What wonder if a Poet now and then,  
Among the many movements of his mind,  
Felt for thee as a lover or a child !

W. WORDSWORTH.

## TO A SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe Spirit !  
 Bird thou never wert,  
 That from heaven, or near it  
 Pourest thy full heart  
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher  
 From the earth thou springest,  
 Like a cloud of fire,  
 The blue deep thou wingest,  
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning  
 Of the sunken sun  
 O'er which clouds are brightening,  
 Thou dost float and run,  
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even  
 Melts around thy flight ;  
 Like a star of heaven  
 In the broad daylight  
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight :

Keen as are the arrows  
 Of that silver sphere,  
 Whose intense lamp narrows  
 In the white dawn clear  
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air  
 With thy voice is loud,  
 As, when night is bare,  
 From one lonely cloud  
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not ;  
 What is most like thee ?  
 From rainbow clouds there flow not  
 Drops so bright to see  
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody ;—

Like a poet hidden  
 In the light of thought,  
 Singing hymns unbidden,  
 Till the world is wrought  
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden  
 In a palace tower,  
 Soothing her love-laden  
 Soul in secret hour  
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden  
 In a dell of dew,  
 Scattering unbeholden  
 Its aerial hue  
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view

Like a rose embower'd  
 In its own green leaves,  
 By warm winds deflower'd,  
 Till the scent it gives  
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves

Sound of vernal showers  
 On the twinkling grass,  
 Rain-awaken'd flowers,  
 All that ever was  
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,  
 What sweet thoughts are thine :  
 I have never heard  
 Praise of love or wine  
 That panteth forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal  
 Or triumphal chaunt  
 Match'd with thine, would be all  
 But an empty vaunt—  
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains  
 Of thy happy strain ?  
 What fields, or waves, or mountains ?  
 What shapes of sky or plain ?  
 What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

## 158 AN ENGLISH COURSE FOR SCHOOLS

With thy clear keen joyance  
Languor cannot be :  
Shadow of annoyance  
Never came near thee :  
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep  
Thou of death must deem  
Things more true and deep  
Than we mortals dream,  
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not :  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught ;  
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn  
Hate, and pride, and fear,  
If we were things born  
Not to shed a tear,  
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures  
Of delightful sound,  
Better than all treasures  
That in books are found,  
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know,  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow,  
The world should listen then, as I am listening now !  
P. B. SHELLEY.

### LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR

I ARISE from dreams of thee  
In the first sweet sleep of night,  
When the winds are breathing low,  
And the stars are shining bright :  
I arise from dreams of thee,  
And a spirit in my feet  
Has led me—who knows how ?  
To thy chamber-window, Sweet !

The wandering airs they faint  
On the dark, the silent stream—  
The Champāk odours fail  
Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;  
The nightingale's complaint,  
It dies upon her heart ;—  
As I must on thine,  
Oh, beloved as thou art !

Oh lift me from the grass !  
I die ! I faint ! I fail !  
Let thy love in kisses rain  
On my lips and eyelids pale.  
My cheek is cold and white, alas !  
My heart beats loud and fast ;—  
Oh ! press it to thine own again,  
Where it will break at last

P. B. SHELLEY.

FROM "THE CLOUD"

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,  
From the seas and the streams ;  
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid  
In their noonday dreams  
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken  
The sweet buds every one,  
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,  
As she dances about the sun  
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
And whiten the green plains under ,  
And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
And laugh as I pass in thunder

I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
And their great pines groan aghast ;  
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,  
While I sleep in the arms of the blast  
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,  
Lightning my pilot sits ,  
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,  
It struggles and howls at fits.

P. B. SHELLEY



## TO —

MUSIC, when soft voices die,  
 Vibrates in the memory——  
 Odours, when sweet violets sicken,  
 Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,  
 Are heaped for the beloved's bed ;  
 And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,  
 Love itself shall slumber on.

P. B. SHELLEY.

## ODE TO THE WEST WIND

A

I

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,  
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes. O thou,  
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
 Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
 With living hues and odours plain and hill :

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere ;  
 Destroyer and preserver ; hear, oh, hear !

II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,  
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,  
 Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning : there are spread  
 On the blue surface of thine aery surge,  
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge  
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,  
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night  
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere  
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst oh, hear !

III

'Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams,  
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,  
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,  
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers  
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them ! Thou  
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below  
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear  
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear  
And tremble and despoil themselves. oh, hear !

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear ;  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;  
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
Than thou, O uncontrollable ! If even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,  
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed  
Scarce seemed a vision ; I would ne'er have striven

## 162 AN ENGLISH COURSE FOR SCHOOLS

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.  
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !  
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed  
One too like thee : tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is ·  
What if my leaves are falling like its own !  
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,  
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,  
My spirit ! Be thou me, impetuous one !

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth !  
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth  
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !  
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy ! O Wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

P. B. SHELLEY.

### A LAMENT

O WORLD ! O life ! O time !  
On whose last steps I climb,  
Trembling at that where I had stood before ;  
When will return the glory of your prime ?  
No more—Oh, never more !

Out of the day and night  
A joy has taken flight ;  
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,  
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight  
No more—Oh, never more !

P. B. SHELLEY.

## ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:  
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
 But being too happy in thine happiness,—  
     That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,  
     In some melodious plot  
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been  
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,  
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!  
 O for a beaker full of the warm South,  
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,  
     With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
     And purple-stained mouth;  
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,  
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim.

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
 — What thou among the leaves hast never known,  
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
     Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;  
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,  
 Where youth grows pale, and spectro-thin, and dies;  
     Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
     And leaden-eyed despairs;  
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,  
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,  
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,  
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,  
     Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:  
 Already with thee! tender is the night,  
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,  
     Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;  
     But here there is no light,  
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown  
     Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy way

## 164 AN ENGLISH COURSE FOR SCHOOLS

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,  
 But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet  
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;  
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;  
 Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves ;  
 And mid May's eldest child,  
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen ; and for many a time  
 I have been half in love with careful Death,  
 Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,  
 To take into the air my quiet breath ,  
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
 In such an ecstasy !  
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—  
 To thy high requiem become a sod

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !  
 No hungry generations tread thee down ,  
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
 In ancient days by emperor and clown .  
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;  
 The same that oft-times hath  
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam  
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell  
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self !  
 Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
 As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.  
 Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades  
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,  
 Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep  
 In the next valley-glades :  
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?  
 Fled is that music :—Do I wake or sleep ?

J. KEATS

UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPT. 3, 1802

EARTH has not anything to show more fair :  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty :  
This City now doth like a garment wear

The beauty of the morning : silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky, —  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !

The river glideth at his own sweet will :  
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

W. WORDSWORTH.

THE REAPER

BEHOLD her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland Lass !  
Reaping and singing by herself ;  
Stop here, or gently pass !  
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain ;  
O listen ! for the vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound

No nightingale did ever chaunt  
More welcome notes to weary bands  
Of travellers in some shady haunt,  
Among Arabian sands :  
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago :

Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of to-day ?  
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again !

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang  
As if her song could have no ending ;  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er the sickle bending ;—  
I listened, motionless and still ;  
And, as I mounted up the hill,  
The music in my heart I bore  
Long after it was heard no more.

W. WORDSWORTH.

#### ODE TO AUTUMN

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;  
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;  
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel, to set budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease ;  
For Summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?  
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;  
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers :  
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;  
Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,  
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—  
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day  
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue ;

Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
Among the river-sallows, borne aloft  
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;  
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn  
Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft  
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft ;  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

J. KEATS.

BY THE SEA

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free ;  
The holy time is quiet as a Nun  
Breathless with adoration , the broad sun  
Is sinking down in its tranquillity ,

The gentleness of heaven is on the Sea :  
Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,  
And doth with his eternal motion make  
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.

Dear child ! dear girl ! that walkest with me here,  
If thou appear untouch'd by solemn thought  
Thy nature is not therefore less divine .

Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,  
And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,  
God being with thee when we know it not

W. WORDSWORTH.

SONNET

THE World is too much with us ; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers ;  
Little we see in Nature that is ours ,  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !

This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,  
The winds that will be howling at all hours  
And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers,  
For this, for every thing we are out of tune ,

It moves us not —Great God ! I'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,—  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,

Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn

W. WORDSWORTH.



## AN ENGLISH COURSE FOR SCHOOLS

### ODE ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
The earth, and every common sight

To me did seem

Apparell'd in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream  
It is not now as it hath been of yore ;—

Turn wheresoe'er I may,

By night or day,

The things which I have seen I now can see no more

The rainbow comes and goes,

And lovely is the rose ;

The moon doth with delight

Look round her when the heavens are bare ;

Waters on a starry night

Are beautiful and fair ;

The sunshine is a glorious birth ,

But yet I know, where'er I go,

That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,

And while the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound,

To me alone there came a thought of grief

A timely utterance gave that thought relief,

And I again am strong

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep ;—

No more shall grief of mine the season wrong :

I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,

The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,

And all the earth is gay ;

Land and sea

Give themselves up to jollity,

And with the heart of May

Doth every beast keep holiday ,—

Thou child of joy

Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy Shepherd-boy !

Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the call

Ye to each other make ; I see

The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;

My heart is at your festival,

My head hath its coronal,

The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.

Oh evil day ! if I were sullen  
 While Earth herself is adorning  
     This sweet May-morning ;  
 And the children are culling  
     On every side  
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
 Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm  
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm :—  
     I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !  
     —But there's a tree, of many, one,  
 A single field which I have look'd upon,  
 Both of them speak of something that is gone .  
     The pansy at my feet  
     Doth the same tale repeat :  
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?  
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;  
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
     Hath had elsewhere its setting  
     And cometh from afar ;  
     Not in entire forgetfulness,  
     And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
     From God, who is our home :  
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !  
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
     Upon the growing Boy,  
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
     He sees it in his joy ;  
 The Youth, who daily farther from the east  
     Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
     And by the vision splendid  
     Is on his way attended ;  
 At length the Man perceives it die away,  
 And fade into the light of common day .

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ,  
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind  
 And, even with something of a mother's mind  
     And no unworthy aim,  
     The homely nurse doth all she can  
 To make her foster-child, her inmate, Man,  
     Forget the glories he hath known,  
 And that imperial palace whence he came. \*

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,  
 A six years' darling of a pigmy size !  
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,  
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
 With light upon him from his father's eyes !  
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
 Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;  
     A wedding or a festival,  
     A mourning or a funeral ;  
     And this hath now his heart,  
 And unto this he frames his song :  
     Then will he fit his tongue  
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;  
     But it will not be long  
     Ere this be thrown aside,  
     And with new joy and pride  
 The little actor cons another part ;  
 Filling from time to time his " humorous stage "  
 With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,  
 That life brings with her in her equipage :  
     As if his whole vocation  
     Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
     Thy soul's immensity ;  
 Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep  
 Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,  
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,  
 Haunted for ever by the eternal Mind,—  
     Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !  
     On whom those truths do rest  
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,  
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;  
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality  
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,  
 A Presence which is not to be put by ;  
 Thou little chld, yet glorious in the might  
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,  
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?  
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,  
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight  
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

O joy ! that in our embers  
 Is something that doth live,

That Nature yet remembers  
 What was so fugitive !  
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
 Perpetual benediction . not indeed  
 For that which is most worthy to be blest,  
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed,  
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :—

—Not for these I raise  
 The song of thanks and praise ;  
 But for those obstinate questionings  
 Of sense and outward things,  
 Fallings from us, vanishings ;  
 Blank misgivings of a creature  
 Moving about in worlds not realized,  
 High instincts, before which our mortal nature  
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :  
 But for those first affections,  
 Those shadowy recollections,  
 Which, be they what they may,  
 Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,  
 Are yet a master-light of all our seeing ;  
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
 Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake,  
 To perish never ;  
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,  
 Nor man nor boy  
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
 Can utterly abolish or destroy !  
 Hence, in a season of calm weather  
 Though inland far we be,  
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
 Which brought us hither ;  
 Can in a moment travel thither—  
 And see the children sport upon the shore,  
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then, sing ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !  
 And let the young lambs bound  
 As to the tabor's sound !  
 We, in thought, will join your throng  
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
 Ye that through your hearts to-day  
 Feel the gladness of the May !  
 What though the radiance which was once so bright  
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the hour  
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;  
 We will grieve not, rather find  
 Strength in what remains behind ;  
 In the primal sympathy  
 Which having been must ever be ;  
 In the soothing thoughts that spring  
 Out of human suffering ;  
 In the faith that looks through death,  
 In years that bring the philosophic mind

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,  
 Forbode not any severing of our loves !  
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;  
 I only have relinquish'd one delight  
 To live beneath your more habitual sway :  
 I love the brooks which down their channels fret  
 Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they,  
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day  
 Is lovely yet ;

The clouds that gather round the setting sun  
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;  
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears

W. WORDSWORTH

### PROSPICE

FEAR death ?—to feel the fog in my throat,  
 The mist in my face,  
 When the snows begin and the blasts denote  
 I am nearing the place,  
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,  
 The post of the foe ;  
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,  
 Yet the strong man must go :  
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,  
 And the barriers fall,  
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,  
 The reward of it all.

I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,  
 The best and the last !  
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,  
 And bade me creep past  
 No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers  
 The heroes of old,  
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears  
 Of pain, darkness and cold.  
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
 The black minute's at end,  
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,  
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
 Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a joy,  
 Then a light, then thy breast,  
 O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,  
 And with God be the rest !

R. BROWNING.

# HOME-THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA

NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-West died away ;  
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay ;  
 Bluish mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay ;  
 In the dimmest North-East distance, dawned Gibraltar grand and  
 grey ;  
 “ Here and here did England help me · how can I help England ? ” —  
 say,

Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,  
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa

R. BROWNING.

# HOME-THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

Oh, to be in England  
 Now that April's there,  
 And whoever wakes in England  
 Sees, some morning, unaware,  
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf  
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,  
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough  
 In England—now !

And after April, when May follows,  
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows !

## AN ENGLISH COURSE FOR SCHOOLS

Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge  
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover  
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—  
That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,  
Lest you should think he never could recapture  
The first fine careless rapture !  
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,  
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew  
The buttercups, the little children's dower  
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !

R. BROWNING.

## CHAPTER XII

### FIGURES OF SPEECH

A **Simile** is commonly used, especially in poetry, to bring a picture before the mind or to emphasise a point by suggesting a comparison or similarity. It is usually introduced by the word "like"—*e.g.* "The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold"; "Lies, like crows, come home to roost."

A **Metaphor** is a compressed simile. In a simile both sides of the comparison are stated, in a metaphor only one—*e.g.* "The lamp of knowledge should be kept trimmed."

An **Allegory** is a comparison kept up for a whole story or poem—*e.g.* *The Pilgrim's Progress*, which compares the life of the Christian to a journey.

• An **Epigram** is a pointed saying which often involves an apparent contradiction—*e.g.* "The child is father of the man."

**Climax** is a gradual rising in emotional intensity up to the last word, which contains the kernel of the paragraph or sentence—*e.g.*

The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve.

**Anticlimax** or **Bathos**, the opposite of climax, descending from high levels to lesser heights. At the end of *Enoch Arden*, after hearing of the tragedy of that unfortunate man, instead of leaving off at a suitable place, Tennyson persists in telling us in conclusion that "the village ne'er had seen a costlier funeral."

**Metonymy** means that we name a thing by its accompaniment—*e.g.* "He could not help playing to the gallery."

Gallery is here used for the people who sit in the gallery.

Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.



In **Personification** we attribute qualities to inanimate things that strictly belong to animate beings—*e.g.* "Love . . . hand in hand with Plenty in the maize"; "Youth at the prow and Pleasure at the helm."

**Hyperbole** is another name for exaggeration—*e.g.* "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."

**Apostrophe** is used to express an aside when the speaker turns away from his tale to address himself to the person or thing about whom or which he is thinking—*e.g.* "Frailty, thy name is woman!"

**Innuendo** is another name for implying something without directly calling attention to it—*e.g.* "The principal difference between a cat and a lie is that a cat has only nine lives."

**Irony** consists in saying precisely the opposite of what is meant, as in "You are a sportsman" spoken to a man who has just been detected in a dishonest, unsportsmanlike action.

**Sarcasm** denotes ridicule or contempt—*e.g.* "See how these Christians love one another!"

**Euphemism** means to represent a disagreeable subject in a pleasing way—*e.g.* "He was always very sparing of the truth."

**Onomatopœia**, or Sense by Sound, is the name given to words like "whoop," where the sound represents the meaning of the word—*e.g.* "The murmuring of innumerable bees."

**Alliteration** is beginning several words with the same letter, once a characteristic of English poetry, now a fault—*e.g.* "Welling waters"; "winsome word"; "winds in warm wan weather"; "Apt alliteration's artful aid."

**Synecdoche** means the substitution of one term for another, where the less general stands for the more general and vice versa—*e.g.* "I abjure all *roofs*"; "The mother in her longed to embrace him."

For exercises try the passages in verse given at the end of the chapter on Prosody.

The above definitions are intended for use while working the papers at the end of this book.

## CHAPTER XIII

### INDIRECT SPEECH

THIS need not detain us long. All that you have to do is to read or listen to a direct speech, in which the speaker uses the pronouns "I," "me" and "mine," and convert it into *oratio obliqua* by putting all the verbs into the past tense and third person.

Adverbs <sup>like</sup> "here" and "now" become "there" and "then."

You are also allowed to alter the punctuation and phrases to make the passage run smoothly, but this ought to offer no difficulty.

### EXERCISES

1 Turn the following passage into reported speech after a verb of saying in the past tense :—

MR MAYOR,—I thank you, and through you the municipal authorities of this city, for this welcome. And as it is the first time in my life since the present phase of politics has presented itself in this country, that I have said anything publicly within a region of country where the institution of slavery still exists, I will take this occasion to say that I think very much of the ill-feeling that has existed and still exists between the people in the section from which I came and the people here, is dependent upon a misunderstanding of one another. I therefore avail myself of this opportunity to assure you, Mr Mayor, and all the gentlemen present, that I have never had any other than kindly feelings to you. I have not any purpose to withhold from you any of the benefits of the Constitution that I should not feel myself constrained to withhold from my own neighbours; and I hope that when we become better acquainted we shall like each other the more. I thank you for your kind reception.

*From a speech by* PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

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2. Turn the following passage into reported speech after a verb of saying in the past tense :—

In the course of what I shall have the honour to address to you, I propose the following considerations to your serious thought. About one-fifth of the whole body of British citizens may be regarded as pure Jacobins, on whom no argument can have the slightest influence. They desire a change; they will have it, if they can. This minority is great and formidable. I do not know whether, if I aimed at the total overthrow of a kingdom, I should wish to be encumbered with a larger body of partisans. The majority of the nation, the other four-fifths, is perfectly sound, and of the best possible disposition to the true interests of their country. Such men are naturally disposed to peace. This their enemies are perfectly aware of, and accordingly they raise a continual cry for peace with France. Why are they doing so? Because they know that, this point gained, the rest will follow of course. On our part, why are all the rules of prudence to be at this time reversed? How comes it that now for the first time men think it right to be governed by the counsels of their enemies? Be not deluded by their devices. Reject peace and choose war, for in this course alone is there safety.

For further exercises see the papers at the end of the book.

Also try to convert some passages from the letters given at the end of the chapter on Letter-writing into indirect speech.

## CHAPTER XIV

### TYPICAL GENERAL PAPERS

It is a useful practice to accustom yourself to answering four questions in an hour, culled from various sources, to test your knowledge of ordinary politics, music, mechanics, or science, art, literature, and so on.

This is always demanded of candidates for Sandhurst and Woolwich, and requires much care. It is no easy task to get on to paper all that you have to say on the Jury system, or Wagner's music or the Modern Theatre, in a quarter of an hour. You cannot expect to compose more than two paragraphs, and these must be packed full of thought. Here, least of all, can you afford to "pad" out your information with meaningless verbiages.

Read up the leading problems of the day and do not rest until you are conversant with all the prominent subjects reported in the newspapers.

#### GENERAL PAPER I

*Time allowed, 1 hour*

*FOUR questions, and no more, are to be attempted. All the questions carry equal marks*

*In assigning marks special attention will be paid to the style, clearness, and orderly arrangement of the answers*

1 Give the leading characteristics of any *one* of the following types as they appear in fiction and as they are in fact.—the super-man, the professional man, the working man, the criminal, the Canadian, Australian, New Zealander or South African

2. Describe some historic building or a painting by a famous artist, and show why it deserves to survive

3. Trace the history of the development of any *one* of the following.—the aeroplane, the submarine, the various applications of radium

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4. What steps have been taken in recent years by municipalities and the legislature to promote the health and welfare of British children ?

5. Which foreign language do you consider most advantageous to learn ? Give your reasons.

6. Describe the kind of deed which appeals to you specially as meriting the Victoria Cross. What conditions must be satisfied before that Cross can be awarded ?

7. *What is the Press Censorship, and how has this war differed from other wars in regard to the supply of war news ?*

8. What ideas underlie the term "militarism," and how do those ideas work out in practice ?

### GENERAL PAPER II

1. Write a short account of any one person who during the nineteenth or this century reached high rank in one of the following arts or sciences — Chemistry, Engineering, Surgery, Music, Painting or Poetry

2. How far, in your opinion, does the Public School influence for good (1) the character and (2) the intellect ?

3. Compare and contrast a Monarchy and a Republic as forms of Government

4. Explain the mechanism and construction of any weapon of war in which an explosive is required

5. What are your views in regard to reprisals as a measure of war ?

6. Define either chivalry or hypocrisy. Illustrate from your own experience or reading.

7. Write a brief account either of the Russian Revolution or of the Irish Rebellion of 1916

8. What are the conditions of life *either* of an agricultural labourer *or* of an artisan in the neighbourhood of your home ? What measures (if any) would you recommend for the improvement of those conditions ?

## CHAPTER XV

### **ESSAY-WRITING**

ONE of the main objects in studying English is to acquire the art of self-expression

From the beginning you should grasp the fact that essay-writing is neither an academic exercise, nor merely a mental discipline. On the contrary, it is of great practical value. On your success as a writer much may depend in future years.

Posts of responsibility are frequently allotted to men who have given evidence that they can state their views clearly, coherently, simply and in an orderly form, it is therefore the duty of any person with the least spark of ambition to try to perfect himself in this art.

Essay-writing is a comprehensive term and includes original verse, composition, dialogues, as well as the writing of short stories, dramas and articles.

In your early childhood you probably, all unconsciously, wrote many essays as remarkable for their naïveté and originality as they were for their lack of symmetry, mispunctuation and bad spelling; in later days you lost the former virtues and retained the latter vices, to-day maybe you find yourself frequently confronted by a large white sheet of paper with the word "Essay" written neatly in the middle of the top line and your mind completely blank as to how to proceed. It is my business to help you to fill up that virgin sheet, not with an orgy of tangled words but with a sane, interesting expression of opinion.

In the first place nobody can possibly put pen to paper unless he has something to say; no one can have anything to say unless he has acquired some knowledge. Knowledge can be acquired through books or experience.

At school one's experiences are distinctly limited; on the

other hand, books open up wonderful vistas of unexplored lands and fill the empty mind with innumerable interesting facts about life.

You must, therefore, cultivate the habit of reading omnivorously. It does not really matter very much what you read, but I cannot emphasise too strongly the necessity for making yourself thoroughly at home with the works of the authors mentioned in Chapter XVI. of this book.

You *may* very well derive nourishment from stories in popular magazines, on the other hand, you may not. You have to remember that these stories are written, in the main, for illiterate people.

Having read yourself full you ought to be able to write yourself empty.

This, then, is my first point. Nobody can hope to write well who has not read widely and deeply.

You do not read solely in order to be able to write. You read in order to provide food for the mind; once this food is assimilated you will find that you too, in your turn, will have an overmastering desire to give out some new thought to the world, and so earn immortality. Everybody desires fame. What fame can compare with that of the writer? Who is the truest patriot? Remember Wolfe's remark before the battle of Quebec. What would England be without Shakespeare? Think of Carlyle's question "Would you exchange Shakespeare for India?" Of course you wouldn't. To have produced Shakespeare is the finest thing that this country has ever done or is ever likely to do, and in the ages yet to come, when all else that Great Britain has done is forgotten, his name will serve to remind the nations of the future of the greatness of one insignificant little island "set in the silver sea." Shakespeare is England's eternal mouthpiece, the testimony to all time of what we have been and are.

Next to reading the work of others comes the cultivation of your powers of observation. You will notice as you read other men's books that nothing ever escapes them. You may not be able at school to undergo any great emotional stress, or have any wonderful experience, but the world is all about you for you to take notes, just as it is for the grown man or

woman. You should read at once what Arnold Bennett has to say on this point in *The Author's Craft*.

Cultivate the scout-habit. Notice everything: the colour of your neighbour's eyes, all his peculiarities, what it is that makes him attractive or hateful or merely colourless; when you are out of doors fix your mind upon the objects you pass: learn to tell the difference between a birch and a beech tree; between the song of the blackbird and that of a thrush. Multiply your interests

Instead of resting content with the fact that you know every make of motor car, expand that faculty in every direction, and make it your business to know all about everything. Whenever you come across a word, either in conversation or in a book, which is unknown to you, track it down until you are sure that you have elucidated its exact meaning. When you see a leaf which you cannot place, do not rest until you know to what tree it belongs.

You will soon find that the old disease of pen-biting in desperation because you are at a loss what to say on a particular subject will be effectually and permanently cured.

Again, to revert to the empty sheet lying before the would-be essayist. Remember that the pen you hold in your hand is an inscrutable magician. It is by no means a bad plan to write down the first sentence that comes into your head. It will lead, by a strange psychological phenomenon, to another, and yet a third

I do not mean that your final essay will contain any of the sentences which you set down at first, but the mere act of writing apparently sets the brain cells in motion and you will find that you are becoming more and more fluent as line succeeds line, and ideas will flow in profusion in spite of the fact that five minutes ago you were convinced that you had nothing whatever to say on the subject proposed.

I know that this is a heterodox doctrine, but I have found it work so frequently in my own case that it would be dishonest of me to hide the fact.

In other words, you must learn to regard the sheet of paper as a sheet of water: you stand trembling on the brink, quite certain that it is going to be too cold; summon up all your



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courage, take a neat dive and you will find to your great surprise that you are not only swimming but enjoying your swim.<sup>1</sup>

It is probably at this stage that you will remind me of the fact that you are unable to dive. I am quite willing to believe you; most essayists with whom I have come into contact take ghastly "belly-floppers" more often than not. You should watch the experts most closely and try to imitate them.

The neatest diver I know of is Bacon. Read the opening sentences of all his essays over and over again and then try to imitate them. You won't succeed at first any more than you can expect to succeed at "rugger" or cricket or rowing or shooting right away, but each attempt will bring perfection nearer. Do not be afraid of trying.

There is another method of starting an essay which is more scientific than that which I have just advocated, and which may suit you better. As soon as you turn your attention to the subject collect all the material you can gather from whatever source and then ask yourself these questions with regard to it:

What? When? Where? How? Why?

You will be astonished to find how many avenues of thought these simple queries open up to you. Write down the answers to the questions in any order, and when you have exhausted your list begin to select.

This question of selection is going to prove the hardest part of your work.

Remember that the whole of art lies in this power of selection. A good book, a great painting, a fine piece of music are all alike in this respect: they are quite as remarkable for what they omit as for what they contain.

No one can describe the whole of life even if he should desire to do so: he must select just those characteristic episodes, colours, notes and traits which will tend to bring about the effect which he is endeavouring to produce. So with your

<sup>1</sup> What figure of speech has been used in this paragraph?

essay: having collected your heap, you should now proceed to make a skeleton or framework of your final composition.

Here we come to the question of order. You must get your bones in the proper order or you will finish with a monstrosity.

There must be order, proportion and absolute clearness. Order can only be achieved by taking a definite standpoint before you start to write the essay at all, proportion by allotting to each point that you wish to make a paragraph suitable in length to the importance of that point; and clearness by avoiding all but the simplest words and the most straightforward constructions. You must at least be able to analyse your own sentences without difficulty; this does not mean that they will all be of the same length, for that way lies monotony. Variation is of the very essence of interest, and without interest you might as well keep silence; you are not paid by the word.

When you have finished the composition you must leave time to go over it again in order to prune all the purple passages. This you will find to be the hardest part of all. But remember that more marks are lost by leaving in incoherencies and turgid, meaningless repetitions than are ever dreamt of by the average essay-writer.

You will have read that essays consist, like Ancient Gaul, of three parts—an Introduction, a Middle, and a Conclusion. The middle or body of the essay you will probably find easy; the beginning and summing up very difficult. Merely to enlarge on what you are going to say, or to make a recapitulation of what you have to say, may be necessary if you are an orator, but these things do not help matters in written work. It is better to plunge at once *in medias res* and finish when you have got to the end of your argument than to adopt this quite unnecessary, if not actually harmful, system of triple division.

Now let me descend to the concrete and give you a selection of subjects and show you how to tackle one or two of them.

Suppose you are asked to write an essay on one of the following subjects:—

- (i) Scandinavia
- (ii) The qualities that go to the making of a good business man.

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- (iii) British national characteristics
- (iv) The survival of the fittest in animal life.
- (v) The war-work of women.
- (vi) Art speaks not only to us but for us
- (vii) Tennyson

The first thing you have to decide is, which subject you know most about.

The next is, which is likely to attract the greatest number of candidates

The answer to both of these problems is the same. Is it subject number five ? I thought so.

Let us take that subject first.

You will begin by making a heap

What kinds of work were women engaged upon during the war ? Nursing, sedentary work in offices, bus-conducting, railway work, teaching, Auxiliary Army Corps work, Naval and Air Service These are only a few

There is a danger, if you take this subject, of your essay degenerating into a mere catalogue of occupations, which, to put it mildly, is merely boring.

Again, you might start by commenting on the change that the war brought about with regard to the opinion that woman's sphere is the home, or you might enlarge upon the demoralising effect upon the character of undertaking, say, munition work, with its inevitable removal of home influence.

Both these attitudes, adequately developed, might result in the production of a good essay, but on the other hand, in the light of the fact that this is probably going to prove the most popular subject, I should advise you not to tackle it, but to turn to one of the other alternatives.

You think, perhaps, that you know something about the peculiar traits that differentiate your own race from all the rest of the world.

Let us see what sort of a heap we can get out of this.

Of course you will put down such qualities as fortitude, courage, kindliness, pride, patriotism, doggedness, pigheadedness, and perhaps hypocrisy. Yes ; it is a good thing not to assume that we are perfect.

On the other hand you may begin by taking the constituent

nations that go to make up Britain—namely, the Scots, Irish, Welsh and English—and give to the first ambition, humour, carefulness, economy, dourness ; to the second, fecklessness, fiery temper, wit, geniality and impulsiveness ; to the third, imagination and instability ; to the last, sportsmanship, dullness of intellect, muddle-headedness, slowness in action and tenacity of purpose.

Again you must be careful not to allow your essay to become merely a category of virtues and vices, nor, on the other hand, a collection of anecdotes more or less suitable.

You would do well to try to imagine yourself a visitor from Mars taking notes on the peculiar idiosyncrasies of each race in turn. You would note how the Britishers behave to one another in public and in private, how they conduct themselves in an emergency, and what motives, selfish or unselfish, actuate their general conduct. In fact, from whatever angle you approach the subject, without imagination you will achieve no fresh point of view, and only dish up stale platitudes and a dull succession of invertebrate words.

Take now subject six. In this case you will do well to make quite certain what the subject really is before you begin to make your heap.

That Art speaks to us—*i.e.* translates nature to us—is obvious, that it speaks for us is not so clear.

“Speaks for us” in this instance means that it expresses what we ordinary mortals realise quite well, but (owing to our inability to express ourselves) cannot convey to paper or canvas.

Does a great picture, a fine piece of music, or a splendid novel represent life as we have always seen it but, owing to our disordered, tangled minds, have never been able to realise it ?

Does the genius make all clear where all was vague and inchoate before ?

It is a debatable point, and an essay may well be a debate on paper. You are expected to face problems squarely, not necessarily to come to a conclusion but to state all aspects of the case, which in itself will serve, to a great extent, to clarify the issue.

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Try now to deal with the subject : the survival of the fittest. Do the strongest animals survive ? If so, how do you account for insects and the absence of the mastodon and the ichthyosaurus ? Mere might does not seem always to emerge triumphant out of the struggle for existence.

Adaptability to conditions counts for much ; instinct and the development of the reason for very much more

Lastly take the case of Tennyson It is obvious that you will not be able to write an essay on any great writer unless you have read his works. Your first duty is to make yourself acquainted with all the finest poets and prose writers in the language To dish up second- or tenth-hand opinions is sheer dishonesty and only stultifies the brain.

But suppose for the moment that you have read and studied the greater part of Tennyson's work, there still remain a hundred ways of approaching the subject

Are you going to content yourself with a life-history of the man ? If you do the result will be tedious ; the result of mere memorising You will not be bringing your imaginative or critical faculties to bear on the topic at all A list of dates is nearly always out of place, never more so than in an essay.

No. You are expected, when writing of a poet, to trace the gradual evolution of his powers, to quote freely from his early, middle and mature work, to show his weakness and strength ; you are expected to dwell upon his mastery over rhyme, his sense of music, the main tenor of his thoughts, the importance of the message he had to deliver and the success with which he did so, the influence which the older writers exercised over him, and the influence which he, in his turn, exerts over the poets who came after him

To do this you will not only have been forced to read him carefully, enthusiastically and thoroughly, but also be capable of criticising his methods, of praising him where he deserves praise, of censuring him where he falls short of his ideal.

You ought also to be able to discuss his relation to his age, the effect it had upon him and the effect he had upon it. It is by no means enough to bring forward the opinions of others, pretending that they are your own, nor to assume the character of an austere judge and to condemn him wholesale.

It is well to remember that the art of criticism is appreciation, not depreciation : if, therefore, you are not in sympathy with Tennyson, avoid this essay. It is not to be expected that you will fall in love with the work of every great writer. There are many whose work is quite beyond you as yet. It is quite likely that you find the work of Milton or Wordsworth dull, insipid and boring. Neither of them is any of these things, but *you* may find him so. On the other hand, Carlyle, Doctor Johnson, Ruskin, Stevenson, Thackeray, Matthew Arnold and Keats may thrill you more and more every time you read them. If this is so you ought first to make quite sure exactly why and where the one author succeeds in captivating you and the other fails to do so. That is the beginning of all true criticism.

It is just possible that none of the subjects I have mentioned appeals to you at all ; you find that you are literally unable to say anything whatever about any of them. There is no need to despair even if this is so. It only means that you are a stage less advanced than I imagined you to be. What you require is strenuous practice in the art of creative writing. You ought to resume the writing of those short stories which you used to produce in your early days.

The next time you go to the cinema make a special note of the most dramatic of the films you see, and as soon as you get home write the words to fit the pictures you have seen. Invent the conversations that presumably were carried on between the various characters. Describe the next game in which you play as if for the local paper, but in better style than that of the local reporter.

Keep a diary : do not limit yourself as to space ; comment fully on the adventures of each day, when they strike you as being worthy of comment. Write out as soon as you get home the outline of any good sermon or lecture that you hear. Describe in detail the plays you see at the theatre or the songs and music you hear at a concert.

Go on writing, whatever happens ; it is part of your training and quite the most valuable part. When you read a book make a précis of it as soon as your reading is finished, and criticise its good and bad points. Try to describe people you

pass in the streets, shopkeepers, your neighbours, your servants, the policemen, the postmen, everyone with whom you come into contact. Try to find out what it is that makes each person different from everyone else.

And in this, as in every other part of your writing, do not limit yourself to prose. Break out into verse, rhymed if possible, with definite time-beats and in regular stanzas. If you want help look up the chapter on Prosody. Write sonnets to the moon and stars, odes to different birds, and lyrics about the flowers you like best, in each case studying afresh, as if seen for the first time, the object of your devotion. Remember that the first essential of a writer is accuracy. If it is a flower you are writing about keep one in front of you while you are conjuring up words to describe it, don't rely on what other people have said about it, but imagine that you are its discoverer. And above all, remember that whatever you are electing to compose, a sense of detail is of the first importance.

Granted now that you have at last found something you want to write, if it only be a letter, there are still several things to be learnt before you begin.

First with regard to your handwriting. I make no apology for once again drawing attention to this important matter.

There is no need for you to model your calligraphy on the Vere Foster or any other system. What you want to attain is neatness and legibility. To do this you must endeavour to make all your letters of an even height and slope the same way, slightly to the right if possible. Making your down strokes heavy and your up strokes light (in moderation) will make for ease and a picturesque effect.

Your words should be spaced adequately, leaving room for the eye to travel easily from word to word, neither leaving a yawning chasm, like a toothless gum, nor running all your words so close together that the reader has to spend his time unlocking them.

Fresh paragraphs, as you will see in any printed book, begin a little to the right of the edge of the printed matter.

For the rules of punctuation see Chapter III. These are

simpler than they used to be, and you will find it useful to remember that the less punctuation your work needs the more likely it is to be approved. Involved sentences, together with long words, have gone right out of fashion, never, we may venture to hope, to return.

With regard to the language which you should employ, remember that the Anglo-Saxon monosyllabic word is in most cases more pithy, graphic and musical than any other.

Lastly there is the rhythm. It is too frequently forgotten that prose no less than verse must be rhythmical and balanced. It is easy to write sentences that are jumpy and ugly, it is quite hard but very necessary to cultivate the habit of searching not only for the right word but the right place in the sentence for that word. Your essay must run smoothly; you can easily test whether it satisfies this requirement by reading it aloud (you needn't inflict it on any living person other than yourself), but you should certainly never allow anything that you write to pass out of your hands before you have tested it in this way.

And now I want you to read slowly, with your critical faculties fully on the alert, the following essays, which have stood the test of time and come out of the ordeal triumphant.

I want you to study them from every possible point of view, but not to imitate them.

The object of your writing is to discover your own personality both to yourself and the world. You will not do this by playing the "sedulous ape," though it is only fair to remind you that R. L. Stevenson did so.

All these thoughts, clothed in other men's garments, are to pass through the crucible of your mind and to emerge as occasion calls for them, altered so much that you will probably forget to whom you owe this idea or that method of presentation.

It is enough now that you sit down and take your fill of the generous fare I have to offer.

These passages are not all essays; they are just selected passages from English prose-writers included here for various purposes. When you have read them all you should try to do



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not only the exercises which I suggest afterwards but many others that will suggest themselves to you.

But the first thing to do is to enjoy yourself. You ought to find the creative work required afterwards no less enjoyable, but that will depend on how you get on with your reading.

## SELECTED PROSE PASSAGES

### AUTHORS AND DATES

Francis Bacon, 1561-1626	Edmund Burke, 1729-1797.
John Milton, 1608-1674.	James Boswell, 1740-1795.
John Bunyan, 1628-1688.	Charles Lamb, 1775-1834.
Jonathan Swift, 1667-1745.	William Hazlitt, 1778-1830.
Joseph Addison, 1672-1719.	Leigh Hunt, 1784-1859.
Richard Steele, 1672-1729	Thomas Carlyle, 1795-1881.
Oliver Goldsmith, 1728-1774	T. B. Macaulay, 1800-1859.

### EXERCISES

#### FRANCIS BACON, VISCOUNT ST ALBANS

##### OF MARRIAGE AND SINGLE LIFE

HE that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men, which both in affection and means have married and endowed the public. Yet it were great reason that those that have children should have greatest care of future times, unto which they know they must transmit their dearest pledges. Some there are who, though they lead a single life, yet their thoughts do end with themselves, and account future times impertinences; nay, there are some other that account wife and children but as bills of charges, nay more, there are some foolish rich covetous men, that take a pride in having no children, because they may be thought so much the richer; for, perhaps they have heard some talk, "Such an one is a great rich man," and another except to it, "Yea, but he hath a great charge of children"; as if it were an abatement to his riches; but the most ordinary cause of a single life is liberty, especially in certain self-pleasing and humorous minds, which are so sensible of every restraint, as they will go near to think their girdles and garters to be bonds and shackles. Unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants; but not always best subjects, for they are light to run away, and almost all fugitives are of that condition. A single life doth well with churchmen, for charity will hardly water the ground where it must first fill a pool. It is indifferent for judges and

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magistrates ; for if they be facile and corrupt, you shall have a servant five times worse than a wife. For soldiers, I find the generals commonly, in their hortatives, put men in mind of their wives and children ; and I think the despising of marriage amongst the Turks maketh the vulgar soldier more base. Certainly wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity ; and single men, though they be many times more charitable, because their means are less exhaust, yet, on the other side, they are more cruel and hard-hearted (good to make severe inquisitors), because their tenderness is not so oft called upon. Grave natures, led by custom, and therefore constant, are commonly loving husbands, as was said of Ulysses, "*Vetulam suam prae tulit immortalitati*" Chaste women are often proud and froward, as presuming upon the merit of their chastity. It is one of the best bonds, both of chastity and obedience, in the wife, if she think her husband wise, which she will never do if she find him jealous. Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses, so as a man may have a quarrel to marry when he will : but yet he was reputed one of the wise men that made answer to the question when a man should marry : "A young man not yet, an elder man not at all." It is often seen that bad husbands have very good wives ; whether it be that it raiseth the price of their husbands' kindness when it comes, or that the wives take a pride in their patience, but this never fails, if the bad husbands were of their own choosing, against their friends' consent, for then they will be sure to make good their own folly.

### OF DELAYS

Fortune is like the market, where many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall ; and again, it is sometimes like Sibylla's offer, which at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price ; for occasion (as it is in the common verse) "turneth a bald noddle after she hath presented her locks in front, and no hold taken", or, at least, turneth the handle of the bottle first to be received, and after the belly, which is hard to clasp. There is surely no greater wisdom than well to time the beginnings and onsets of things. Dangers are no more light, if they once seem light ; and more dangers have deceived men than forced them ; nay, it were better to meet some dangers half-way, though they come nothing near, than to keep too long a watch upon their approaches ; for if a man watch too long, it is odds he will fall asleep. On the other side, to be deceived with too long shadows (as some have been when the moon was low, and shone on their enemies' back), and so to shoot off before the time ; or to teach dangers to come on by over early buckling towards them, is another extreme. The ripeness or unripeness of the occasion (as we said) must ever be well weighed ; and generally it is good to commit the beginnings of

all great actions to Argus with his hundred eyes, and the ends to Briareus with his hundred hands ; first to watch and then to speed ; for the helmet of Pluto, which maketh the politic man go invisible, is secrecy in the council, and celerity in the execution ; for when things are once come to the execution, there is no secrecy comparable to celerity, like the motion of a bullet in the air, which flieth so swift as it outruns the eye

OF YOUTH AND AGE

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time, but that happeneth rarely. Generally, youth is like the first cogitations, not so wise as the second. for there is a youth in thoughts, as well as in ages ; and yet the invention of young men is more lively than that of old, and imaginations stream into their minds better, and, as it were, more divinely. Natures that have much heat, and great and violent desires and perturbations, are not ripe for action till they have passed the meridian of their years : as it was with Julius Cæsar and Septimius Severus ; of the latter of whom it is said, "*Juventutem egit erroribus, imo furoribus plenam*" ; and yet he was the ablest emperor, almost, of all the list ; but reposed natures may do well in youth, as it is seen in Augustus Cæsar, Cosmus duke of Florence, Gaston de Foix, and others. On the other side, heat and vivacity in age is an excellent composition for business. Young men are fitter to invent than to judge, fitter for execution than for counsel, and fitter for new projects than for settled business. for the experience of age, in things that fall within the compass of it, directeth them, but in new things abuseth them. The errors of young men are the ruin of business ; but the errors of aged men amount but to this, that more might have been done, or sooner.

Young men, in the conduct and manage of actions, embrace more than they can hold, stir more than they can quiet, fly to the end, without consideration of the means and degrees ; pursue some few principles which they have chanced upon absurdly ; care not to innovate, which draws unknown inconveniences ; use extreme remedies at first ; and that, which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or retract them, like an unready horse, that will not neither stop nor turn. Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success. Certainly it is good to compound employments of both ; for that will be good for the present, because the virtues of either age may correct the defects of both, and good for succession, that young men may be learners, while men in age are actors ; and, lastly, good for externe accidents, because authority followeth old men, and favour and popularity youth : but, for the moral part,

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perhaps, youth will have the pre-eminence, as age hath for the politic. A certain rabbin, upon the text, "Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams," inferreth that young men are admitted nearer to God than old, because vision is a clearer revelation than a dream; and certainly, the more a man drinketh of the world, the more it intoxicateth: and age doth profit rather in the powers of understanding, than in the virtues of the will and affections. There be some have an over-early ripeness in their years, which fadeth betimes: these are, first, such as have brittle wits, the edge whereof is soon turned. such as was Hermogenes the rhetorician, whose books are exceeding subtle, who afterwards waxed stupid: a second sort is of those that have some natural dispositions, which have better grace in youth than in age; such as is a fluent and luxuriant speech, which becomes youth well, but not age: so Tully saith of Hortensius, "*Idem manebat, neque idem decebat*". the third is of such as take too high a strain at the first, and are magnanimous more than tract of years can uphold; as was Scipio Africanus, of whom Livy saith, in effect, "*Ultima primis cedebant*."

### OF STUDIES

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring, for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgement and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one: but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgement wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar. they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested, that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man; and therefore, if a man write

little, he had need have a great memory ; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit ; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise ; poets, witty ; the mathematics, subtil ; natural philosophy, deep ; moral, grave ; logic and rhetoric, able to contend : "Abeunt studia in mores" ; nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies : like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises ; bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like ; so if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics ; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again ; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find difference, let him study the schoolmen, for they are "Cymini sectores" If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases ; so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt

## OF ADVERSITY

It was a high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics), that, "the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired" ("Bona rerum secundarum optabilia, adversarum mirabilia") Certainly, if miracles be the command over nature, they appear most in adversity. It is yet a higher speech of his than the other (much too high for a heathen), "It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man, and the security of a God" ("Vere magnum habere fragilitatem hominis, securitatem Dei") This would have done better in poesy, where transcendencies are more allowed ; and the poets, indeed, have been busy with it ; for it is in effect the thing which is figured in that strange fiction of the ancient poets, which seemeth not to be without mystery ; nay, and to have some approach to the state of a Christian, "that Hercules, when he went to unbind Prometheus (by whom human nature is represented), sailed the length of the great ocean in an earthen pot or pitcher," lively describing Christian resolution, that saileth in the frail bark of the flesh through the waves of the world But to speak in a mean, the virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity is fortitude, which in morals is the more heroical virtue Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols ; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes ; and adversity is not without

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comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground : judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed, or crushed : for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

### OF GARDENS

God Almighty first planted a garden, and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures ; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man ; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks : and a man shall ever see, that, when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely ; as if gardening were the greater perfection. I do hold it in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be gardens for all the months in the year, in which, severally, things of beauty may be then in season.

### JOHN MILTON

#### THE CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS

I DENY not, but that it is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men ; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors ; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are ; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth ; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book : who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image, but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth ; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss ; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books ; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom ; and if it extend

to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life . . .

"To the pure all things are pure"; not only meats, and drinks, but all kinds of knowledge, whether of good or evil; the knowledge cannot defile, nor consequently the books, if the will and conscience be not defiled. For books are as meats and viands are; some of good, some of evil substance; and yet God, in that unapocryphal vision, said without exception, "Rise, Peter, kill and eat"; leaving the choice to each man's discretion. Wholesome meats to a vitiated stomach differ little or nothing from unwholesome; and best books to a naughty mind are not unapplicable to occasions of evil. Bad meats will scarce breed good nourishment in the healthiest concoction; but herein the difference is of bad books, that they to a discreet and judicious reader serve in many respects to discover, to confute, to forewarn, and to illustrate. And again, if it be true that a wise man, like a good refiner, can gather gold out of the drossiest volume, and that a fool will be a fool with the best book, yea, or without book, there is no reason that we should deprive a wise man of any advantage to his wisdom, while we seek to restrain from a fool that which being restrained will be no hindrance to his folly . . .

If we think to regulate printing, thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and doric. There must be licensing dancers, that no gesture, motion, or deportment be taught our youth, but what by their allowance shall be thought honest. It will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes, the violins, and the guitars in every house: they must not be suffered to prattle as they do, but must be licensed what they may say. And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers? The windows also, and the balconies must be thought on;—there are shrewd books with dangerous frontispieces set to sale; who shall prohibit them? shall twenty licensers?

#### THE POET HIMSELF AS A POEM

Whereof not to be sensible when good and fair in one person meet, argues both a gross and shallow judgement, and withal an ungentle and swinish breast: for by the firm settling of these persuasions, I became to my best memory so much a proficient, that if I found those authors anywhere speaking unworthy things of themselves, or unchaste of those names which before they had extolled; this effect it wrought with me, from that time forward their art I still applauded, but the men I deplored; and above them all, preferred the two famous renowners of Beatrice and Laura, who never write but



honour of them to whom they devote their verse, displaying sublime and pure thoughts without transgression. And long it was not after when I was confirmed in this opinion that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem ; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things ; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men, or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy. These reasonings, together with a certain niceness of nature, an honest haughtiness, and self-esteem either of what I was, or what I might be (which let envy call pride), and lastly that modesty, whereof though not in the titlepage, yet here I may be excused to make some becoming profession, all these uniting the supply of their natural aid together, kept me still above those low descents of mind, beneath which he must deject and plunge himself, that can agree to salable and unlawful prostitutions. Next (for hear me out now, readers), that I may tell ye whither my younger feet wandered ; I betook me among those lofty fables and romances which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious kings, and from hence had in renown over all Christendom. There I read it in, the oath of every knight that he should defend to the expense of his best blood, or of his life, if it so befel him, the honour and chastity of virgin or matron ; from whence even then I learned what a noble virtue chastity sure must be, to the defence of which so many worthies, by such a dear adventure of themselves, had sworn ; and if I found in the story afterward, any of them by word or deed breaking that oath, I judged it the same fault of the poet as that which is attributed to Homer, to have written indecent things of the gods. only this my mind gave me, that every free and gentle spirit, without that oath, ought to be born a knight, nor needed to expect the gilt spur, or the laying of a sword upon his shoulder to stir him up both by his counsel and his arm, to secure and protect the weakness of any attempted chastity.

X JOHN BUNYAN

#### VANITY FAIR

THEN I saw in my dream, that when they were got out of the wilderness, they presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is *Vanity* ; and at the town there is a fair kept, called *Vanity Fair* : it is kept all the year long ; it beareth the name of *Vanity Fair*, because the town where it is kept is lighter than vanity ; and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity. As is the saying of the wise, *all that cometh is vanity*

This fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing ; I will shew you the original of it.

Almost five thousand years ago, there were pilgrims walking to the *Celestial City*, as these two honest persons are: and *Beelzebub*, *Apollyon*, and *Legion*, with their companions, perceiving by the path that the pilgrims made, that their way to the city lay through this town of *Vanity*, they contrived here to set up a fair; a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity, and that it should last all the year long: therefore at this fair are all such merchandises sold, as houses, lands, trades, places, honours, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures, and delights of all sorts, as whores, bawds, wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not.

And, moreover, at this fair there is at all times to be seen juggling cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind.

Here are to be seen, too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, adulteries, false swearers, and that of a blood-red colour.

And, as in other fairs of less moment, there are the several rows and streets, under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended; so here likewise you have the proper places, rows, streets, (viz, countries and kingdoms), where the wares of this fair are soonest to be found. Here is the *Britain Row*, the *French Row*, the *Italian Row*, the *Spanish Row*, the *German Row*, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold. But, as in other fairs, some one commodity is as the chief of all the fair, so the ware of *Rome* and her merchandise is greatly promoted in this fair, only our *English* nation, with some others, have taken a dislike thereto.

Now, as I said, the way to the *Celestial City* lies just through this town where this lusty fair is kept, and he that will go to the city, and yet not go through this town, must needs go out of the world. The Prince of princes himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that upon a fair day too; yea, and as I think, it was *Beelzebub*, the chief lord of this fair, that invited him to buy of his vanities; yea, would have made him lord of the fair, would he but have done him reverence as he went through the town. Yea, because he was such a person of honour, *Beelzebub* had him from street to street, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a little time, that he might, if possible, allure the Blessed One to cheapen and buy some of his vanities; but he had no mind to the merchandise, and therefore left the town, without laying out so much as one farthing upon these vanities. This fair, therefore, is an ancient thing, of long standing, and a very great fair. Now these pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this fair. Well, so they did: but, behold, even as they entered into the fair, all the people in the fair were moved, and the town itself as it were in a hubbub about them; and that for several reasons: for—

*First*, The pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people,

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therefore, of the fair, made a great gazing upon them : some said they were fools, some they were bedlams, and some they are outlandish men.

*Secondly*, And as they wondered at their apparel, so they did likewise at their speech ; for few could understand what they said ; they naturally spoke the language of Canaan, but they that kept the fair were the men of this world ; so that, from one end of the fair to the other, they seemed barbarians each to the other.

*Thirdly*, But that which did not a little amuse the merchandisers was, that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares ; they cared not so much as to look upon them ; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers in their ears, and cry, *Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity*, and look upwards, signifying that their trade and traffic was in heaven

One chanced mockingly, beholding the carriage of the men, to say unto them, What will ye buy ? But they, looking gravely upon him, answered, *We buy the truth* At that there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more, some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to smite them. At last things came to a hubbub add great stir in the fair, insomuch that all order was confounded Now was word presently brought to the great one of the fair, who quickly came down, and deputed some of his most trusty friends to take these men into examination, about whom the fair was almost overturned So the men were brought to examination, and they that sat upon them, asked them whence they came, whither they went, and what they did there, in such an unusual garb ? The men told them that they were pilgrims and strangers in the world, and that they were going to their own country, which was 'the heavenly *Jerusalem*, and that they had given no occasion to the men of the town, nor yet to the merchandisers, thus to abuse them, and to let<sup>1</sup> them in their journey, except it was for that, when one asked them what they would buy, they said they would buy the truth But they that were appointed to examine them did not believe them to be any other than bedlams and mad, or else such as came to put all things into a confusion in the fair Therefore they took them and beat them, and besmeared them with dirt, and then put them into the cage, that they might be made a spectacle to all the men of the fair.

Behold *Vanity Fair* ! the pilgrims there  
Are chain'd and stand beside :  
Even so it was our Lord pass'd here,  
And on Mount Calvary died

There, therefore, they lay for some time, and were made the objects of any man's sport, or malice, or revenge. the great one of

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<sup>1</sup> Hinder.

the fair laughing still at all that befell them. But the men being patient, and not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise, blessing, and giving good words for bad, and kindness for injuries done, some men in the fair that were more observing, and less prejudiced than the rest, began to check and blame the baser sort for their continual abuses done by them to the men; they, therefore, in angry manner, let fly at them again, counting them as bad as the men in the cage, and telling them that they seemed confederates, and should be made partakers of their misfortunes. The other replied that, for aught they could see, the men were quiet, and sober, and intended nobody any harm; and that there were many that traded in their fair that were more worthy to be put into the cage, yea, and pillory too, than were the men they had abused. Thus, after divers words had passed on both sides, the men behaving themselves all the while very wisely and soberly before them, they fell to some blows among themselves, and did harm one to another. Then were these two poor men brought before their examiners again, and there charged as being guilty of the late hubbub that had been in the fair. So they beat them pitifully, and hanged irons upon them and led them in chains up and down the fair, for an example and a terror to others, lest any should speak in their behalf or join themselves unto them. But *Christian* and *Faithful* behaved themselves yet more wisely, and received the ignominy and shame that was cast upon them, with so much meekness and patience, that it won to their side, though but few in comparison of the rest, several of the men in the fair. This put the other party yet into greater rage, insomuch that they concluded the death of these two men. Wherefore they threatened, that the cage nor irons should serve their turn, but that they should die, for the abuse they had done, and for deluding the men of the fair.

Then were they remanded to the cage again, until further order should be taken with them. So they put them in, and made their feet fast in the stocks.

Here, therefore, they called again to mind what they had heard from their faithful friend *Evangelist*, and were the more confirmed in their way and sufferings by what he told them would happen to them. They also now comforted each other, that whose lot it was to suffer, even he should have the best of it; therefore each man secretly wished that he might have that preferment: but committing themselves to the all-wise disposal of Him that ruleth all things, with much content, they abode in the condition in which they were, until they should be otherwise disposed of.

Then a convenient time being appointed, they brought them forth to their trial, in order to their condemnation. When the time was come, they were brought before their enemies and arraigned. The judge's name was Lord *Hate-good*. Their indictment was one and the same in substance, though somewhat varying in form, the contents whereof were this:—

"That they were enemies to and disturbers of their trade ; that they had made commotions and divisions in the town, and had won a party to their own most dangerous opinions, in contempt of the law of their prince "

Now, *Faithful*, play the man, speak for thy God .  
 Fear not the wickeds' malice, nor their rod '  
 Speak boldly, man, the truth is on thy side :  
 Die for it, and to life in triumph ride.

Then *Faithful* began to answer, that he had only set himself against that which hath set itself against Him that is higher than the highest And, said he, as for disturbance, I make none, being myself a man of peace , the parties that were won to us, were won by beholding our truth and innocence, and they are only turned from the worse to the better And as to the king you talk of, since he is *Beelzebub*, the enemy of our Lord I defy him and all his angels

Then proclamation was made, that they that had aught to say for their lord the king against the prisoner at the bar, should forthwith appear and give in their evidence So there came in three witnesses, to wit, *Envy*, *Superstition*, and *Puckthank* They were then asked if they knew the prisoner at the bar , and what they had to say for their lord the king against him

Then stood forth *Envy*, and said to this effect . My Lord, I have known this man a long time, and will attest upon my oath before this honourable bench that he is— —

*Judge* Hold ! Give him his oath (So they swore him.) Then he said—

*Envy*. My Lord, this man, notwithstanding his plausible name, is one of the vilest men in our country He neither regardeth prince nor people, law nor custom ; but doth all that he can to possess all men with certain of his disloyal notions, which he in the general calls principles of faith and holiness And, in particular, I heard him once myself affirm that Christianity and the customs of our town of *Vanity* were diametrically opposite, and could not be reconciled. By which saying, my Lord, he doth at once not only condemn all our laudable doings, but us in the doing of them.

*Judge* Then did the Judge say to him, Hast thou any more to say ?

*Envy*. My Lord, I could say much more, only I would not be tedious to the court Yet, if need be, when the other gentlemen have given in their evidence, rather than anything shall be wanting that will despatch him, I will enlarge my testimony against him. So he was bid to stand by.

Then they called *Superstition*, and bid him look upon the prisoner. They also asked, what he could say for their lord the king against him. Then they swore him ; so he began.

*Super*. My Lord, I have no great acquaintance with this man, nor do I desire to have further knowledge of him ; however, this I know,

that he is a very pestilent fellow, from some discourse that, the other day, I had with him in this town ; for then, talking with him, I heard him say, that our religion was nought, and such by which a man could by no means please God Which sayings of his, my Lord, your Lordship very well knows, what necessarily thence will follow, to wit, that we do still worship in vain, are yet in our sins, and finally shall be damned ; and this is that which I have to say.

Then was *Pickthank* sworn, and bid say what he knew, in behalf of their lord the king, against the prisoner at the bar.

*Pick.* My Lord, and you gentlemen all, This fellow I have known of a long time, and have heard him speak things that ought not to be spoke ; for he hath railed on our noble prince *Beelzebub*, and hath spoken contemptibly of his honourable friends, whose names are the Lord *Old Man*, the Lord *Carnal Delight*, the Lord *Luxurious*, the Lord *Desire of Vain Glory*, my old Lord *Lechery*, Sir *Having Greedy*, with all the rest of our nobility ; and he hath said, moreover, That if all men were of his mind, if possible, there is not one of these noblemen should have any longer a being in this town Besides, he hath not been afraid to rail on you, my Lord, who are now appointed to be his judge, calling you an ungodly villain, with many other such like vilifying terms, with which he hath bespattered most of the gentry of our town.

When this *Pickthank* had told his tale, the Judge directed his speech to the prisoner at the bar, saying, Thou runagate, heretic, and traitor, hast thou heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee ?

*Faith.* May I speak a few words in my own defence ?

*Judge.* Sirrah ! sirrah ! thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place ; yet, that all men may see our gentleness towards thee, let us hear what thou, vile runagate, hast to say.

*Faith.* 1 I say, then, in answer to what Mr *Envy* hath spoken, I never said aught but this, That what rule, or laws, or customs, or people, were flat against the Word of God, are diametrically opposite to Christianity If I have said amiss in this, convince me of my error, and I am ready here before you to make my recantation.

2. As to the second, to wit, Mr *Superstition*, and his charge against me, I said only this, That in the worship of God there is required a Divine faith ; but there can be no Divine faith without a Divine revelation of the will of God Therefore, whatever is thrust into the worship of God that is not agreeable to Divine revelation, cannot be done but by a human faith, which faith will not be profitable to eternal life.

3. As to what Mr *Pickthank* hath said, I say (avoiding terms, as that I am said to rail, and the like) that the prince of this town, with all the rabblement, his attendants, by this gentleman named, are more fit for a being in hell, than in this town and country . and so the Lord have mercy upon me !

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Then the Judge called to the jury, (who all this while stood by, to hear and observe :) Gentlemen of the jury, you see this man about whom so great an uproar hath been made in this town. You have also heard what these worthy gentlemen have witnessed against him. Also you have heard his reply and confession. It lieth now in your breasts to hang him or save his life ; but yet I think meet to instruct you into our law.

There was an Act made in the days of Pharaoh the Great, servant to our prince, that lest those of a contrary religion should multiply and grow too strong for him, their males should be thrown into the river. There was also an Act made in the days of Nebuchadnezzar the Great, another of his servants, that whosoever would not fall down and worship his golden image, should be thrown into a fiery furnace. There was also an Act made in the days of Darius, that whoso, for some time, called upon any god but him, should be cast into the lions' den. Now the substance of these laws this rebel has broken, not only in thought, (which is not to be borne,) but also in word and deed, which must therefore needs be intolerable.

For that of Pharaoh, his law was made upon a supposition, to prevent mischief, no crime being yet apparent, but here is a crime apparent. For the second and third, you see he disputeth against our religion ; and for the treason he hath confessed, he deserveth to die the death.

Then went the jury out, whose names were, Mr *Blind-man*, Mr *No-good*, Mr *Malice*, Mr *Love-lust*, Mr *Lwe-loose*, Mr *Heady*, Mr *Hgh-mind*, Mr *Enmity*, Mr *Liar*, Mr *Cruelty*, Mr *Hate-light*, and Mr *Implacable* ; who every one gave in his private verdict against him among themselves, and afterwards unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty before the Judge. And first, among themselves, Mr *Blind-man*, the foreman, said, I see clearly that this man is a heretic. Then said Mr *No-good*, Away with such a fellow from the earth. Ay, said Mr *Malice*, for I hate the very looks of him. Then said Mr *Love-lust*, I could never endure him. Nor I, said Mr *Lwe-loose*, for he would always be condemning my way. Hang him, hang him, said Mr *Heady*. A sorry scrub, said Mr *Hgh-mind*. My heart riseth against him, said Mr *Enmity*. He is a rogue, said Mr *Liar*. Hanging is too good for him, said Mr *Cruelty*. Let us despatch him out of the way, said Mr *Hate-light*. Then said Mr *Implacable*, Might I have all the world given me, I could not be reconciled to him ; therefore, let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death. And so they did ; therefore he was presently condemned to be had from the place where he was, to the place from whence he came, and there to be put to the most cruel death that could be invented.

They, therefore, brought him out, to do with him according to their law ; and, first, they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they lanced his flesh with knives ; after that, they stoned him with stones, then pricked him with their swords ; and, last of all, they burned him to ashes at the stake. Thus came *Faithful* to his end.

Now I saw that there stood behind the multitude a chariot and a couple of horses, waiting for *Faithful*, who (so soon as his adversaries had despatched him) was taken up into it, and straightway was carried up through the clouds, with sound of trumpet, the nearest way to the *Celestial Gate*.

Brave *Faithful*, bravely done in word and deed ;  
Judge, witnesses, and jury have, instead  
Of overcoming thee, but shewn their rage :  
When they are dead, thou'lt live from age to age.

But as for *Christian*, he had some respite, and was remanded back to prison. So he there remained for a space ; but He that overrules all things, having the power of their rage in his own hand, so wrought it about, that *Christian* for that time escaped them, and went his way.

### JONATHAN SWIFT

#### THE STRULDBRUGS, OR IMMORTALS

THE Luggnaggians are a polite and generous people, and although they are not without some share of that pride which is peculiar to all Eastern countries, yet they show themselves courteous to strangers, especially such who are countenanced by the court. I had many acquaintance among persons of the best fashion, and being always attended by my interpreter, the conversation we had was not disagreeable.

One day in much good company I was asked by a person of quality, whether I had seen any of their Struldbugs, or Immortals. I said I had not, and desired he would explain to me what he meant by such an appellation applied to a mortal creature. He told me, that sometimes, though very rarely, a child happened to be born in a family with a red circular spot in the forehead, directly over the left eyebrow, which was an infallible mark that it should never die. The spot, as he described it, was about the compass of a silver threepence, but in the course of time grew larger, and changed its colour ; for at twelve years old it became green, so continued till five and twenty, then turned to a deep blue ; at five and forty it grew coal black, and as large as an English shilling, but never admitted any further alteration. He said these births were so rare, that he did not believe there could be above eleven hundred struldbugs of both sexes in the whole kingdom, of which he computed about fifty in the metropolis, and among the rest a young girl born about three years ago. That these productions were not peculiar to any family, but a mere effect of chance ; and the children of the struldbugs themselves, were equally mortal with the rest of the people.



I freely own myself to have been struck with inexpressible delight upon hearing this account ; and the person who gave it me happening to understand the Balnibarbian language, which I spoke very well, I could not forbear breaking out into expressions perhaps a little too extravagant. I cried out as in a rapture ; Happy nation where every child hath at least a chance for being immortal ! Happy people who enjoy so many living examples of ancient virtue, and have masters ready to instruct them in the wisdom of all former ages ! but, happiest beyond all comparison are those excellent struldbrugs, who being born exempt from that universal calamity of human nature, have their minds free and disengaged, without the weight and depression of spirits caused by the continual apprehension of death. I discovered my admiration that I had not observed any of these illustrious persons at court ; the black spot on the forehead being so remarkable a distinction, that I could not have easily overlooked it ; and it was impossible that his Majesty, a most judicious prince, should not provide himself with a good number of such wise and able counsellors. Yet perhaps the virtue of those reverend sages was too strict for the corrupt and libertine manners of a court. And we often find by experience that young men are too opinionative and volatile to be guided by the sober dictates of their seniors. However, since the King was pleased to allow me access to his royal person, I was resolved upon the very first occasion to deliver my opinion to him on this matter freely, and at large by the help of my interpreter, and whether he would please to take my advice or no, yet in one thing I was determined, that his Majesty having frequently offered me an establishment in this country I would with great thankfulness accept the favour, and pass my life here in the conversation of those superior beings the struldbrugs, if they would please to admit me.

The gentleman to whom I addressed my discourse, because (as I have already observed) he spoke the language of Balnibarbi, said to me with a sort of a smile, which usually ariseth from pity to the ignorant, that he was glad of any occasion to keep me among them, and desired my permission to explain to the company what I had spoke. He did so, and they talked together for some time in their own language, whereof I understood not a syllable, neither could I observe by their countenances what impression my discourse had made on them. After a short silence, the same person told me, that his friends and mine (so he thought fit to express himself) were very much pleased with the judicious remarks I had made on the great happiness and advantages of immortal life ; and they were desirous to know in a particular manner, what scheme of living I should have formed to myself, if it had fallen to my lot to have been born a struldbrug.

I answered, it was easy to be eloquent on so copious and delightful a subject, especially to me who have been often apt to amuse myself with visions of what I should do if I were a king, a general, or a great

lord ; and upon this very case I had frequently run over the whole system how I should employ myself, and pass the time if I were sure to live for ever

That, if it had been my good fortune to come into the world a struldbrug, as soon as I could discover my own happiness by understanding the difference between life and death, I would first resolve by all arts and methods whatsoever to procure myself riches. In the pursuit of which by thrift and management, I might reasonably expect in about two hundred years, to be the wealthiest man in the kingdom. In the second place, I would from my earliest youth apply myself to the study of arts and sciences, by which I should arrive in time to excel all others in learning. Lastly I would carefully record every action and event of consequence that happened in the public, impartially draw the characters of the several successions of princes and great ministers of state, with my own observations on every point. I would exactly set down the several changes in customs, language, fashions of dress, diet and diversions. By all which acquirements, I should be a living treasury of knowledge and wisdom, and certainly become the oracle of the nation. I would never marry after threescore, but live in an hospitable manner, yet still on the saving side. I would entertain myself in forming and directing the minds of hopeful young men, by convincing them from my own remembrance, experience and observation, fortified by numerous examples of the usefulness of virtue in public and private life. But my choice and constant companions should be a set of my own immortal brotherhood, among whom I would elect a dozen from the most ancient down to my own contemporaries. Where any of these wanted fortunes, I would provide them with convenient lodges round my own estate, and have some of them always at my table, only mingling a few of the most valuable among you mortals, whom length of time would harden me to lose with little or no reluctance, and treat your posterity after the same manner ; just as a man diverts himself with the annual succession of pinks and tulips in his garden, without regretting the loss of those which withered the preceding year.

These struldbrugs and I would mutually communicate our observations and memorials through the course of time, remark the several gradations by which corruption steals into the world, and oppose it in every step by giving perpetual warning and instruction to mankind ; which, added to the strong influence of our own example, would probably prevent that continual degeneracy of human nature so justly complained of in all ages.

Add to all this, the pleasure of seeing the various revolutions of states and empires, the changes in the lower and upper world, ancient cities in ruins, and obscure villages become the seats of kings. Famous rivers lessening into shallow brooks, the ocean leaving one coast dry, and overwhelming another ; the discovery of many countries yet unknown. Barbarity overrunning the politest

nations, and the most barbarous become civilized. I should then see the discovery of the longitude, the perpetual motion, the universal medicine, and many other great inventions brought to the utmost perfection.

What wonderful discoveries should we make in astronomy, by outliving and confirming our own predictions, by observing the progress and returns of comets, with the changes of motion in the sun, moon and stars.

I enlarged upon many other topics, which the natural desire of endless life and sublunary happiness could easily furnish me with. When I had ended, and the sum of my discourse had been interpreted as before, to the rest of the company, there was a good deal of talk among them in the language, not without some laughter at my expense. At last the same gentleman who had been my interpreter said, he was desired by the rest to set me right in a few mistakes, which I had fallen into through the common imbecility of human nature, and upon that allowance was less answerable for them. That this breed of struldbrugs was peculiar to their country, for there were no such people either in Balnibarbi or Japan, where he had the honour to be ambassador from his Majesty, and found the natives in both those kingdoms very hard to believe that the fact was possible, and it appeared from my astonishment when he first mentioned the matter to me, that I received it as a thing wholly new, and scarcely to be credited. That in the two kingdoms above mentioned where during his residence he had conversed very much, he observed long life to be the universal desire and wish of mankind. That whoever had one foot in the grave, was sure to hold back the other as strongly as he could. That the oldest had still hopes of living one day longer, and looked on death as the greatest evil, from which nature always prompted him to retreat; only in this island of Luggnagg the appetite for living was not so eager, from the continual example of the struldbrugs before their eyes.

That the system of living contrived by me was unreasonable and unjust, because it supposed a perpetuity of youth, health, and vigour, which no man could be so foolish to hope, however extravagant he may be in his wishes. That the question therefore was not whether a man would choose to be always in the prime of youth, attended with prosperity and health, but how he would pass a perpetual life under all the usual disadvantages which old age brings along with it. For although few men will avow their desires of being immortal upon such hard conditions, yet in the two kingdoms before mentioned of Balnibarbi and Japan, he observed that every man desired to put off death for some time longer, let it approach ever so late; and he rarely heard of any man who died willingly, except he were incited by the extremity of grief or torture. And he appealed to me whether in those countries I had travelled as well as my own, I had not observed the same general disposition.

After this preface, he gave me a particular account of the struld-

brugs among them. He said they commonly acted like mortals, till about thirty years old, after which by degrees they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore. This he learned from their own confession ; for otherwise there not being above two or three of that species born in an age, they were too few to form a general observation by. When they came to fourscore years, which is reckoned the extremity of living in this country, they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more which arose from the dreadful prospect of never dying. They were not only opinionative, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative, but incapable of friendship, and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grandchildren. Envy and impotent desires are their prevailing passions. But those objects against which their envy seems principally directed, are the vices of the younger sort, and the deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former, they find themselves cut off from all possibility of pleasure ; and whenever they see a funeral, they lament and repine that others have gone to a harbour of rest, to which they themselves never can hope to arrive. They have no remembrance of anything but what they learned and observed in their youth and middle age, and even that is very imperfect. And for the truth or particulars of any fact, it is safer to depend on common traditions than upon their best recollections. The least miserable among them appear to be those who turn to dotage, and entirely lose their memories ; these meet with more pity and assistance, because they want many bad qualities which abound in others.

If a struldbrug happen to marry one of his own kind, the marriage is dissolved of course by the courtesy of the kingdom, as soon as the younger of the two comes to be fourscore. For the law thinks it a reasonable indulgence, that those who are condemned without any fault of their own to a perpetual continuance in the world, should not have their misery doubled by the load of a wife.

As soon as they have completed the term of eighty years, they are looked on as dead in law ; their heirs immediately succeed to their estates, only a small pittance is reserved for their support, and the poor ones are maintained at the public charge. After that period they are held incapable of any employment of trust or profit, they cannot purchase land or take leases, neither are they allowed to be witnesses in any cause, either civil or criminal, not even for the decision of meers and bounds.

At ninety they lose their teeth and hair, they have at that age no distinction of taste, but eat and drink whatever they can get, without relish or appetite. The diseases they were subject to still continue without increasing or diminishing. In talking they forget the common appellations of things, and the names of persons, even of those who are their nearest friends and relations. For the same reason, they never can amuse themselves with reading, because their memory will not serve to carry them from the beginning of a sentence

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to the end ; and by this defect they are deprived of the only entertainment whereof they might otherwise be capable.

The language of this country being always upon the flux, the struldbrugs of one age do not understand those of another, neither are they able after two hundred years to hold any conversation (farther than by a few general words) with their neighbours the mortals ; and thus they lie under the disadvantage of living like foreigners in their own country.

This was the account given me of the struldbrugs, as near as I can remember. I afterwards saw five or six of different ages, the youngest not above two hundred years old, who were brought to me at several times by some of my friends ; but although they were told that I was a great traveller, and had seen all the world, they had not the least curiosity to ask me a question ; only desired I would give them slumskudask, or a token of remembrance, which is a modest way of begging, to avoid the law that strictly forbids it, because they are provided for by the public, although indeed with a very scanty allowance

They are despised and hated by all sorts of people , when one of them is born, it is reckoned ominous, and their birth is recorded very particularly , so that you may know their age by consulting the registry, which however hath not been kept above a thousand years past, or at least hath been destroyed by time or public disturbances. But the usual way of computing how old they are, is by asking them what kings or great persons they can remember, and then consulting history, for infallibly the last prince in their mind did not begin his reign after they were fourscore years old

They were the most mortifying sight I ever beheld, and the women more horrible than the men Besides the usual deformities in extreme old age, they acquired an additional ghastliness in proportion to their number of years, which is not to be described ; and among half a dozen, I soon distinguished which was the eldest, although there was not above a century or two between them.

The reader will easily believe, that from what I had heard and seen, my keen appetite for perpetuity of life was much abated. I grew heartily ashamed of the pleasing visions I had formed, and thought no tyrant could invent a death into which I would not run with pleasure from such a life The King heard of all that had passed between me and my friends upon this occasion, and rallied me very pleasantly, wishing I would send a couple of struldbrugs to my own country, to arm our people against the fear of death ; but this it seems is forbidden by the fundamental laws of the kingdom, or else I should have been well content with the trouble and expense of transporting them

I could not but agree that the laws of this kingdom, relating to the struldbrugs, were founded upon the strongest reasons, and such as any other country would be under the necessity of enacting in the like circumstances. Otherwise, as avarice is the necessary con-

sequent of old age, those immortals would in time become proprietors of the whole nation, and engross the civil power, which, for want of abilities to manage, must end in the ruin of the public.

RICHARD STEELE

THE SPECTATOR CLUB

*Ast ahi sox*

*Et plures, uno conclamant ore — Juv Sat vii. 1*

THE first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy, and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the reader and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho-square. It is said, he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterward. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed.

His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way upstairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause, by explaining a passage in the game act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another

bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple, a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorous father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures in the neighbourhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool; but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable: as few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New-Inn, crosses through Russell-court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London; a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms: for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favourite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself; and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other

men ; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass, but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges ; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit, who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he had talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world, because he was not fit for it.\* A strict honesty, and an even regular behaviour, are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavour at the same end with himself, the favour of a commander. He will, however, in his way of talk excuse generals, for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it ; for, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him. therefore he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candour does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company, for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him ; nor ever too obsequious, from a habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humorists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures\* of the age, we have amongst us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life, but having been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces on his brain. His person is well turned, and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches



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our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; . . . and whose vanity to show her foot made, that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such an occasion, he will tell you, when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten—another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance, or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of, as one of our company; for he visits us but seldom; but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently, cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore among divines what a chamber-counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interest in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

JOSEPH ADDISON

### THE VISION OF MIRZAH

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled *The Visions of Mirzah*, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them, and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows

“On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of

my forefathers, I always kept holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow, and life a dream.' Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard: they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence that is due to a superior nature, and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirzah,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'That bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is human life: consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it

consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me further,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon farther examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches; but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them, but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with pill-boxes, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The genius, seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it; 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time?' I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the genius, 'are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that invest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh; 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with a supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it inasmuch that I could discover nothing in it. but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of the fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the seashore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirzah, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, 'Shew me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hidden under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the

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arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

### POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS

*Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,  
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides?*

HOR., 2 Ep. ii. 208.

Visions and magic spells, can you despise,  
And laugh at witches, ghosts, and prodigies?

Going yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a strange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended some misfortune to themselves or to their children. At her coming into the room, I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no sooner sat down, but, after having looked upon me a little while, "My dear," says she, turning to her husband, "you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night." Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her that he was to go into joint-hand on Thursday. "Thursday," says she, "No, child; if it please God, you shall not begin upon Childermas day; tell your writing-master that Friday will be soon enough." I was reflecting with myself on the oddness of her fancy, and wondering that anybody would establish it as a rule, to lose a day in every week. In the midst of these my musings, she desired me to reach her a little salt upon the point of my knife, which I did in such a trepidation and hurry of obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which she immediately startled, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider myself, with some confusion, as a person that had brought a disaster upon the family. The lady, however, recovering herself after a little space, said to her husband with a sigh, "My dear, misfortunes never come single." My friend, I found, acted but an under part at his table, and, being a man of more good nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humours of his yoke-fellow. "Do not you remember, child," says she, "that the pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table?"—"Yes," says he, "my dear, and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza." The reader may guess at the figure I made, after having done all this mischief. I dispatched my dinner as soon as I could, with my usual taciturnity; when to my utter confusion

the lady seeing me quitting my knife and fork, and laying them across one another upon my plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that figure, and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary superstition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the house, I disposed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect. For which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale, and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A screech owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers: nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics. A rusty nail, or a crooked pin, shoot up into prodigies.

An old maid that is troubled with the vapours produces infinite disturbances of this kind, among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt of a great family, who is one of these antiquated Sibyls, that forebodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions, and hearing death-watches; and was the other day almost frightened out of her wits by the great house dog that howled in the stable, at a time when she lay ill of the toothache. Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life; and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death (or indeed of any future evil), and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy; it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of

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everything that can befall me. I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind, and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events and governs futurity. He sees, at one view, the whole thread of my existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to His care; when I awake, I give myself up to His direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to Him for help, and question not but He will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it, because I am sure that He knows them both, and that He will not fail to comfort and support me under them.

### SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY. SIR ROGER AT CHURCH

*Ἀθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεοῦς, νόμῳ ὡς διάκειται,  
τίμα—*

PYTHAGORAS.

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish-politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer Book: and at the

same time employed an itinerant singing master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms ; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself ; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions : sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing-psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it ; sometimes when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times to the same prayer, and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour ; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side ; and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church ; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechizing day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given to him next day for his encouragement ; and sometimes accompanies it with a fitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place ; and, that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and con-



tentions that rise between the parson and the 'squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the 'squire, and the 'squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The 'squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them almost in every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the 'squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half-year; and the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

## OLIVER GOLDSMITH

### THE MAN IN BLACK

THOUGH fond of many acquaintances, I desire an intimacy only with a few. The Man in Black, whom I have often mentioned, is one whose friendship I could wish to acquire, because he possesses my esteem. His manners, it is true, are tinctured with some strange inconsistencies, and he may be justly termed an humorist in a nation of humorists. Though he is generous even to profusion, he affects to be thought a prodigy of parsimony and prudence; though his conversation be replete with the most sordid and selfish maxims, his heart is dilated with the most unbounded love. I have known him profess himself a man-hater, while his cheek was glowing with compassion; and, while his looks were softened into pity, I have heard him use the language of the most unbounded ill-nature. Some affect humanity and tenderness, others boast of having such dispositions from Nature; but he is the only man I ever knew who seemed ashamed of his natural benevolence. He takes as much pains to hide his feelings, as any hypocrite would to conceal his indifference, but on every unguarded moment the mask drops off, and reveals him to the most superficial observer.

In one of our late excursions into the country, happening to discourse upon the provision that was made for the poor in England, he seemed amazed how any of his countrymen could be so foolishly weak as to relieve occasional objects of charity, when the laws had made such ample provision for their support. "In every parish-

house," says he, "the poor are supplied with food, clothes, fire, and a bed to lie on; they want no more, I desire no more myself; yet still they seem discontented. I'm surprised at the inactivity of our magistrates in not taking up such vagrants, who are only a weight upon the industrious; I'm surprised that the people are found to relieve them, when they must be at the same time sensible that it, in some measure, encourages idleness, extravagance, and imposture. Were I to advise any man for whom I had the least regard, I would caution him by all means not to be imposed upon by their false pretences: let me assure you, sir, they are impostors, every one of them; and rather merit a prison than relief."

He was proceeding in this strain earnestly, to dissuade me from an imprudence of which I am seldom guilty, when an old man, who still had about him the remnants of tattered finery, implored our compassion. He assured us that he was no common beggar, but forced into the shameful profession to support a dying wife and five hungry children. Being prepossessed against such falsehoods, his story had not the least influence upon me; but it was quite otherwise with the Man in Black; I could see it visibly operate upon his countenance, and effectually interrupt his harangue. I could easily perceive that his heart burned to relieve the five starving children, but he seemed ashamed to discover his weakness to me. While he thus hesitated between compassion and pride, I pretended to look another way, and he seized this opportunity of giving the poor petitioner a piece of silver, bidding him at the same time, in order that I should hear, go work for his bread, and not tease passengers with such impertinent falsehoods for the future.

As he had fancied himself quite unperceived, he continued, as we proceeded, to rail against beggars with as much animosity as before; he threw in some episodes on his own amazing prudence and economy, with his profound skill in discovering impostors; he explained the manner in which he would deal with beggars, were he a magistrate, hinted at enlarging some of the prisons for their reception, and told two stories of ladies that were robbed by beggarmen. He was beginning a third to the same purpose, when a sailor with a wooden leg once more crossed our walks, desiring our pity, and blessing our limbs. I was for going on without taking any notice, but my friend, looking wistfully upon the poor petitioner, bade me stop, and he would show me with how much ease he could at any time detect an impostor.

He now, therefore, assumed a look of importance, and in an angry tone began to examine the sailor, demanding in what engagement he was thus disabled and rendered unfit for service. The sailor replied in a tone as angrily as he, that he had been an officer on board a private ship of war, and that he had lost his leg abroad, in defence of those who did nothing at home. At this reply, all my friend's importance vanished in a moment; he had not a single question more to ask; he now only studied what method he should take to

relieve him unobserved. He had, however, no easy part to act, as he was obliged to preserve the appearance of ill-nature before me, and yet relieve himself by relieving the sailor. Casting, therefore, a furious look upon some bundles of chips which the fellow carried in a string at his back, my friend demanded how he sold his matches ; but not waiting for a reply, desired in a surly tone to have a shilling's worth. The sailor seemed at first surprised at his demand, but soon recollecting himself, and presenting his whole bundle—"Here, master," says he, "take all my cargo, and a blessing into the bargain."

It is impossible to describe with what an air of triumph my friend marched off with his new purchase ; he assured me that he was firmly of opinion that those fellows must have stolen their goods who could thus afford to sell them for half value. He informed me of several different uses to which those chips might be applied ; he expatiated largely upon the savings that would result from lighting candles with a match instead of thrusting them into the fire. He averred that he would as soon have parted with a tooth as his money to those vagabonds, unless for some valuable consideration. I cannot tell how long this panegyric upon frugality and matches might have continued, had not his attention been called off by another object more distressful than either of the former. A woman in rags, with one child in her arms, and another on her back, was attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing or crying. A wretch who in the deepest distress still aimed at good-humour, was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding ; his vivacity and his discourse were instantly interrupted ; upon this occasion his very dissimulation had forsaken him. Even in my presence, he immediately applied his hands to his pockets, in order to relieve her ; but guess his confusion, when he found he had already given away all the money he carried about him to former objects. The misery painted in the woman's visage was not half so strongly expressed as the agony in his. He continued to search for some time, but to no purpose, till, at length, recollecting himself, with a face of ineffable good-nature, as he had no money, he put into her hands his shilling's worth of matches.

#### BEAU TIBBS

Though naturally pensive, yet I am fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty. From this motive I am often found in the centre of a crowd ; and wherever pleasure is to be sold, am always a purchaser. In those places, without being remarked by any, I join in whatever goes forward ; work my passions into a similitude of frivolous earnestness, shout as they shout, and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for awhile below its natural standard, is qualified

for stronger flights, as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigour.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, a friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when my friend, stopping on a sudden, caught me by the elbow, and led me out of the public walk. I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed; we now turned to the right, then to the left, as we went forward, he still went faster, but in vain; the person whom he attempted to escape, hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment; so that at last we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. "My dear Charles," cries he, shaking my friend's hand, "where have you been hiding this half a century? Positively I had fancied you were gone down to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country." During the reply I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion. His hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness, his looks were pale, thin, and sharp, round his neck he wore a broad black ribbon, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass, his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt, and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply, in which he complimented Mr Tibbs on the taste of his clothes, and the bloom in his countenance. "Psha, psha, Charles," cried the figure, "no more of that if you love me; you know I hate flattery, on my soul I do; and yet, to be sure, an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten; and yet, faith, I despise the great as much as you do; but there are a great many honest fellows among them; and we must not quarrel with one half because the other wants breeding. If they were all such as my Lord Mudler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's. My lord was there. 'Ned,' says he to me, 'Ned,' says he, 'I'll hold gold to silver I can tell where you were poaching last night.' 'Poaching, my lord?' says I, 'faith, you have missed already; for I stayed at home, and let the girls poach for me. That's my way, I take a fine woman as some animals do their prey; stand still, and swoop, they fall into my mouth.'"

"Ah, Tibbs, thou art an happy fellow," cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity; "I hope your fortune is as much improved

as your understanding in such company ? ” “ Improved,” replied the other ; “ you shall know—but let it go no further—a great secret—five hundred a year to begin with. My lord’s word of honour for it. His lordship took me down in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a *tête-à-tête* dinner in the country ; where we talked of nothing else.” “ I fancy you forgot, sir,” cried I ; “ you told us but this moment of your dining yesterday in town.” “ Did I say so ? ” replied he coolly. “ To be sure, if I said so it was so. Dined in town : egad, now I do remember, I did dine in town ; but I dined in the country too ; for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. By the bye, I am grown as nice as the devil in my eating I’ll tell you a pleasant affair about that. We were a select party of us to dine at Lady Grogram’s, an affected piece, but let it go no further ; a secret. ‘ Well,’ says I, ‘ I’ll hold a thousand guineas, and say done first, that—’ But, dear Charles, you are an honest creature, lend me half-a-crown for a minute or two, or so, just till— But, harkes, ask me for it the next time we meet, or it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you ”

When he left us, our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character “ His very dress,” cries my friend, “ is not less extraordinary than his conduct. If you meet him this day you find him in rags, if the next, in embroidery. With those persons of distinction, of whom he talks so familiarly, he has scarce a coffee-house acquaintance. However, both for the interests of society, and perhaps for his own, Heaven has made him poor ; and while all the world perceives his wants, he fancies them concealed from every eye. An agreeable companion, because he understands flattery, and all must be pleased with the first part of his conversation, though all are sure of its ending with a demand on their purse. While his youth countenances the levity of his conduct, he may thus earn a precarious subsistence ; but when age comes on, the gravity of which is incompatible with buffoonery, then will he find himself forsaken by all ; condemned, in the decline of life, to hang upon some rich family whom he once despised, there to undergo all the ingenuity of studied contempt, to be employed only as a spy upon the servants, or a hugbear to fright children into duty.”

#### BEAU TIRBS AT HOME

There are some acquaintances whom it is no easy matter to shake off. My little beau yesterday overtook me again in one of the public walks, and, slapping me on the shoulder, saluted me with an air of the most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair ; wore a dirtier shirt, and had on a pair of temple spectacles, and his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be an harmless amusing little thing, I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity ; so we walked forward

on the terms of the utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the usual topics preliminary to particular conversation.

The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear; he bowed to several well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket-book, seeming to take memorandums before all the company, with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole Mall, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at as well as he by every spectator.

When we were got to the end of our procession, "Hang me," cries he, with an air of vivacity, "I never saw the park so thin in my life before; there's no company at all to-day. Not a single face to be seen." "No company," interrupted I, peevishly; "no company where there is such a crowd? Why, man, there is too much. What are the thousands that have been laughing at us but company?" "Lord, my dear," returned he, with the utmost good humour, "you seem immensely chagrined; but, hang me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at all the world, and so we are even. My Lord Trip, Bill Squash, the Creolian, and I, sometimes make a party at being ridiculous, and so we say and do a thousand things for the joke's sake. But I see you are grave; and if you are for a fine grave sentimental companion, you shall dine with my wife to-day; I must insist on't; I'll introduce you to Mrs Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in nature; she was bred, but that's between ourselves, under the inspection of the Countess of Shoreditch. A charming body of voice! But no more of that, she shall give us a song. You shall see my little girl too. Carolina Wilhelma Amelia Tibbs, a sweet pretty creature; I design her for my Lord Drumstick's eldest son; but that's in friendship, let it go no further; she's but six years old, and yet she walks a minuet, and plays on the guitar immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place I'll make her a scholar; I'll teach her Greek myself, and I intend to learn that language purposely to instruct her, but let that be a secret."

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every frequented street; at last, however, we got to the door of a dismal-looking house in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which seemed ever to lie most hospitably open: and I began to ascend an old and creaking staircase, when, as he mounted to show me the way, he demanded whether I delighted in prospects; to which answering in the affirmative, "Then," says he, "I shall show you one of the most charming out

of my windows ; we shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round, tip top, quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one ; but, as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always love to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may come to see me the oftener ”

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney ; and knocking at the door, a voice with a Scotch accent, from within, demanded, “ Wha’s there ? ” My conductor answered that it was him. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand : to which he answered louder than before, and now the door was opened by an old maid-servant with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and turning to the old woman, asked where her lady was ? Good troth,” replied she in the northern dialect, “ she’s washing your twa shirts at the next door because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer ” “ My two shirts ! ” cries he in a tone that faltered with confusion, “ what does the idiot mean ? ” “ I ken what I mean well enough,” replied the other ; “ she’s washing your twa shirts at the next door, because—— ” “ Fire and fury ! no more of thy stupid explanations,” cried he. “ Go and inform her we have got company Were that Scotch hag,” continued he, turning to me, “ to be for ever in the family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of hers, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high life, and yet it is very surprising too, as I had her from a parliament man, a friend of mine, from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world ; but that’s a secret ”

We waited some time for Mrs Tibbs’ arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture ; which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife’s embroidery ; a square table that had been once jappanned, a cradle in one corner, a lumbering cabinet in the other ; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarin without a head, were stuck over the chimney ; and round the walls several paltry, unframed pictures, which, he observed, were all of his own drawing “ What do you think, sir, of that head in the corner, done in the manner of Grisoni ? There’s the true keeping in it ; it’s my own face, and though there happens to be no likeness, a countess offered me an hundred for its fellow : I refused her ; for, hang it, that would be mechanical, you know.”

The wife, at last, made her appearance, at once a slattern and a coquette ; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such odious dishabille, but hoped to be excused, as she had stayed out all night at Vauxhall Gardens with the countess, who was excessively fond of the horns “ And indeed, my dear,” added she, turning to her husband, “ his

lordship drank your health in a bumper " "Poor Jack," cries he, "a dear good-natured creature, I know he loves me; but I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner? You need make no great preparations neither, there are but three of us? something elegant, and little will do; a turbot, an ortolan, or a——" "Or what do you think, my dear," interrupts the wife, "of a nice pretty bit of ox-cheek, piping hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce?" "The very thing," replies he; "it will eat best with some smart bottled beer; but be sure to let's have the sauce his grace was so fond of I hate your immense loads of meat; that is country all over; extreme disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high life"

By this time my curiosity began to abate, and my appetite to increase, the company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and after having shown my respect to the house, by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave Mr Tibbs assuring me that dinner, if I stayed, would be ready at least in less than two hours.

## EDMUND BURKE

### THE DEATH OF HIS SON

HAD it pleased God to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family I should have left a son, who, in all the points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honour, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment, and every liberal accomplishment, would not have shown himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or to any of those whom he traces in his line His grace very soon would have wanted all plausibility in his attack upon that provision which belonged more to mine than to me He would soon have supplied every deficiency, and symmetrized every disproportion It would not have been for that successor to resort to any stagnant wasting reservoir of merit in me, or in any ancestry He had in himself a salient, living spring of generous and manly action Every day he lived he would have re-purchased the bounty of the crown, and ten times more, if ten times more he had received. He was made a public creature; and had no enjoyment whatever but in the performance of some duty At this exigent moment, the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied

But a Disposer whose power we are little able to resist and whose wisdom it behoves us not at all to dispute, has ordained it in another manner, and (whatever my querulous weakness might suggest) a



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far better. The storm has gone over me ; and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours, I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth ! There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognize the Divine justice, and in some degree submit to it. But whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men. The patience of Job is proverbial. After some of the convulsive struggles of our irritable nature, he submitted himself, and repented in dust and ashes. But even so, I do not find him blamed for reprehending, and with a considerable degree of verbal asperity, those ill-natured neighbours of his, who visited his dunghill to read moral, political, and economical lectures on his misery. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my lord, I greatly deceive myself, if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in the world.

JAMES BOSWELL

### A SUMMING UP OF DR JOHNSON

HE loved praise, when it was brought to him, but was too proud to seek for it. He was somewhat susceptible of flattery. As he was general and unconfined in his studies, he cannot be considered as master of any one particular science ; but he had accumulated a vast and varied collection of learning and knowledge, which was so arranged in his mind, as to be ever in readiness to be brought forth. But his superiority over other learned men consisted chiefly in what may be called the art of thinking, the art of using his mind ; a certain continual power of seizing the useful substance of all that he knew, and exhibiting it in a clear and forcible manner ; so that knowledge, which we often see to be no better than lumber in men of dull understanding, was, in him, true, evident, and actual wisdom. His moral precepts are practical, for they are drawn from an intimate acquaintance with human nature. His maxims carry conviction ; or they are founded on the basis of common sense, and a very attentive and minute survey of real life. His mind was so full of imagery, that he might have been perpetually a poet ; yet it is remarkable, that, however rich his prose is in this respect, his poetical pieces, in general, have not much of that splendour, but are rather distinguished by strong sentiment and acute observation, conveyed in harmonious and energetic verse, particularly in heroic couplets. Though usually grave, and even awful, in his deportment, he possessed uncommon and peculiar powers of wit and humour ; he frequently indulged himself in colloquial pleasantry ; and the heartiest merriment was often enjoyed in his company ; with this great advantage,

that, as it was entirely free from any poisonous tincture of vice or impiety, it was salutary to those who shared in it. He had accustomed himself to such accuracy in his common conversation, that he at all times expressed his thoughts with great force, and an elegant choice of language, the effect of which was aided by his having a loud voice, and a slow deliberate utterance. In him were united a most logical head with a most fertile imagination, which gave him an extraordinary advantage in arguing, for he could reason close or wide, as he saw best for the moment. Exulting in his intellectual strength and dexterity, he could, when he pleased be the greatest sophist that ever contended in the lists of declamation, and, from a spirit of contradiction and a delight in showing his powers, he would often maintain the wrong side with equal warmth and ingenuity; so that, when there was an audience, his real opinions could seldom be gathered from his talk; though when he was in company with a single friend, he would discuss a subject with genuine fairness; but he was too conscientious to make error permanent and pernicious, by deliberately writing it; and, in all his numerous works, he earnestly inculcated what appeared to him to be the truth; his piety being constant, and the ruling principle of all his conduct.

Such was Samuel Johnson, a man whose talents, acquirements, and virtues, were so extraordinary, that the more his character is considered, the more he will be regarded by the present age, and by posterity, with admiration and reverence.

## CHARLES LAMB

### MRS BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON WHIST

"A CLEAR fire, a clean hearth,<sup>1</sup> and the rigour of the game" This was the celebrated *wish* of old Sarah Battle (now with God), who, next to her devotions, loved a good game of whist. She was none of your lukewarm gamblers, your half-and-half players, who have no objection to take a hand, if you want one to make up a rubber; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning; that they like to win one game and lose another; that they can while away an hour very agreeably at a card-table, but are indifferent whether they play or no; and will desire an adversary, who has slipped a wrong card, to take it up and play another.<sup>2</sup> These

<sup>1</sup> This was before the introduction of rugs, Reader. You must remember the intolerable crash of the unswept cinders betwixt your foot and the marble.

<sup>2</sup> As if a sportsman should tell you he liked to kill a fox one day and lose him the next.

insufferable triflers are the curse of a table. One of these flies will spoil a whole pot. Of such it may be said that they do not play at cards, but only play at playing at them.

Sarah Battle was none of that breed. She detested them, as I do, from her heart and soul, and would not, save upon a striking emergency, willingly seat herself at the same table with them. She loved a thorough-paced partner, a determined enemy. She took, and gave, no concessions. She hated favours. She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight: cut and thrust. She held not her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She sate bolt upright; and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their superstitions; and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that Hearts was her favourite suit.

I never in my life—and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it—saw her take out her snuff-box when it was her turn to play; or snuff a candle in the middle of the game; or ring for a servant, till it was fairly over. She never introduced, or connived at, miscellaneous conversation during its process. As she emphatically observed, cards were cards; and if I ever saw unmingled distaste in her fine last-century countenance, it was at the airs of a young gentleman of a literary turn, who had been with difficulty persuaded to take a hand; and who, in his excess of candour, declared, that he thought there was no harm in unbending the mind now and then, after serious studies, in recreations of that kind! She could not bear to have her noble occupation, to which she wound up her faculties, considered in that light. It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the world to do,—and she did it. She unbent her mind afterwards—over a book.

Pope was her favourite author: his *Rape of the Lock* her favourite work. She once did me the favour to play over with me (with the cards) his celebrated game of Ombre in that poem; and to explain to me how far it agreed with, and in what points it would be found to differ from, *tradrille*. Her illustrations were apposite and poignant; and I had the pleasure of sending the substance of them to Mr Bowles; but I suppose they came too late to be inserted among his ingenious notes upon that author.

Quadrille, she has often told me, was her first love; but whist had engaged her maturer esteem. The former, she said, was showy and specious, and likely to allure young persons. The uncertainty and quick shifting of partners—a thing which the constancy of whist abhors; the dazzling supremacy and regal investiture of *Spadille*—absurd, as she justly observed, in the pure aristocracy of whist, where his crown and garter give him no proper power above his brother-nobility of the *Aces*;—the giddy vanity, so taking to the inexperienced, of playing alone; above all, the overpowering attractions of a *Sans Prendre Vole*,—to the triumph of which there is certainly nothing parallel or approaching, in the contingencies

of whist;—all these, she would say, make quadrille a game of captivation to the young and enthusiastic. But whist was the *solid* game: that was her word. It was a long meal, not like quadrille, a feast of snatches. One or two rubbers might co-exist in duration with an evening. They gave time to form rooted friendships, to cultivate steady enmities. She despised the chance<sup>d</sup> started, capricious, and ever-fluctuating alliances of the other. The skirmishes of quadrille she would say, reminded her of the petty ephemeral embroilments of the little Italian states, depicted by Machiavel: perpetually changing postures and connexions; bitter foes to-day, sugared darlings to-morrow; kissing and scratching in a breath;—but the wars of whist were comparable to the long, steady, deep-rooted, rational antipathies of the great French and English nations.

A grave simplicity was what she chiefly admired in her favourite game. There was nothing silly in it, like the nob in cribbage—nothing superfluous. No *flushes*—that most irrational of all pleas that a reasonable being can set up.—that any one should claim four by virtue of holding cards of the same mark and colour, without reference to the playing of the game, or the individual worth or pretensions of the cards themselves! She held this to be a solecism; as pitiful an ambition at cards as alliteration is in authorship. She despised superficiality, and looked deeper than the colours of things.—Suits were soldiers, she would say, and must have a uniformity of array to distinguish them: but what should we say to a foolish squire, who should claim a merit from dressing up his tenantry in red jackets; that never were to be marshalled—never to take the field?—She even wished that whist were more simple than it is; and, in my mind, would have stripped it of some appendages, which, in the state of human frailty, may be venially, and even commendably, allowed of. She saw no reason for the deciding of the trump by the turn of the card. Why not one suit always trumps?—Why two colours, when the mark of the suit would have sufficiently distinguished them without it?

“But the eye, my dear madam, is agreeably refreshed with the variety. Man is not a creature of pure reason—he must have his senses delightfully appealed to. We see it in Roman Catholic countries, where the music and the paintings<sup>d</sup> draw in many to worship, whom your quaker spirit of unsensualising would have kept out.—You yourself have a pretty collection of paintings—but confess to me, whether, walking in your gallery at Sandham, among those clear Vandykes, or among the Paul Potters in the ante-room, you ever felt your bosom glow with an elegant delight, at all comparable to *that* you have it in your power to experience most evenings over a well-arranged assortment of the court-cards?—the pretty antic habits, like heralds in a procession—the gay triumph-assuring scarlets—the contrasting deadly-killing saffres—the ‘hoary majesty of spades’—Pam in all his glory!—

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"All these might be dispensed with; and with their naked names upon the drab pasteboard, the game might go on very well, pictureless; but the *beauty* of cards would be extinguished for ever. Stripped of all that is imaginative in them, they must degenerate into mere gambling. Imagine a dull deal board, or drum head, to spread them on, instead of that nice verdant carpet (next to nature's), fittest arena for those courtly combatants to play their gallant jousts and turneys in!—Exchange those delicately-turned ivory markers—(work of Chinese artist, unconscious of their symbol,—or as profanely slighting their true application as the arrantest Ephesian journeyman that turned out those little shrines for the goddess)—exchange them for little bits of leather (our ancestors' money), or chalk and a slate!"—

The old lady, with a smile, confessed the soundness of my logic; and to her approbation of my arguments on her favourite topic that evening I have always fancied myself indebted for the legacy of a curious cribbage-board, made of the finest Sienna marble, which her maternal uncle (old Walter Plumer, whom I have elsewhere celebrated) brought with him from Florence—this, and a trifle of five hundred pounds, came to me at her death.

The former bequest (which I do not least value) I have kept with religious care; though she herself, to confess a truth, was never greatly taken with cribbage. It was an essentially vulgar game, I have heard her say,—disputing with her uncle, who was very partial to it. She could never heartily bring her mouth to pronounce "*Go*," or "*That's a go*." She called it an ungrammatical game. The pegging teased her. I once knew her to forfeit a rubber (a five-dollar stake) because she would not take advantage of the turn-up knave, which would have given it her, but which she must have claimed by the disgraceful tenure of declaring "*two for his heels*." There is something extremely genteel in this sort of self-denial. Sarah Battle was a gentlewoman born.

Piquet she held the best game at the cards for two persons, though she would ridicule the pedantry of the terms—such as pique—repique—the capot—they savoured (she thought) of affectation. But games for two, or even three, she never greatly cared for. She loved the quadrante, or square. She would argue thus:—Cards are warfare: the ends are gain, with glory. But cards are war, in disguise of a sport: when single adversaries encounter, the ends proposed are too palpable. By themselves, it is too close a fight; with spectators, it is not much bettered. No looker-on can be interested, except for a bet, and then it is a mere affair of money; he cares not for your luck *sympathetically*, or for your play—Three are still worse; a mere naked war of every man against every man, as in cribbage, without league or alliance; or a rotation of petty and contradictory interests, a succession of heartless leagues, and not much more hearty infractions of them, as in tradille—But in square games (*she meant whist*), all that is possible to be attained in card-playing is accom-

ished. There are the incentives of profit with honour, common to every species—though the *latter* can be but very imperfectly enjoyed in those other games, where the spectator is only feebly a participator. But the parties in whist are spectators and principals too. They are a theatre to themselves, and a looker-on is not wanted. He is rather worse than nothing, and an impertinence. Whist abhors neutrality, or interests beyond its sphere. You glory in some surprising stroke of skill or fortune, not because a cold—or even an interested—bystander witnesses it, but because your *partner* sympathises in the contingency. You win for two. You triumph for two. Two are exalted. Two again are mortified; which divides their disgrace, as the conjunction doubles (by taking off the invidiousness) your glories. Two losing to two are better reconciled, than one to one in that close butchery. The hostile feeling is weakened by multiplying the channels. War becomes a civil game. By such reasonings as these the old lady was accustomed to defend her favourite pastime.

No inducement could ever prevail upon her to play at any game, where chance entered into the composition, *for nothing*. Chance, she would argue—and here again, admire the subtlety of her conclusion;—chance is nothing, but where something else depends upon it. It is obvious that cannot be *glory*. What rational cause of exultation could it give to a man to turn up size ace a hundred times together by himself? or before spectators, where no stake was depending?—Make a lottery of a hundred thousand tickets with but one fortunate number—and what possible principle of our nature, except stupid wonderment, could it gratify to gain that number as many times successively without a prize? Therefore she disliked the mixture of chance in backgammon, where it was not played for money. She called it foolish, and those people idiots, who were taken with a lucky hit under such circumstances. Games of pure skill were as little to her fancy. Played for a stake, they were a mere system of over-reaching. Played for glory, they were a mere setting of one man's wit,—his memory, or combination-faculty rather—against another's, like a mock-engagement at a review, bloodless and profitless. She could not conceive a *game* wanting the spritely infusion of chance, the handsome excuses of good fortune. Two people playing at chess in a corner of a room, whilst whist was stirring in the centre, would inspire her with insufferable horror and ennui. Those well-cut similitudes of Castles and Knights, the *imagery* of the board, she would argue (and I think in this case justly), were entirely misplaced and senseless. Those hard-head contests can in no instance ally with the fancy. They reject form and colour. A pencil and dry slate (she used to say) were the proper arena for such combatants.

To those puny objectors against cards, as nurturing the bad passions, she would retort, that man is a gaming animal. He must be always trying to get the better in something or other:—that this

passion can scarcely be more safely expended than upon a game at cards: that cards are a temporary illusion; in truth, a mere drama; for we do but *play* at being mightily concerned, where a few idle shillings are at stake, yet, during the illusion, we *are* as mightily concerned as those whose stake is crowns and kingdoms. They are a sort of dream-fighting; much ado; great battling, and little bloodshed; mighty means for disproportioned ends. quite as diverting, and a great deal more innoxious, than many of those more serious *games* of life, which men play without esteeming them to be such.

With great deference to the old lady's judgment in these matters, I think I have experienced some moments in my life when playing at cards *for nothing* has even been very agreeable. When I am in sickness, or not in the best spirits, I sometimes call for the cards, and play a game at piquet *for love* with my cousin Bridget—Bridget Eha.

I grant there is something sneaking in it; but with a toothache, or a sprained ankle,—when you are subdued and 'humble,—you are glad to put up with an inferior spring of action.

There is such a thing in nature, I am convinced, as *sick whist*.

I grant it is not the highest style of man—I deprecate the *manes* of Sarah Battle—she lives not, alas! to whom I should apologise.

At such times, those *terms* which my old friend objected to, come in as something admissible—I love to get a tierce or a quatorze, though they mean nothing. I am subdued to an inferior interest. Those shadows of winning amuse me.

That last game I had with my sweet cousin (I capotted her)—(dare I tell thee, how foolish I am?)—I wished it might have lasted for ever, though we gained nothing, and lost nothing, though it was a mere shade of play. I would be content to go on in that idle folly for ever. The pipkin should be ever boiling, that was to prepare the gentle lenitive to my foot, which Bridget was doomed to apply after the game was over and, as I do not much relish appliances, there it should ever bubble. Bridget and I should be ever playing.

#### THE SUPERANNUATED MAN

Sera tamen respexit  
Libertas VIRGIL

A Clerk I was in London gay —O'KEEFE.

If peradventure, Reader, it has been thy lot to waste the golden years of thy life—thy shining youth—in the irksome confinement of an office; to have thy prison days prolonged through middle age down to decrepitude and silver hairs, without hope of release or respite; to have lived to forget that there are such things as holidays, or to remember them but as the prerogatives of childhood; then, and then only, will you be able to appreciate my deliverance.

It is now six-and-thirty years since I took my seat at the desk in Mincing Lane. Melancholy was the transition at fourteen from the abundant playtime, and the frequently intervening vacations of school days, to the eight, nine, and sometimes ten hours a day attendance at the counting-house. But time partially reconciles us to anything. I gradually became content—doggedly contented, as wild animals in cages.

It is true I had my Sundays to myself; but Sundays, admirable as the institution of them is for purposes of worship, are for that very reason the very worst adapted for days of unbending and recreation. In particular, there is a gloom for me attendant upon a city Sunday, a weight in the air. I miss the cheerful cries of London, the music, and the ballad-singers—the buzz and stirring murmur of the streets. Those eternal bells depress me. The closed shops repel me. Prints, pictures, all the glittering and endless succession of knacks and gewgaws, and ostentatiously displayed wares of tradesmen, which make a week-day saunter through the less busy parts of the metropolis so delightful—are shut out. No bookstalls deliciously to idle over—no busy faces to recreate the idle man who contemplates them ever passing by—the very face of business a charm by contrast to his temporary relaxation from it. Nothing to be seen but unhappy countenances—or half-happy at best—of emancipated 'prentices and little tradesfolks, with here and there a servant-maid that has got leave to go out, who, slaving all the week, with the habit has lost almost the capacity of enjoying a free hour; and livelily expressing the hollowness of a day's pleasuring. The very strollers in the fields on that day look anything but comfortable.

But besides Sundays, I had a day at Easter, and a day at Christmas, with a full week in the summer to go and air myself in my native fields of Hertfordshire. This last was a great indulgence; and the prospect of its recurrence, I believe, alone kept me up through the year, and made my durance tolerable. But when the week came round, did the glittering phantom of the distance keep touch with me, or rather was it not a series of seven uneasy days, spent in restless pursuit of pleasure, and a wearisome anxiety to find out how to make the most of them? Where was the quiet, where the promised rest? Before I had a taste of it, it was vanished. I was at the desk again, counting upon the fifty-one tedious weeks that must intervene before such another snatch would come. Still the prospect of its coming threw something of an illumination upon the darker side of my captivity. Without it, as I have said, I could scarcely have sustained my thralldom.

Independently of the rigours of attendance, I have ever been haunted with a sense (perhaps a mere caprice) of incapacity for business. This, during my latter years, had increased to such a degree, that it was visible in all the lines of my countenance. My health and my good spirits flagged. I had perpetually a dread of some crisis, to which I should be found unequal. Besides my day-



light servitude, I served over again all night in my sleep, and would awake with terrors of imaginary false entries, errors in my accounts, and the like. I was fifty years of age, and no prospect of emancipation presented itself. I had grown to my desk, as it were, and the wood had entered into my soul.

My fellows in the office would sometimes rally me upon the trouble legible in my countenance; but I did not know that it had raised the suspicions of any of my employers, when, on the fifth of last month, a day ever to be remembered by me, L—, the junior partner in the firm, calling me on one side, directly taxed me with my bad looks, and frankly inquired the cause of them. So taxed, I honestly made confession of my infirmity, and added that I was afraid I should eventually be obliged to resign his service. He spoke some words of course to hearten me, and there the matter rested. A whole week I remained labouring under the impression that I had acted imprudently in my disclosure; that I had foolishly given a handle against myself, and had been anticipating my own dismissal. A week passed in this manner—the most anxious one, I verily believe, in my whole life—when on the evening of the 12th of April, just as I was about quitting my desk to go home (it might be about eight o'clock), I received an awful summons to attend the presence of the whole assembled firm in the formidable back parlour. I thought now my time is surely come, I have done for myself, I am going to be told that they have no longer occasion for me. L—, I could see, smiled at the terror I was in, which was a little relief to me,—when to my utter astonishment B—, the eldest partner, began a formal harangue to me on the length of my services, my very meritorious conduct during the whole of the time (the deuce, thought I, how did he find out that? I protest I never had the confidence to think as much). He went on to descant on the expediency of retiring at a certain time of life (how my heart panted!), and asking me a few questions as to the amount of my own property, of which I have a little, ended with a proposal, to which his three partners nodded a grave assent, that I should accept from the house, which I had served so well, a pension for life to the amount of two-thirds of my accustomed salary—a magnificent offer! I do not know what I answered between surprise and gratitude, but it was understood that I accepted their proposal, and I was told that I was free from that hour to leave their service. I stammered out a bow, and at just ten minutes after eight I went home—for ever. This noble benefit—gratitude forbids me to conceal their names—I owe to the kindness of the most munificent firm in the world—the house of Boldero, Merryweather, Bosanquet, and Lacy.

*Esto perpetua!*

For the first day or two I felt stunned—overwhelmed. I could only apprehend my felicity, I was too confused to taste it sincerely.

I wandered about, thinking I was happy, and knowing that I was not. I was in the condition of a prisoner in the old Bastille; suddenly let loose after a forty years' confinement. I could scarce trust myself with myself. It was like passing out of Time into Eternity—for it is a sort of Eternity for a man to have all his Time to himself. It seemed to me that I had more time on my hands than I could ever manage. From a poor man, poor in Time, I was suddenly lifted up into a vast revenue; I could see no end of my possessions; I wanted some steward, or judicious bailiff, to manage my estates in Time for me. And here let me caution persons grown old in active business, not lightly, nor without weighing their own resources, to forego their customary employment all at once, for there may be danger in it. I feel it by myself, but I know that my resources are sufficient; and now that those first giddy raptures have subsided, I have a quiet home-feeling of the blessedness of my condition. I am in no hurry. Having all holidays, I am as though I had none. If Time hung heavy upon me, I could walk it away, but I do not walk all day long, as I used to do in those old transient holidays, thirty miles a day, to make the most of them. If Time were troublesome, I could read it away; but I do not read in that violent measure, with which, having no Time my own but candlelight Time, I used to weary out my head and eyesight in bygone winters. I walk, read, or scribble (as now) just when the fit seizes me. I no longer hunt after pleasure, I let it come to me. I am like the man

that's born, and has his years come to him,  
In some green desert

"Years!" you will say, "what is this superannuated simpleton calculating upon?" He has already told us he is past fifty."

I have indeed lived nominally fifty years, but deduct out of them the hours which I have lived to other people, and not to myself, and you will find me still a young fellow. For *that* is the only true Time, which a man can properly call his own—that which he has all to himself; the rest, though in some sense he may be said to live it, is other people's Time, not his. The remnant of my poor days, long or short, is at least multiplied for me threefold. My ten next years, if I stretch so far, will be as long as any preceding thirty. 'Tis a fair rule-of-three sum.

Among the strange fantasies which beset me at the commencement of my freedom, and of which all traces are not yet gone, one was, that a vast tract of time had intervened since I quitted the Counting House. I could not conceive of it as an affair of yesterday. The partners, and the clerks with whom I had for so many years, and for so many hours in each day of the year, been closely associated—being suddenly removed from them—they seemed as dead to me. There is a fine passage, which may serve to illustrate this fancy, in a Tragedy by Sir Robert Howard, speaking of a friend's death:—

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'Twas but just now he went away ;  
 I have not since had time to shed a tear ;  
 And yet the distance does the same appear  
 As if he had been a thousand years from me.  
 Time takes no measure in Eternity

To dissipate this awkward feeling, I have been fain to go among them once or twice since ; to visit my old desk-fellows—my co-brethren of the quill—that I had left below in the state militant. Not all the kindness with which they received me could quite restore to me that pleasant familiarity, which I had heretofore enjoyed among them. We cracked some of our old jokes, but methought they went off but faintly. My old desk ; the peg where I hung my hat, were appropriated to another. I knew it must be, but I could not take it kindly. D——! take me, if I did not feel some remorse—beast, if I had not—at quitting my old compeers, the faithful partners of my toils for six-and-thirty years, that smoothed for me with their jokes and conundrums the ruggedness of my professional road. Had it been so rugged then, after all ; or was I a coward simply ? Well, it is too late to repent ; and I also know that these suggestions are a common fallacy of the mind on such occasions. But my heart smote me. I had violently broken the bands betwixt us. It was at least not courteous. I shall be some time before I get quite reconciled to the separation. Farewell, old cronies, yet not for long, for again and again I will come among ye, if I shall have your leave. Farewell, Ch——, dry, sarcastic, and friendly ! Do——, mild, slow to move, and gentlemanly ! Pl——, officious to do, and to volunteer, good services !—and thou, thou dreary pile, fit mansion for a Gresham or a Whittington of old, stately house of Merchants ; with thy labyrinthine passages, and light-excluding pent-up offices, where candles for one-half the year supplied the place of the sun's light ; unhealthy contributor to my woe, stern fosterer of my living, farewell ! In thee remain, and not in the obscure collection of some wandering bookseller, my "works" ! There let them rest, as I do from my labours, piled on thy massy shelves, more MSS in folio than ever Aquinas left, and full as useful ! My mantle I bequeath among ye.

A fortnight has passed since the date of my first communication. At that period I was approaching to tranquillity, but had not reached it. I boasted of a calm indeed, but it was comparative only. Something of the first flutter was left ; an unsettling sense of novelty ; the dazzle to weak eyes of unaccustomed light. I missed my old chains, forsooth, as if they had been some necessary part of my apparel. I was a poor Carthusian, from strict cellular discipline suddenly by some revolution returned upon the world. I am now as if I had never been other than my own master. It is natural to me to go where I please, to do what I please. I find myself at 11 o'clock in the day in Bond Street, and it seems to me that I have

been sauntering there at that very hour for years past. I digress into Soho, to explore a bookstall. Methinks I have been thirty years a collector. There is nothing strange nor new in it. I find myself before a fine picture in the morning. Was it ever otherwise? What is become of Fish Street Hill? Where is Fenchurch Street? Stones of old Mincing Lane, which I have worn with my daily pilgrimage for six-and-thirty years, to the footsteps of what toil-worn clerk are your everlasting flints now vocal? I indent the gayer flags of Pall Mall. It is 'Change time, and I am strangely among the Elgin marbles. It was no hyperbole when I ventured to compare the change in my condition to a passing into another world. Time stands still in a manner to me. I have lost all distinction of season. I do not know the day of the week or of the month. Each day used to be individually felt by me in its reference to the foreign post days; in its distance from, or propinquity to, the next Sunday. I had my Wednesday feelings, my Saturday nights' sensations. The genius of each day was upon me distinctly during the whole of it, affecting my appetite, spirits, etc. The phantom of the next day, with the dreary five to follow, sate as a load upon my poor Sabbath recreations. What charm has washed the Ethiop white? What is gone of Black Monday? All days are the same. Sunday itself—that unfortunate failure of a holiday, as it too often proved, what with my sense of its fugitiveness, and over-care to get the greatest quantity of pleasure out of it—is melted down into a week-day. I can spare to go to church now, without grudging the huge candle which it used to seem to cut out of the holiday. I have time for everything. I can visit a sick friend. I can interrupt the man of much occupation when he is busiest. I can insult over him with an invitation to take a day's pleasure with me to Windsor this fine May morning. It is Lucretian pleasure to behold the poor drudges, whom I have left behind in the world, carking and caring; like horses in a mill, drudging on in the same eternal round—and what is it all for? A man can never have too much Time to himself, nor too little to do. Had I a little son, I would christen him NOTHING-TO-DO; he should do nothing. Man, I verily believe, is out of his element as long as he is operative. I am altogether for the life contemplative. Will no kindly earthquake come and swallow up those accursed cotton-mills? Take me that lumber of a desk there, and bowl it down.

As low as to the fiends.

I am no longer \* \* \* \* \*, clerk to the Firm of, etc. I am Retired Leisure. I am to be met with in trim gardens. I am already come to be known by my vacant face and careless gesture, perambulating at no fixed pace, nor with any settled purpose. I walk about; not to and from. They tell me, a certain *cum dignitate* air, that has been buried so long with my other good

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parts, has begun to shoot forth in my person. I grow into gentility perceptibly. When I take up a newspaper, it is to read the state of the opera. *Opus operatum est* I have done all that I came into this world to do. I have worked task-work, and have the rest of the day to myself.

### OLD CHINA

I have an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I inquire for the china-closet, and next for the picture-gallery. I cannot defend the order of preference, but by saying that we have all some taste or other, of too ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinctly that it was an acquired one. I can call to mind the first play, and the first exhibition, that I was taken to; but I am not conscious of a time when china jars and saucers were introduced into my imagination.

I had no repugnance then—why should I now have?—to those little, lawless, azure-tinctured grotesques, that, under the notion of men and women, float about, unencircled by any element, in that world before perspective—a china tea-cup.

I like to see my old friends—whom distance cannot diminish—figuring up in the air (so they appear to our optics), yet on *terra firma* still—for so we must in courtesy interpret that speck of deeper blue, which the decorous artist, to prevent absurdity, had made to spring up beneath their sandals.

I love the men with women's faces, and the women, if possible, with still more womanish expressions.

Here is a young and courtly Mandarin, handing tea to a lady from a salver—two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another—for likeness is identity on tea-cups—is stepping into a little fairy boat, moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead—a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream!

Farther on—if far or near can be predicated of their world—see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays.

Here—a cow and rabbit couchant, and co-extensive—so objects show, seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay.

I was pointing out to my cousin last evening, over our Hyson (which we are old-fashioned enough to drink unmixed still of an afternoon), some of these *speciosa miracula* upon a set of extraordinary old blue china (a recent purchase) which we were now for the first time using; and could not help remarking, how favourable circumstances had been to us of late years, that we could afford to please the eye sometimes with trifles of this sort—when a passing sentiment seemed to overshadow the brows of my companion. I am quick at detecting these summer clouds in Bridget.

"I wish the good old times would come again," she said, "when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean that I want to be poor; but there was a middle state"—so she was pleased to ramble on,—  
 "in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase, now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and, O! how much ado I had to get you to consent in those times!)—we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the *for* and *against*, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it.

"Do you remember the brown suit, which you made to hang upon you, till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so threadbare—and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent Garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late—and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedwards) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures—and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome—and when you presented it to me—and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (*collating*, you called it)—and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till daybreak—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and finical—give you half the honest vanity with which you flaunted it about in that overworn suit—your old corbeau—for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen—or sixteen shillings was it?—a great affair we thought it then—which you had lavished on the old folio. Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchases now.

"When you came home with twenty apologies for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Leonardo, which we christened the "Lady Blanch"; when you looked at the purchase, and thought of the money—and thought of the money, and looked again at the picture—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Now, you have nothing to do but to walk into Colnaghi's, and buy a wilderness of Lionardos. Yet do you?

"Then, do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield, and Potter's Bar, and Waltham, when we had a holyday—holydays and all other fun are gone now we are rich—and the little hand-basket in which I used to deposit our day's fare of savoury cold lamb and

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salad—and how you would pry about at noontide for some decent house, where we might go in and produce our store—only paying for the ale that you must call for—and speculate upon the looks of the landlady, and whether she was likely to allow us a tablecloth—and wish for such another honest hostess as Izaak Walton has described many a one on the pleasant banks of the Lea, when he went a-fishing—and sometimes they would prove obliging enough, and sometimes they would look grudgingly upon us—but we had cheerful looks still for one another, and would eat our plain food savourily, scarcely grudging Piscator his Trout Hall? Now—when we go out a day's pleasuring, which is seldom, moreover, we *ride* part of the way, and go into a fine inn, and order the best of dinners, never debating the expense—which, after all, never has half the relish of those chance country snaps, when we were at the mercy of uncertain usage, and a precarious welcome

“You are too proud to see a play anywhere now but in the pit. Do you remember where it was we used to sit, when we saw the *Battle of Hexham*, and the *Surrender of Calais*, and Bannister and Mrs Bland in the *Children in the Wood*—when we squeezed out our shillings apiece to sit three or four times in a season in the one-shilling gallery—where you felt all the time that you ought not to have brought me—and more strongly I felt obligation to you for having brought me—and the pleasure was the better for a little shame—and when the curtain drew up, what cared we for our place in the house, or what mattered it where we were sitting, when our thoughts were with *Rosalind in Arden*, or with *Viola at the Court of Illyria*? You used to say that the Gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially—that the relish of such exhibitions must be in proportion to the infrequency of going—that the company we met there, not being in general readers of plays, were obliged to attend the more, and did attend, to what was going on, on the stage—because a word lost would have been a chasm, which it was impossible for them to fill up. With such reflections we consoled our pride then—and I appeal to you whether, as a woman, I met generally with less attention and accommodation than I have done since in more expensive situations in the house? The getting in, indeed, and the crowding up, those inconvenient staircases, was bad enough—but there was still a law of civility to woman recognised to quite as great an extent as we ever found in the other passages—and how a little difficulty overcome heightened the snug seat and the play, afterwards! Now we can only pay our money and walk in. You cannot see, you say, in the galleries now. I am sure we saw, and heard too, well enough then—but sight, and all, I think, is gone with our poverty

“There was pleasure in eating strawberries, before they became quite common—in the first dish of peas, while they were yet dear—to have them for a nice supper, a treat. What treat can we have now? If we were to treat ourselves now—that is, to have dainties a little

above our means, it would be selfish and wicked. It is the very little more that we allow ourselves beyond what the actual poor can get at, that makes what I call a treat—when two people, living together as we have done, now and then indulge themselves in a cheap luxury, which both like; while each apologises, and is willing to take both halves of the blame to his single share. I see no harm in people making much of themselves, in that sense of the word. It may give them a hint how to make much of others. But now—what I mean by the word—we never *do* make much of ourselves. None but the poor can do it. I do not mean the veriest poor of all, but persons as we were, just above poverty.

“I know what you were going to say, that it is mighty pleasant at the end of the year to make all meet,—and much ado we used to have every Thirty-first Night of December to account for our exceedings—many a long face did you make over your puzzled accounts, and in contriving to make it out how we had spent so much—or that we had not spent too much—or that it was impossible we should spend so much next year—and still we found our slender capital decreasing—but then,—betwixt ways, and projects, and compromises of one sort or another, and talk of curtailing this charge, and doing without that for the future—and the hope that youth brings, and laughing spirits (in which you were never poor till now), we pocketed up our loss, and in conclusion, with “lusty brimmers” (as you used to quote it out of *heartily cheerful Mr Cotton*, as you called him), we used to welcome in the “coming guest.” Now we have no reckoning at all at the end of the old year—no flattering promises about the new year doing better for us.”

Bridget is so sparing of her speech on most occasions, that when she gets into a rhetorical vein, I am careful how I interrupt it. I could not help, however, smiling at the phantom of wealth which her dear imagination had conjured up out of a clear income of poor — hundred pounds a year. “It is true we were happier when we were poorer, but we were also younger, my cousin. I am afraid we must put up with the excess, for if we were to shake the superfluous into the sea, we should not much mend ourselves. That we had much to struggle with, as we grew up together, we have reason to be most thankful. It strengthened and knit our compact closer. We could never have been what we have been to each other, if we had always had the sufficiency which you now complain of. The resisting power—those natural dilations of the youthful spirit, which circumstances cannot straiten—with us are long since passed away. Competence to age is supplementary youth, a sorry supplement indeed, but I fear the best that is to be had. We must ride where we formerly walked—live better and lie softer—and shall be wise to do so—than we had means to do in those good old days you speak of. Yet could those days return—could you and I once more walk our thirty miles a day—could Bannister and Mrs Bland again be young, and you and I be young to see them—could the good old



one-shilling gallery days return—they are dreams, my cousin, now—but could you and I at this moment, instead of this quiet argument, by our well-carpeted fireside, sitting on this luxurious sofa—be once more struggling up those inconvenient staircases, pushed about and squeezed, and elbowed by the poorest rabble of poor gallery scramblers—could I once more hear those anxious shrieks of yours—and the delicious *Thank God, we are safe*, which always followed when the topmost stair, conquered, let in the first light of the whole cheerful theatre down beneath us—I know not the fathom line that ever touched a descent so deep as I would be willing to bury more wealth in than Cræsus had, or the great Jew R—— is supposed to have, to purchase it And now do just look at that merry little Chinese waiter holding an umbrella, big enough for a bed-tester, over the head of that pretty insipid half Madonne-ish chit of a lady in that very blue summer-house”

#### DREAM CHILDREN · A REVERIE

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the *Children in the Wood* Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county, but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry

gift drawing-room Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psalter by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house, and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said "those innocents would do her no harm"; and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir-apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children. Here John slyly

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deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L—, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain;—and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not to have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb—Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven, long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n; and as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial, meant in maidens—when suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The

children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing ; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name——"and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor armchair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever.—*Essays of Elia*.

## WILLIAM HAZLITT

### ON FAMILIAR STYLE

It is not easy to write a familiar style. Many people mistake a familiar for a vulgar style, and suppose that to write without affectation is to write at random. On the contrary, there is nothing that requires more precision, and, if I may so say, purity of expression, than the style I am speaking of. It utterly rejects not only all unmeaning pomp, but all low, cant phrases, and loose, unconnected, *slipshod* allusions. It is not to take the first word that offers, but the best word in common use ; it is not to throw words together in any combinations we please, but to follow and avail ourselves of the true idiom of the language. To write a genuine familiar or truly English style is to write as any one would speak in common conversation who had a thorough command and choice of words, or who could discourse with ease, force, and perspicuity, setting aside all pedantic and oratorical flourishes. Or, to give another illustration, to write naturally is the same thing in regard to common conversation as to read naturally is in regard to common speech. It does not follow that it is an easy thing to give the true accent and inflection to the words you utter, because you do not attempt to rise above the level of ordinary life and colloquial speaking. You do not assume, indeed, the solemnity of the pulpit, or the tone of stage-declamation ; neither are you at liberty to gabble on at a venture, without emphasis or discretion, or to resort to vulgar dialect or clownish pronunciation. You must steer a middle course. You are tied down to a given and appropriate articulation, which is determined by the habitual associations between sense and sound, and which you can only hit by entering into the author's meaning, as you must find the proper words and style to express yourself by fixing your thoughts on the subject you have to write about. Any one may mouth out a passage with a theatrical cadence, or get upon stilts to tell his thoughts ; but to write or speak with propriety and simplicity is a more difficult task. Thus it is easy to affect a pompous style, to use a word twice as big as the thing you want to express : it is not so easy to pitch upon the very word that exactly fits it. Out of eight or ten words equally common, equally intelligible, with

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nearly equal pretensions, it is a matter of some nicety and discrimination to pick out the very one the preferableness of which is scarcely perceptible, but decisive. The reason why I object to Dr Johnson's style is that there is no discrimination, no selection, no variety in it. He uses none but "tall, opaque words," taken from the "first row of the rubric"—words with the greatest number of syllables, or Latin phrases with merely English terminations. If a fine style depended on this sort of arbitrary pretension, it would be fair to judge of an author's elegance by the measurement of his words and the substitution of foreign circumlocutions (with no precise associations) for the mother-tongue<sup>1</sup>. How simple is it to be dignified without ease, to be pompous without meaning! Surely it is but a mechanical rule for avoiding what is low, to be always pedantic and affected. It is clear you cannot use a vulgar English word if you never use a common English word at all. A fine tact is shown in adhering to those which are perfectly common, and yet never falling into any expressions which are debased by disgusting circumstances, or which owe their signification and point to technical or professional allusions. A truly natural or familiar style can never be quaint or vulgar, for this reason, that it is of universal force and applicability, and that quaintness and vulgarity arise out of the immediate connection of certain words with coarse and disagreeable or with confined ideas. The last form what we understand by *cant* or *slang* phrases.—To give an example of what is not very clear in the general statement. I should say that the phrase *To cut with a knife*, or *To cut a piece of wood*, is perfectly free from vulgarity, because it is perfectly common; but to *cut an acquaintance* is not quite unexceptionable, because it is not perfectly common or intelligible, and has hardly yet escaped out of the limits of slang phraseology. I should hardly, therefore, use the word in this sense without putting it in italics as a license of expression, to be received *cum grano salis*. All provincial or bye-phrases come under the same mark of reprobation—all such as the writer transfers to the page from his fireside or a particular *coterie*, or that he invents for his own sole use and convenience. I conceive that words are like money, not the worse for being common, but that it is the stamp of custom alone that gives them circulation or value. I am fastidious in this respect, and would almost as soon coin the currency of the realm as counterfeit the King's English. I never invented or gave a new and unauthorised meaning to any word but one single one (the term *impersonal* applied to feelings), and that was in an abstruse metaphysical discussion to express a very difficult distinction. I have been (I know) loudly accused of revelling in vulgarisms and broken English. I cannot speak to

<sup>1</sup> I have heard of such a thing as an author who makes it a rule never to admit a monosyllable into his rapid verse. Yet the charm and sweetness of Marlowe's lines depended often on their being made up almost entirely of monosyllables.

that point; but so far I plead guilty to the determined use of acknowledged idioms and common elliptical expressions. I am not sure that the critics in question know the one from the other, that is, can distinguish any medium between formal pedantry and the most barbarous solecism. As an author I endeavour to employ plain words and popular modes of construction, as, were I a chapman and dealer, I should common weights and measures.

The proper force of words lies not in the words themselves, but in their application. A word may be a fine-sounding word, of an unusual length, and very imposing from its learning and novelty, and yet in the connection in which it is introduced may be quite pointless and irrelevant. It is not pomp or pretension, but the adaptation of the expression to the idea, that clenches a writer's meaning:—as it is not the size or glossiness of the materials, but their being fitted each to its place, that gives strength to the arch; or as the pegs and nails are as necessary to the support of the building as the larger timbers, and more so than the mere showy, unsubstantial ornaments. I hate anything that occupies more space than it is worth. I hate to see a load of handboxes go along the street, and I hate to see a parcel of big words without anything in them. A person who does not deliberately dispose of all his thoughts alike in cumbrous draperies and flimsy disguises may strike out twenty varieties of familiar everyday language, each coming somewhat nearer to the feeling he wants to convey, and at last not hit upon that particular and only one which may be said to be identical with the exact impression in his mind. This would seem to show that Mr Cobbett is hardly right in saying that the first word that occurs is always the best. It may be a very good one; and yet a better may present itself on reflection or from time to time. It should be suggested naturally, however, and spontaneously, from a fresh and lively conception of the subject. We seldom succeed by trying at improvement, or by merely substituting one word for another that we are not satisfied with, as we cannot recollect the name of a place or person by merely plaguing ourselves about it. We wander farther from the point by persisting in a wrong scent; but it starts up accidentally in the memory when we least expected it, by touching some link in the chain of previous association.

There are those who hoard up and make a cautious display of nothing but rich and rare phraseology—ancient medals, obscure coins, and Spanish pieces of eight. They are very curious to inspect, but I myself would neither offer nor take them in the course of exchange. A sprinkling of archaisms is not amiss, but a tissue of obsolete expressions is more fit *for keep than wear*. I do not say I would not use any phrase that had been brought into fashion before the middle or the end of the last century, but I should be shy of using any that had not been employed by any approved author during the whole of that time. Words, like clothes, get old-fashioned,

or mean and ridiculous, when they have been for some time laid aside. Mr Lamb is the only imitator of old English style I can read with pleasure ; and he is so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his authors that the idea of imitation is almost done away. There is an inward unction, a marrowy vein, both in the thought and feeling, an intuition, deep and lively, of his subject, that carries off any quaintness or awkwardness arising from an antiquated style and dress. The matter is completely his own, though the manner is assumed. Perhaps his ideas are altogether so marked and individual as to require their point and pungency to be neutralised by the affectation of a singular but traditional form of conveyance. Tricked out in the prevailing costume, they would probably seem more startling and out of the way. The old English authors, Burton, Fuller, Coryate, Sir Thomas Browne, are a kind of mediators between us and the more eccentric and whimsical modern, reconciling us to his peculiarities. I do not, however, know how far this is the case or not, till he condescends to write like one of us. I must confess that what I like best of his papers under the signature of Elia (still I do not presume, amidst such excellence, to decide what is most excellent) is the account of "Mrs Battle's Opinions on Whist," which is also the most free from obsolete allusions and turns of expression—

#### A well of native English undefiled

To those acquainted with his admired prototypes, these *Essays* of the ingenious and highly gifted author have the same sort of charm and relish that Erasmus's *Colloquies* or a fine piece of modern Latin have to the classical scholar. Certainly, I do not know any borrowed pencil that has more power or felicity of execution than the one of which I have here been speaking.

It is as easy to write a gaudy style without ideas as it is to spread a pallet of showy colours or to smear in a flaunting transparency. "What do you read?" "Words, words, words."—"What is the matter?" "*Nothing*," it might be answered. The florid style is the reverse of the familiar. The last is employed as an unvarnished medium to convey ideas ; the first is resorted to as a spangled veil to conceal the want of them. When there is nothing to be set down but words, it costs little to have them fine. Look through the dictionary, and cull out a *florilegium*, rival the *tulippomania*. Rouge high enough, and never mind the natural complexion. The vulgar, who are not in the secret, will admire the look of preternatural health and vigour ; and the fashionable, who regard only appearances, will be delighted with the imposition. Keep to your sounding generalities, your tinkling phrases, and all will be well. Swell out an unmeaning truism to a perfect tympany of style. A thought, a distinction is the rock on which all this brittle cargo of verbiage splits at once. Such writers have merely *verbal* imaginations, that retain nothing but words. Or their puny thoughts have dragon-

wings, all green and gold. They soar far above the vulgar failing of the *Sermo humi obrepens*—their most ordinary speech is never short of an hyperbole, splendid, imposing, vague, incomprehensible, magniloquent, a cento of sounding common-places. If some of us, whose "ambition is more lowly," pry a little too narrowly into nooks and corners to pick up a number of "unconsidered trifles," they never once direct their eyes or lift their hands to seize on any but the most gorgeous, tarnished, threadbare, patchwork set of phrases, the left-off finery of poetic extravagance, transmitted down through successive generations of barren pretenders. If they criticise actors and actresses, a huddled phantasmagoria of feathers, spangles, floods of light, and oceans of sound float before their morbid sense, which they paint in the style of Ancient Pistol. Not a glimpse can you get of the merits or defects of the performers: they are hidden in a profusion of barbarous epithets and wilful rhodomontade. Our hypercritics are not thinking of these little fantoccini beings—

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That strut and fret their hour upon the stage—

but of tall phantoms of words, abstractions, *genera* and *species*, sweeping clauses, periods that unite the Poles, forced alliterations, astounding antitheses—

And on their pens *Fustian* sits plumed.

If they described kings and queens, it is an Eastern pageant. The Coronation at either House is nothing to it. We get at four repeated images—a curtain, a throne, a sceptre, and a footstool. These are with them the wardrobe of a lofty imagination, and they turn their servile strains to servile uses. Do we read a description of pictures? It is not a reflection of tones and hues which "nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on," but piles of precious stones, rubies, pearls, emeralds, Golconda's mines, and all the blazonry of art. Such persons are in fact besotted with words, and their brains are turned with the glittering but empty and sterile phantoms of things. Personifications, capital letters, seas of sunbeams, visions of glory, shining inscriptions, the figures of a transparency, Britannia with her shield, or Hope leaning on an anchor, make up their stock-in-trade. They may be considered as *hieroglyphical* writers. Images stand out in their minds isolated and important merely in themselves, without any groundwork of feeling—there is no context in their imaginations. Words affect them in the same way, by the mere sound, that is, by their possible, not by their actual application to the subject in hand. They are fascinated by first appearances, and have no sense of consequences. Nothing more is meant by them than meets the ear: they understand or feel nothing more than meets their eye. The web and texture of the universe, and of the heart of man, is a mystery to them: they have no faculty that strikes a chord in unison with it. They cannot get beyond the



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daubings of fancy, the varnish of sentiment Objects are not linked to feelings, words to things, but images revolve in splendid mockery, words represent themselves in their strange rhapsodies. The categories of such a mind are pride and ignorance—pride in outside show, to which they sacrifice everything, and ignorance of the true worth and hidden structure both of words and things With a sovereign contempt for what is familiar and natural, they are the slaves of vulgar affectation—of a routine of high-flown phrases. Scorning to imitate realities, they are unable to invent anything, to strike out one original idea. They are not copyists of nature, it is true ; but they are the poorest of all plagiarists, the plagiarists of words All is far-fetched, dear-bought, artificial, oriental in subject and allusion ; all is mechanical, conventional, vapid, formal, pedantic in style and execution They startle and confound the understanding of the reader by the remoteness and obscurity of their illustrations ; they soothe the ear by the monotony of the same everlasting round of circuitous metaphors They are the *mock-school* in poetry and prose They flounder about between fustian in expression and bathos in sentiment They tantalise the fancy, but never reach the head nor touch the heart Their Temple of Fame is like a shadowy structure raised by Dulness to Vanity, or like Cowper's description of the Empress of Russia's palace of ice, "as worthless as in show 'twas glittering"—

It smiled, and it was cold !

### ON GOING A JOURNEY

One of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey ; but I like to go by myself I can enjoy society in a room , but out of doors, nature is company enough for me. I am then never less alone than when alone

The fields his study, nature was his book

I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time When I am in the country I wish to vegetate like the country I am not for criticizing hedgerows and black cattle I go out of town in order to forget the town and all that is in it There are those who for this purpose go to watering-places, and carry the metropolis with them I like more elbow-room, and fewer incumbrances I like solitude, when I give myself up to it, for the sake of solitude ; nor do I ask for

a friend in my retreat,  
Whom I may whisper solitude is sweet.

The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do, just as one pleases. We go a journey chiefly to be free of all

impediments and of all inconveniences ; to leave ourselves behind, much more to get rid of others. It is because I want a little breathing space to muse on indifferent matters, where contemplation

May plume her feathers and let grow her wings,  
That in the various bustle of resort  
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired,

that I absent myself from the town for a while, without feeling at a loss the moment I am left by myself. Instead of a friend in a post-chaise or in a 'Tilbury, to exchange good things with and vary the same stale topics over again, for once let me have a truce with impertinence. Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking ! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy, From the point of yonder rolling cloud I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sunburnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like sunken wrack and sunless treasures, burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull commonplaces, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence. No one likes puns, alliterations, antitheses, argument, and analysis better than I do ; but I sometimes had rather be without them. Leave, oh leave me to my repose ! I have just now other business in hand which would seem idle to you, but is with me very stuff o' the conscience. Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment ? Does not this daisy leap to my heart set in its coat of emerald ?

LEIGH HUNT

A "Now"

DESCRIPTIVE OF A HOT DAY

Now the rosy- (and lazy-) fingered Aurora, issuing from her saffron house, calls up the moist vapours to surround her, and goes veiled with them as long as she can ; till Phœbus, coming forth in his power, looks everything out of the sky, and holds sharp, uninterrupted empire from his throne of beams. Now the mower begins to make his sweeping cuts more slowly, and resorts oftener to the beer. Now the cartier sleeps a-top of his load of hay, or plods with double slouch of shoulder, looking out with eyes winking under his shading hat, and with a hitch upward on one side of his mouth. Now the little girl at her grandmother's cottage-door watches the coaches that

go by, with her hand held up over her sunny forehead. Now labourers look well resting in their white shirts at the doors of rural ale-houses. Now an elm is fine there, with a seat under it; and horses drink out of the trough, stretching their yearning necks with loosened collars; and the traveller calls for his glass of ale, having been without one for more than ten minutes; and his horse stands wincing at the flies, giving sharp shivers of his skin, and moving to and fro his ineffectual docked tail; and now Miss Betty Wilson, the host's daughter, comes streaming forth in a flowered gown and ear-rings, carrying with four of her beautiful fingers the foaming glass, for which, after the traveller has drank it, she receives with an indifferent eye, looking another way, the lawful twopence. Now grasshoppers "fry," as Dryden says. Now cattle stand in water, and ducks are envied. Now boots, and shoes, and trees by the roadside, are thick with dust; and dogs, rolling in it, after issuing out of the water, into which they have been thrown to fetch sticks, come scattering horror among the legs of the spectators. Now a fellow who finds he has three miles further to go in a pair of tight shoes is in a pretty situation. Now rooms with the sun upon them become intolerable, and the apothecary's apprentice, with a bitterness beyond aloes, thinks of the pond he used to bathe in at school. Now men with powdered heads (especially if thick) envy those that are unpowdered, and stop to wipe them up hill, with countenances that seem to expostulate with destiny. Now boys assemble round the village pump with a ladle to it, and delight to make a forbidden splash and get wet through the shoes. Now also they make suckers of leather, and bathe all day long in rivers and ponds, and make mighty fishings for "tittle-bats." Now the bee, as he hums along, seems to be talking heavily of the heat. Now doors and brick-walls are burning to the hand; and a walled lane, with dust and broken bottles in it, near a brick-field, is a thing not to be thought of. Now a green lane, on the contrary, thick-set with hedge-row elms, and having the noise of a brook "rumbling in pebble-stone," is one of the pleasantest things in the world.

Now, in town, gossips talk more than ever to one another, in rooms, in doorways, and out of window, always beginning the conversation with saying that the heat is overpowering. Now blinds are let down, and doors thrown open, and flannel waistcoats left off, and cold meat preferred to hot, and wonder expressed why tea continues so refreshing, and people delight to shiver lettuces into bowls, and apprentices water doorways with tin canisters that lay several atoms of dust. Now the water-cart, jumbling along the middle of the street, and jolting the showers out of its box of water, really does something. Now fruiterers' shops and dairies look pleasant, and ices are the only things to those who can get them. Now ladies loiter in baths; and people make presents of flowers; and wine is put into ice, and the after-dinner lounge recreates his head with applications of perfumed water out of long-necked

bottles. Now the lounge, who cannot resist riding his new horse, feels his boots burn him. Now buckskins are not the lawn of Cos. Now jockeys, walking in greatcoats to lose flesh, curse inwardly. Now five fat people in a stage-coach hate the sixth fat one who is coming in, and think he has no right to be so large. Now clerks in office do nothing but drink soda-water and spruce-beer, and read the newspaper. Now the old-clothesman drops his solitary cry more deeply into the areas on the hot and forsaken side of the street; and bakers look vicious; and cooks are aggravated; and the steam of a tavern-kitchen catches hold of us like the breath of Tartarus. Now delicate skins are beset with gnats; and boys make their sleeping companion start up, with playing a burning-glass on his hand; and blacksmiths are super-carbonated, and cobblers in their stalls almost feel a wish to be transplanted; and butter is too easy to spread; and the dragoons wonder whether the Romans liked their helmets, and old ladies, with their lappets unpinned, walk along in a state of dilapidation; and the servant maids are afraid they look vulgarly hot; and the author, who has a plate of strawberries brought him, finds that he has come to the end of his writing.

# THOMAS CARLYLE

## LABOUR

For there is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. In Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, ~~is~~ in communication with Nature, the real desire to get Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

The latest Gospel in this World is know thy work and do it. "Know thyself" long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee: thou wilt never get to "know" it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it, like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written, "an endless significance lies in Work"; a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seedfields rise instead, and stately cities, and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like hellhounds lie beleaguering the soul of the poor dayworker, as of every man: but he bends

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himself with free valour against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labour in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame !

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos, once set it *revolving*, grows round and ever rounder ; ranges itself, by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses ; is no longer a Chaos, but a round compacted World. What would become of the Earth, did she cease to revolve ? In the poor old Earth, as long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities disperse themselves ; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel—one of the venerablest objects ; old as the Prophet Ezekiel and far older ? Rude lumps of clay, how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but without his wheel, reduced to make dishes, or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking ! Even such a Potter were Destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin ! Of an idle unrevolving man the kindest. Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch ; let her spend on him what expensive colouring, what gilding and enamelling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish ; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch—a mere enamelled vessel of dishonour ! Let the idle think of this

Blessed is he who has found his work ; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose ; he has found it, and will follow it ! How, 'as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows —draining off the sour festering water, gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade ; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and its value be great or small ! Labour is Life : from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his god-given Force, the sacred celestial Life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God : from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness,—to all knowledge, "self-knowledge" and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins. Knowledge ? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that ; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working. the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge ; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic-vortices, till we try it and fix it. "Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone."

And again, hast thou valued Patience, Courage, Perseverance,

Openness to light ; readiness to own thyself mistaken, to do better next time ? All these, all virtues, in wrestling with the dim brute Powers of Fact, in ordering of thy fellows in such wrestle, there and elsewhere not at all, thou wilt continually learn Set down a brave Sir Christopher in the middle of black ruined Stone-heaps, of foolish unarchitectural Bishops, redtape Officials, idle Nell-Gwyn Defenders of the Faith ; and see whether he will ever raise a Paul's Cathedral out of all that, yea or no ! Rough, rude, contradictory are all things and persons, from the mutinous masons and Irish hodmèn, up to the idle Nell-Gwyn Defenders, to blustering redtape Officials, foolish unarchitectural Bishops All these things and persons are there not for Christopher's sake and his Cathedral's ; they are there for their own sake mainly ! Christopher will have to conquer and constrain all these,—if he be able All these are against him Equitable Nature herself, who carries her mathematics and architectonics not on the face of her, but deep in the hidden heart of her,—Nature herself is but partially for him ; will be wholly against him, if he constrain her not ! His very money, where is it to come from ? The pious munificence of England lies far-scattered, distant, unable to speak, and say, " I am here " ;—must be spoken to before it can speak Pious munificence, and all help, is so silent, invisible like the gods ; impediment, contradictions manifold are so loud and near ! O brave Sir Christopher, trust thou in those notwithstanding, and front all these, understand all these ; by valiant patience, noble effort, insight, by man's strength vanquish and compel all these,—and, on the whole, strike down victoriously the last topstone of that Paul's Edifice, thy monument for certain centuries, the stamp " Great Man " impressed very legibly on Portland-stone there !—

Yes, all manner of help, and pious response from Men or Nature, is always what we call silent ; cannot speak or come to light, till it be seen, till it be spoken to. Every noble work is at first " impossible " In very truth, for every noble work the possibilities will lie diffused through immensity ; inarticulate, undiscoverable except to faith. Like Gideon thou shalt spread out thy fleece at the door of thy tent ; see whether under the wide arch of Heaven there be any bounteous moisture, or none Thy heart and life-purpose shall be as a miraculous Gideon's fleece, spread out in silent appeal to Heaven : and from the kind Immensities, what from the poor unkind Localities and town and country Parishes there never could, blessed dew-moisture to suffice thee shall have fallen !

Work is of a religious nature —work is of a *brave* nature ; which it is the aim of all religion to be. All work of man is as the swimmer's ; a waste ocean threatens to devour him ; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him, bears him as its conqueror along " It is so," says Goethe, " with all things that man undertakes in this world."

Brave Sea-Captain, Norse Sea-king,—Colombus, my hero, royalest Sea-king of all ! it is no friendly environment this of thine, in the waste deep waters ; around thee mutinous discouraged souls, behind thee disgrace and ruin, before thee the unpenetrated veil of Night. Brother, these wild water-mountains, bounding from their deep basés (ten miles deep, I am told), are not entirely there on thy behalf ! Meseems *they* have other work than floating thee forward :—and the huge Winds, that sweep from Ursa Major to the Tropics and Equators, dancing their giant-waltz through the kingdoms of Chaos and Immensity, they care little about filling rightly or filling wrongly the small shoulder-of-mutton sails in this cockle-skiff of thine ! Thou art not among articulate-speaking friends, my brother ; thou art among immeasurable dumb masters, tumbling, howling wide as the world here Secret far off, invisible to all hearts but thine, there lies a help in them see how thou wilt get at that. Patiently thou wilt wait till the mad South-wester spend itself, saving thyself by dexterous science of defence the while : valiantly, with swift decision, wilt thou strike in, when the favouring East, the Possible, springs up Mutiny of men thou wilt sternly repress ; weakness, despondency, thou wilt cheerily encourage : thou wilt swallow down complaint, unreason, weariness, weakness of others and thyself,—how much wilt thou swallow down ! There shall be a depth of Silence in thee, deeper than this Sea, which is but ten miles deep a silence unsoundable ; known to God only Thou shalt be a Great Man Yes, my World-Soldier, thou of the World Marine-Service,—thou wilt have to be *greater* than this tumultuous unmeasured World here round thee is thou, in thy strong soul, as with wrestler's arms, shalt embrace it, harness it down ; and make it bear thee on, —to new Americus, or whither God wills !

### THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY

#### DEATH OF CHARLES THE SECOND

THE death of King Charles the Second took the nation by surprise. His frame was naturally strong, and did not appear to have suffered from excess. He had always been mindful of his health even in his pleasures ; and his habits were such as promise a long life and a robust old age. Indolent as he was on all occasions which required tension of the mind, he was active and persevering in bodily exercise. He had, when young, been renowned as a tennis player, and was, even in the decline of life, an indefatigable walker. His ordinary pace was such that those who were admitted to the honour of his society found it difficult to keep up with him. He rose early, and generally passed three or four hours a day in the open air. He might be seen, before the dew was off the grass in Saint James's Park,

striding among the trees, playing with his spaniels, and flinging corn to his ducks; and these exhibitions endeared him to the common people, who always love to see the great unbend.

At length, towards the close of the year 1684, he was prevented, by a slight attack of what was supposed to be gout, from rambling as usual. He now spent his mornings in his laboratory, where he amused himself with experiments on the properties of mercury. His temper seemed to have suffered from confinement. He had no apparent cause for disquiet. His kingdom was tranquil; he was not in pressing want of money, his power was greater than it had ever been; the party which had long thwarted him had been beaten down; but the cheerfulness which had supported him against adverse fortune had vanished in this season of prosperity. A trifle now sufficed to depress those elastic spirits which had borne up against defeat, exile, and penury. His irritation frequently showed itself by looks and words such as could hardly have been expected from a man so eminently distinguished by good humour and good breeding. It was not supposed, however, that his constitution was seriously impaired.

His palace had seldom presented a gayer or a more scandalous appearance than on the evening of Sunday the first of February 1685. Some grave persons who had gone thither after the fashion of that age, to pay their duty to their sovereign, and who had expected that, on such a day, his court would wear a decent aspect, were struck with astonishment and horror. The great gallery of Whitehall, an admirable relic of the magnificence of the Tudors, was crowded with revellers and gamblers. The King sat there chatting and toying with three women, whose charms were the boast, and whose vices were the disgrace, of three nations. Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleveland, was there, no longer young, but still retaining some traces of that superb and voluptuous loveliness which twenty years before overcame the hearts of all men. There too was the Duchess of Portsmouth, whose soft and infantine features were lighted up with the vivacity of France. Hortensia Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin, and niece of the great Cardinal, completed the group. She had been early removed from her native Italy to the court where her uncle was supreme. His power and her own attractions had drawn a crowd of illustrious suitors round her. Charles himself, during his exile, had sought her hand in vain. No gift of nature or of fortune seemed to be wanting to her. Her face was beautiful with the rich beauty of the South, her understanding quick, her manners graceful, her rank exalted, her possessions immense, but her ungovernable passions had turned all these blessings into curses. She had found the misery of an ill-assorted marriage intolerable, had fled from her husband, had abandoned her vast wealth, and, after having astonished Rome and Piedmont by her adventures, had fixed her abode in England. Her house was the favourite resort of men of wit and pleasure, who, for the sake of her smiles and her table, endured her



frequent fits of insolence and ill humour Rochester and Godolphin sometimes forgot the cares of state in her company. Barillon and Saint Evremond found in her drawing-room consolation for their long banishment from Paris The learning of Vossius, the wit of Waller, were daily employed to flatter and amuse her But her diseased mind required stronger stimulants, and sought them in gallantry, in basset, and in usquebaugh While Charles flirted with his three sultanas, Hortensia's French page, a handsome boy, whose vocal performances were the delight of Whitehall, and were rewarded by numerous presents of rich clothes, ponies, and guineas, warbled some amorous verses A party of twenty courtiers was seated at cards round a large table on which gold was heaped in mountains Even then the King had complained that he did not feel quite well He had no appetite for his supper; his rest that night was broken; but on the following morning he rose, as usual, early.

To that morning the contending factions in his council had, during some days, looked forward with anxiety The struggle between Halifax and Rochester seemed to be approaching a decisive crisis Halifax, not content with having already driven his rival from the Board of Treasury, had undertaken to prove him guilty of such dishonesty or neglect in the conduct of the finances as ought to be punished by dismission from the public service It was even whispered that the Lord President would probably be sent to the Tower The King had promised to enquire into the matter The second of February had been fixed for the investigation; and several officers of the revenue had been ordered to attend with their books on that day But a great turn of fortune was at hand.

Scarcely had Charles risen from his bed when his attendants perceived that his utterance was indistinct, and that his thoughts seemed to be wandering Several men of rank had, as usual, assembled to see their sovereign shaved and dressed. He made an effort to converse with them in his usual gay style; but his ghastly look surprised and alarmed them Soon his face grew black; his eyes turned in his head; he uttered a cry, staggered, and fell into the arms of one of his lords A physician who had charge of the royal retorts and crucibles happened to be present He had no lancet; but he opened a vein with a penknife The blood flowed freely; but the King was still insensible

He was laid on his bed, where, during a short time, the Duchess of Portsmouth hung over him with the familiarity of a wife. But the alarm had been given The Queen and the Duchess of York were hastening to the room The favourite concubine was forced to retire to her own apartments Those apartments had been thrice pulled down and thrice rebuilt by her lover to gratify her caprice The very furniture of the chimney was massy silver. Several fine paintings, which properly belonged to the Queen, had been transferred to the dwelling of the mistress The sideboards were piled

with richly wrought plate. In the niches stood cabinets, the masterpieces of Japanese art. On the hangings, fresh from the looms of Paris, were depicted, in tints which no English tapestry could rival, birds of gorgeous plumage, landscapes, hunting matches, the lordly terrace of Saint Germain, the statues and fountains of Versailles. In the midst of this splendour, purchased by guilt and shame, the unhappy woman gave herself up to an agony of grief, which, to do her justice, was not wholly selfish.

And now the gates of Whitehall, which ordinarily stood open to all comers, were closed. But persons whose faces were known were still permitted to enter. The antechambers and galleries were soon filled to overflowing, and even the sick room was crowded with peers, privy councillors, and foreign ministers. All the medical men of note in London were summoned. So high did political animosities run that the presence of some Whig physicians was regarded as an extraordinary circumstance. One Roman Catholic whose skill was then widely renowned, Doctor Thomas Short, was in attendance. Several of the prescriptions have been preserved. One of them is signed by fourteen Doctors. The patient was bled largely. Hot iron was applied to his head. A loathsome volatile salt, extracted from human skulls, was forced into his mouth. He recovered his senses; but he was evidently in a situation of extreme danger.

The Queen was for a time assiduous in her attendance. The Duke of York scarcely left his brother's bedside. The Primate and four other Bishops were then in London. They remained at Whitehall all day, and took it by turns to sit up at night in the King's room. The news of his illness filled the capital with sorrow and dismay. For his easy temper and affable manners had won the affection of a large part of the nation; and those who most disliked him preferred his unprincipled levity to the stern and earnest bigotry of his brother.

On the morning of Thursday the fifth of February, the London Gazette announced that His Majesty was going on well, and was thought by the physicians to be out of danger. The bells of all the churches rang merrily, and preparations for bonfires were made in the streets. But in the evening it was known that a relapse had taken place, and that the medical attendants had given up all hope. The public mind was greatly disturbed; but there was no disposition to tumult. The Duke of York, who had already taken on himself to give orders, ascertained that the City was perfectly quiet, and that he might without difficulty be proclaimed as soon as his brother should expire.

The King was in great pain, and complained that he felt as if a fire was burning within him. Yet he bore up against his sufferings with a fortitude which did not seem to belong to his soft and luxurious nature. The sight of his misery affected his wife so much that she fainted, and was carried senseless to her chamber. The Prelates

who were in waiting had from the first exhorted him to prepare for his end. They now thought it their duty to address him in a still more urgent manner. William Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, an honest and pious, though narrow-minded, man, used great freedom. "It is time," he said, "to speak out; for, Sir, you are about to appear before a Judge who is no respecter of persons." The King answered not a word.

Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, then tried his powers of persuasion. He was a man of parts and learning, of quick sensibility and stainless virtue. His elaborate works have long been forgotten; but his morning and evening hymns are still repeated daily in thousands of dwellings. Though, like most of his order, zealous for monarchy, he was no sycophant. Before he became a Bishop, he had maintained the honour of his gown by refusing, when the court was at Winchester, to let Eleanor Gwynn lodge in the house which he occupied there as a prebendary. The King had sense enough to respect so manly a spirit. Of all the prelates he liked Ken the best. It was to no purpose, however, that the good Bishop now put forth all his eloquence. His solemn and pathetic exhortation awed and melted the bystanders to such a degree that some among them believed him to be filled with the same spirit which, in the old time, had, by the mouths of Nathan and Elias, called sinful princes to repentance. Charles, however, was unmoved. He made no objection indeed when the service for the Visitation of the Sick was read. In reply to the pressing questions of the divines, he said that he was sorry for what he had done amiss; and he suffered the absolution to be pronounced over him according to the forms of the Church of England. But, when he was urged to declare that he died in the Communion of that Church, he seemed not to hear what was said; and nothing could induce him to take the Eucharist from the hands of the Bishops. A table with bread and wine was brought to his bedside, but in vain. Sometimes he said that there was no hurry, and sometimes that he was too weak.

Many attributed this apathy to contempt for divine things, and many to the stupor which often precedes death. But there were in the palace a few persons who knew better. Charles had never been a sincere member of the Established Church. His mind had long oscillated between Hobbism and Popery. When his health was good and his spirit high, he was a scoffer. In his few serious moments he was a Roman Catholic. The Duke of York was aware of this, but was entirely occupied with the care of his own interests. He had ordered the outposts to be closed. He had posted detachments of the Guards in different parts of the City. He had also procured the feeble signature of the dying King to an instrument by which some duties, granted only till the demise of the Crown, were let to farm for a term of three years. These things occupied the attention of James to such a degree that, though, on ordinary occasions, he was indiscreetly and unseasonably eager to bring over proselytes

to his Church, he never reflected that his brother was in danger of dying without the last sacraments. This neglect was the more extraordinary because the Duchess of York had, at the request of the Queen, suggested, on the morning on which the King was taken ill, the propriety of procuring spiritual assistance. For such assistance Charles was at last indebted to an agency very different from that of his pious wife and sister-in-law. A life of frivolity and vice had not extinguished in the Duchess of Portsmouth all sentiments of religion, or all that kindness which is the glory of her sex. The French ambassador Barillon, who had come to the palace to inquire after the King, paid her a visit. He found her in an agony of sorrow. She took him into a secret room and poured out her whole heart to him. "I have," she said, "a thing of great moment to tell you. If it were known, my head would be in danger. The King is really and truly a Catholic, but he will die without being reconciled to the Church. His bedchamber is full of Protestant clergymen. I cannot enter it without giving scandal. The Duke is thinking only of himself. Speak to him. Remind him that there is a soul at stake. He is master now. He can clear the room. Go this instant, or it will be too late."

Barillon hastened to the bedchamber, took the Duke aside, and delivered the message of the mistress. The conscience of James smote him. He started as if roused from sleep, and declared that nothing should prevent him from discharging the sacred duty which had been too long delayed. Several schemes were discussed and rejected. At last the Duke commanded the crowd to stand aloof, went to the bed, stooped down, and whispered something which none of the spectators could hear, but which they supposed to be some question about affairs of state. Charles answered in an audible voice, "Yes, yes, with all my heart." None of the bystanders, except the French Ambassador, guessed that the King was declaring his wish to be admitted into the bosom of the Church of Rome.

"Shall I bring a priest?" said the Duke. "Do, brother," replied the sick man, "For God's sake do, and lose no time. But no; you will get into trouble." "If it costs me my life," said the Duke, "I will fetch a priest."

To find a priest, however, for such a purpose, at a moment's notice, was not easy. For, as the law then stood, the person who admitted a proselyte into the Roman Catholic Church was guilty of a capital crime. The Count of Castel Melhor, a Portuguese nobleman, who, driven by political troubles from his native land, had been hospitably received at the English court, undertook to procure a confessor. He had recourse to his countrymen who belonged to the Queen's household; but he found that none of her chaplains knew English or French enough to shrive the King. The Duke and Barillon were about to send to the Venetian minister for a clergyman, when they heard that a Benedictine monk, named John Huddleston, happened to be at Whitehall. This man had, with great risk to himself,

saved the King's life after the battle of Worcester, and had, on that account, been, ever since the Restoration, a privileged person. In the sharpest proclamations which had been put forth against Popish priests, when false witnesses had inflamed the nation to fury, Huddleston had been excepted by name. He readily consented to put his life a second time in peril for his prince; but there was still a difficulty. The honest monk was so illiterate that he did not know what he ought to say on an occasion of such importance. He however obtained some hints, through the intervention of Castel Melhor, from a Portuguese ecclesiastic, and, thus instructed, was brought up the back stairs by Chiffinch, a confidential servant, who, if the satires of that age are to be credited, had often introduced visitors of a very different description by the same entrance. The Duke then, in the King's name, commanded all who were present to quit the room, except Lewis Duras, Earl of Feversham, and John Granville, Earl of Bath. Both these Lords professed the Protestant religion; but James conceived that he could count on their fidelity. Feversham, a Frenchman of noble birth, and nephew of the great Turenne, held high rank in the English army, and was chamberlain to the Queen. Bath was Groom of the Stole.

The Duke's orders were obeyed, and even the physicians withdrew. The back door was then opened, and Father Huddleston entered. A cloak had been thrown over his sacred vestments; and his shaven crown was concealed by a flowing wig. "Sir," said the Duke, "this good man once saved your life. He now comes to save your soul." Charles faintly answered, "He is welcome." Huddleston went through his part better than had been expected. He knelt by the bed, listened to the confession, pronounced the absolution, and administered extreme unction. He asked if the King wished to receive the Lord's supper. "Surely," said Charles, "if I am not unworthy." The host was brought in. Charles feebly strove to rise and kneel before it. The priest bade him lie still, and assured him that God would accept the humiliation of the soul, and would not require the humiliation of the body. The King found so much difficulty in swallowing the bread that it was necessary to open the door and procure a glass of water. This rite ended, the monk held up a crucifix before the penitent, charged him to fix his last thoughts on the sufferings of the Redeemer, and withdrew. The whole ceremony had occupied about three quarters of an hour; and, during that time, the courtiers who filled the outer room had communicated their suspicions to each other by whispers and significant glances. The door was at length thrown open, and the crowd again filled the chamber of death.

It was now late in the evening. The King seemed much relieved by what had passed. His natural children were brought to his bedside, the Dukes of Grafton, Southampton, and Northumberland, sons of the Duchess of Cleveland, the Duke of Saint Albans, son of Eleanor Gwynn, and the Duke of Richmond, son of the Duchess of

Portsmouth. Charles blessed them all, but spoke with peculiar tenderness to Richmond. One face which should have been there was wanting. The eldest and best beloved child was an exile and a wanderer. His name was not once mentioned by his father.

During the night Charles earnestly recommended the Duchess of Portsmouth and her boy to the care of James; "And do not," he good-naturedly added, "let poor Nelly starve." The Queen sent excuses for her absence by Halifax. She said that she was too much disordered to resume her post by the coach, and implored pardon for any offence which she might unwittingly have given. "She ask my pardon, poor woman!" cried Charles, "I ask hers with all my heart."

The morning light began to peep through the windows of Whitehall, and Charles desired the attendants to pull aside the curtains, that he might have one more look at the day. He remarked that it was time to wind up a clock which stood near his bed. These little circumstances were long remembered, because they proved beyond dispute that, when he declared himself a Roman Catholic, he was in full possession of his faculties. He apologised to those who stood round him all night for the trouble which he had caused. He had been, he said, a most unconscionable time dying; but he hoped that they would excuse it. This was the last glimpse of that exquisite urbanity, so often found potent to charm away the resentment of a justly incensed nation. Soon after dawn the speech of the dying man failed. Before ten his senses were gone. Great numbers had repaired to the churches at the hour of morning service. When the prayer for the King was read, loud groans and sobs showed how deeply his people felt for him. At noon on Friday, the sixth of February, he passed away without a struggle.

#### JOHN BUNYAN<sup>1</sup>

This is an eminently beautiful and splendid edition of a book which well deserves all that the printer and the engraver can do for it. The Life of Bunyan is, of course, not a performance which can add much to the literary reputation of such a writer as Mr Southey. But it is written in excellent English, and, for the most part, in an excellent spirit. Mr Southey propounds, we need not say, many opinions from which we altogether dissent; and his attempts to excuse the odious persecution to which Bunyan was subjected have sometimes moved our indignation. But we will avoid this topic. We are at present much more inclined to join in paying homage to the genius of a great man than to engage in a controversy concerning Church-government and toleration.

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<sup>1</sup> *The Pilgrim's Progress, with a Life of John Bunyan*. By Robert Southey, Esq., LL.D., Poet-Laureate. 8vo. London: 1830.

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We must not pass without notice the engravings with which this volume is decorated. Some of Mr Heath's woodcuts are admirably designed and executed. Mr Martin's illustrations do not please us quite so well. His Valley of the Shadow of Death is not that Valley of the Shadow of Death which Bunyan imagined. At all events, it is not that dark and horrible glen which has from childhood been in our mind's eye. The valley is a cavern: the quagmire is a lake: the straight path runs zigzag: and Christian appears like a speck in the darkness of the immense vault. We miss, too, those hideous forms which make so striking a part of the description of Bunyan, and which Salvator Rosa would have loved to draw. It is with unfeigned diffidence that we pronounce judgment on any question relating to the art of painting. But it appears to us that Mr Martin has not of late been fortunate in his choice of subjects. He should never have attempted to illustrate the *Paradise Lost*. There can be no two manners more directly opposed to each other than the manner of his painting and the manner of Milton's poetry. Those things which are mere accessories in the descriptions become the principal objects in the pictures, and those figures which are most prominent in the descriptions can be detected in the pictures only by a very close scrutiny. Mr Martin has succeeded perfectly in representing the pillars and candelabras of Pandaemonium. But he has forgotten that Milton's Pandaemonium is merely the background to Satan. In the picture, the Archangel is scarcely visible amidst the endless colonnades of his infernal palace. Milton's Paradise, again, is merely the background to his Adam and Eve. But in Mr Martin's picture the landscape is everything. Adam, Eve, and Raphael, attract much less notice than the lake and the mountains, the gigantic flowers, and the giraffes which feed upon them. We read that James II sat to Verelst, the great flower-painter. When the performance was finished, his majesty appeared in the midst of a bower of sun-flowers and tulips, which completely drew away all attention from the central figure. All who looked at the portrait took it for a flower-piece. Mr Martin, we think, introduces his immeasurable spaces, his innumerable multitudes, his gorgeous prodigies of architecture and landscape, almost as unseasonably as Verelst introduced his flower-pots and nosegays. If Mr Martin were to paint Lear in the storm, we suspect that the blazing sky, the sheets of rain, the swollen torrents, and the tossing forest would draw away all attention from the agonies of the insulted king and father. If he were to paint the death of Lear, the old man asking the by-standers to undo his button, would be thrown into the shade by a vast blaze of pavilions, standards, armour, and heralds' coats. Mr Martin would illustrate the *Orlando Furioso* well, the *Orlando Innamorato* still better, the *Arabian Nights* best of all. Fairy palaces and gardens, porticoes of agate, and groves flowering with emeralds and rubies, inhabited by people for whom nobody cares, these are his proper domain. He would succeed admirably in the

enchanted ground of Alcina, or the mansion of Aladdin. But he should avoid Milton and Bunyan.

The characteristic peculiarity of *The Pilgrim's Progress* is that it is the only work of its kind which possesses a strong human interest. Other allegories only amuse the fancy. The allegory of Bunyan has been read by many thousands with tears. There are some good allegories in Johnson's works, and some of still higher merit by Addison. In these performances there is, perhaps, as much wit and ingenuity as in *The Pilgrim's Progress*. But the pleasure which is produced by the Vision of Mirza, the Vision of Theodore, the genealogy of Wit, or the contest between Rest and Labour, is exactly similar to the pleasure which we derive from one of Cowley's odes or from a canto of *Hudibras*. It is a pleasure which belongs wholly to the understanding, and in which the feelings have no part whatever. Nay, even Spenser himself, though assuredly one of the greatest poets that ever lived, could not succeed in the attempt to make allegory interesting. It was in vain that he lavished the riches of his mind on the House of Pride and the House of Temperance. One unpardonable fault, the fault of tediousness, pervades the whole of the *Fairy Queen*. We become sick of Cardinal Virtues and Deadly Sins, and long for the society of plain men and women. Of the persons who read the first canto, not one in ten reaches the end of the first book, and not one in a hundred perseveres to the end of the poem. Very few and very weary are those who are in at the death of the Blatant Beast. If the last six books, which are said to have been destroyed in Ireland, had been preserved, we doubt whether any heart less stout than that of a commentator would have held out to the end.

It is not so with *The Pilgrim's Progress*. That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. Dr Johnson, all whose studies were desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through, made an exception in favour of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. That work was one of the two or three works which he wished longer. It was by no common merit that the illiterate sectary extracted praise like this from the most pedantic of critics and the most bigoted of Tories. In the wildest parts of Scotland *The Pilgrim's Progress* is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery *The Pilgrim's Progress* is a greater favourite than *Jack the Giant-killer*. Every reader knows the straight and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius, that things which are not should be as though they were, that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another. And this miracle the tinker has wrought. There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting-place, no turn-stile, with which we are not perfectly acquainted. The wicket gate, and the desolate swamp which separates it from the City of Destruction, the long line of road, as



straight as a rule can make it, the Interpreter's house, and all its fair shows, the prisoner in the iron cage, the palace, at the doors of which armed men kept guard, and on the battlements of which walked persons clothed all in gold, the cross and the sepulchre, the steep hill and the pleasant harbour, the stately front of the House Beautiful by the wayside, the chained lions crouching in the porch, the low, green valley of Humiliation, rich with grass and covered with flocks, all are as well known to us as the sights of our own street. Then we come to the narrow place where Apollyon strode right across the whole breadth of the way, to stop the journey of Christian, and where afterwards the pillar was set up to testify how bravely the pilgrim had fought the good fight. As we advance, the valley becomes deeper and deeper. The shade of the precipices on both sides falls blacker and blacker. The clouds gather overhead. Doleful voices, the clanking of chains, and the rushing of many feet to and fro, are heard through the darkness. The way, hardly discernible in gloom, runs close by the mouth of the burning pit, which sends forth its flames, its noisome smoke, and its hideous shapes, to terrify the adventurer. Thence he goes on, amidst the snares and pitfalls, with the mangled bodies of those who have perished lying in the ditch by his side. At the end of the long dark valley he passes the dens in which the old giants dwelt, amidst the bones of those whom they had slain.

Then the road passes straight on through a waste moor, till at length the towers of a distant city appear before the traveller; and soon he is in the midst of the innumerable multitudes of Vanity Fair. There are the jugglers and the apes, the shops and the puppet-shows. There are Italian Row, and French Row, and Spanish Row, and Britain Row, with their crowds of buyers, sellers, and loungers, jabbering all the languages of the earth.

Thence we go on by the little hill of the silver mine, and through the meadow of lilies, along the bank of that pleasant river which is bordered on both sides by fruit-trees. On the left side branches off the path leading to the horrible castle, the court-yard of which is paved with the skulls of pilgrims; and right onward are the sheep-folds and orchards of the Delectable Mountains.

From the Delectable Mountains, the way lies through the fogs and briers of the Enchanted Ground, with here and there a bed of soft cushions spread under a green arbour. And beyond is the land of Beulah, where the flowers, the graves, and the songs of birds never cease, and where the sun shines night and day. Thence are plainly seen the golden pavements and streets of pearl, on the other side of that black and cold river over which there is no bridge.

All the stages of the journey, all the forms which cross or overtake the pilgrims, giants, and hobgoblins, ill-favoured ones and shining ones, the tall, comely, swarthy Madam Bubble, with her great purse by her side, and her fingers playing with the money, the black man in the bright vesture, Mr Worldly Wiseman and my

Lord Hategood, Mr Talkative and Mrs Timorous, all are actually existing beings to us. We follow the travellers through their allegorical progress with interest not inferior to that with which we follow Elizabeth from Siberia to Moscow, or Jeanie Deans from Edinburgh to London. Bunyan is almost the only writer who ever gave to the abstract the interest of the concrete. In the works of many celebrated authors, men are mere personifications. We have not a jealous man, but jealousy, not a traitor, but perfidy, not a patriot, but patriotism. The mind of Bunyan, on the contrary, was so imaginative that personifications, when he dealt with them, became men. A dialogue between two qualities, in his dream, has more dramatic effect than a dialogue between two human beings in most plays. In this respect the genius of Bunyan bore a great resemblance to that of a man who had very little else in common with him, Percy Bysshe Shelley. The strong imagination of Shelley made him an idolater in his own despite. Out of the most indefinite terms of a hard, cold, dark, metaphysical system, he made a gorgeous Pantheon, full of beautiful, majestic, and life-like forms. He turned atheism itself into a mythology, rich with visions as glorious as the gods that live in the marble of Phidias, or the virgin saints that smile on us from the canvas of Murillo. The Spirit of Beauty, the Principle of Good, the Principle of Evil, when he treated of them, ceased to be abstractions. They took shape and colour. They were no longer mere words; but "intelligible forms", "fair humanities"; objects of love, of adoration, or of fear. As there can be no stronger sign of a mind destitute of the poetical faculty than that tendency which was so common among the writers of the French school to turn images into abstractions, Venus, for example, into Love, Minerva into Wisdom, Mars into War, and Bacchus into Festivity, so there can be no stronger sign of a mind truly poetical than a disposition to reverse this abstracting process, and to make individuals out of generalities. Some of the metaphysical and ethical theories of Shelley were certainly most absurd and pernicious. But we doubt whether any modern poet has possessed in an equal degree some of the highest qualities of the great ancient masters. The words bard and inspiration, which seem so cold and affected when applied to other modern writers, have a perfect propriety when applied to him. He was not an author, but a bard. His poetry seems not to have been an art, but an inspiration. Had he lived to the full age of man, he might not improbably have given to the world some great work of the very highest rank in design and execution. But alas!

Ὁ Δάφνις ἔβα ῥόνον ἔκλινσε δῖνα  
τὸν Μώσαις φίλον ἄνδρα, τὸν οὐ Νύμφαισιν ἀπεχθῆ.

But we must return to Bunyan. *The Pilgrim's Progress* undoubtedly is not a perfect allegory. The types are often inconsistent with each other: and sometimes the allegorical disguise is altogether

thrown off. The river, for example, is emblematic of death; and we are told that every human being must pass through the river. But Faithful does not pass through it. He is martyred, not in shadow, but in reality, at Vanity Fair. Hopeful talks to Christian about Esau's birthright and about his own convictions of sin as Bunyan might have talked with one of his own congregation. The damsels at the House Beautiful catechize Christiana's boys, as any good ladies might catechize any boys at a Sunday School. But we do not believe that any man, whatever might be his genius, and whatever his good luck, could long continue a figurative history without falling into many inconsistencies. We are sure that inconsistencies, scarcely less gross than the worst into which Bunyan has fallen, may be found in the shortest and most elaborate allegories of the *Spectator* and the *Rambler*. The *Tale of a Tub* and the *History of John Bull* swarm with similar errors, if the name of error can be properly applied to that which is unavoidable. It is not easy to make a simile go on all-fours. But we believe that no human ingenuity could produce such a centipede as a long allegory in which the correspondence between the outward sign and the thing signified should be exactly preserved. Certainly no writer, ancient or modern, has yet achieved the adventure. The best thing, on the whole, that an allegorist can do, is to present to his readers a succession of analogies, each of which may separately be striking and happy, without looking very nicely to see whether they harmonize with each other. This Bunyan has done, and, though a minute scrutiny may detect inconsistencies in every page of his *Tale*, the general effect which the *Tale* produces on all persons, learned and unlearned, proves that he has done well. The passages which it is most difficult to defend are those in which he altogether drops the allegory, and puts in the mouth of his pilgrims religious ejaculations and disquisitions, better suited to his own pulpit at Bedford or Reading than to the Enchanted Ground or to the Interpreter's Garden. Yet even these passages, though we will not undertake to defend them against the objections of critics, we feel that we could ill spare. We feel that the story owes much of its charm to these occasional glimpses of solemn and affecting subjects, which will not be hidden, which force themselves through the veil, and appear before us in their native aspect. The effect is not unlike that which is said to have been produced on the ancient stage, when the eyes of the actor were seen flaring through his mask, and giving life and expression to what would else have been an inanimate and uninteresting disguise.

It is very amusing and very instructive to compare *The Pilgrim's Progress* with the *Grace Abounding*. The latter work is indeed one of the most remarkable pieces of autobiography in the world. It is a full and open confession of the fancies which passed through the mind of an illiterate man, whose affections were warm, whose nerves were irritable, whose imagination was ungovernable, and who

was under the influence of the strongest religious excitement. In whatever age Bunyan had lived, the history of his feelings would, in all probability, have been very curious. But the time in which his lot was cast was the time of a great stirring of the human mind. A tremendous burst of public feeling, produced by the tyranny of the hierarchy, menaced the old ecclesiastical institutions with destruction. To the gloomy regularity of one intolerant Church had succeeded the licence of innumerable sects, drunk with the sweet and heady must of their new liberty. Fanaticism, engendered by persecution, and destined to engender persecution in turn, spread rapidly through society. Even the strongest and most commanding minds were not proof against this strange taint. Any time might have produced George Fox and James Nayler. But to one time alone belong the frantic delusions of such a statesman as Vane, and the hysterical tears of such a soldier as Cromwell.

The history of Bunyan is the history of a most excitable mind in an age of excitement. By most of his biographers he has been treated with gross injustice. They have understood in a popular sense all those strong terms of self-condemnation which he employed in a theological sense. They have, therefore, represented him as an abandoned wretch, reclaimed by means almost miraculous, or, to use their favourite metaphor, "as a brand plucked from the burning." Mr Ivimey calls him the depraved Bunyan and the wicked Tinker of Elstow. Surely Mr Ivimey ought to have been too familiar with the bitter accusations which the most pious people are in the habit of bringing against themselves, to understand literally all the strong expressions which are to be found in the *Grace Abounding*. It is quite clear, as Mr Southey most justly remarks, that Bunyan never was a vicious man. He married very early, and he solemnly declares that he was strictly faithful to his wife. He does not appear to have been a drunkard. He owns, indeed, that, when a boy, he never spoke without an oath. But a single admonition cured him of this bad habit for life; and the cure must have been wrought early; for at eighteen he was in the army of the Parliament; and, if he had carried the vice of profaneness into that service, he would doubtless have received something more than an admonition from Sergeant Bind-their-kings-in-chains, or Captain Hew-Agag-in-pieces-before-the-Lord. Bell-ringing and playing at hockey on Sundays seem to have been the worst vices of this depraved tinker. They would have passed for virtues with Archbishop Laud. It is quite clear that, from a very early age, Bunyan was a man of strict life and of a tender conscience. "He had been," says Mr Southey, "a blackguard." Even this we think too hard a censure. Bunyan was not, we admit, so fine a gentleman as Lord Digby; but he was a blackguard no otherwise than as every labouring man that ever lived has been a blackguard. Indeed, Mr Southey acknowledges this. "Such he might have been expected to be by his birth, breeding, and vocation. Scarcely, indeed, by possibility, could he

have been otherwise " A man whose manners and sentiments are decidedly below those of his class deserves to be called a blackguard. But it is surely unfair to apply so strong a word of reproach to one who is only what the great mass of every community must inevitably be.

Those horrible internal conflicts which Bunyan has described with so much power of language prove, not that he was a worse man than his neighbours, but that his mind was constantly occupied by religious considerations, that his fervour exceeded his knowledge, and that his imagination exercised despotic power over his body and mind. He heard voices from heaven. He saw strange visions of distant hills, pleasant and sunny as his own Delectable Mountains. From those abodes he was shut out, and placed in a dark and horrible wilderness, where he wandered through ice and snow, striving to make his way into the happy region of light. At one time he was seized with an inclination to work miracles. At another time he thought himself actually possessed by the devil. He could distinguish the blasphemous whispers. He felt his infernal enemy pulling at his clothes behind him. He spurned with his feet and struck with his hands at the destroyer. Sometimes he was tempted to sell his part in the salvation of mankind. Sometimes a violent impulse urged him to start up from his food, to fall on his knees, and to break forth into prayer. At length he fancied that he had committed the unpardonable sin. His agony convulsed his robust frame. He was, he says, as if his breast-bone would split; and this he took for a sign that he was destined to burst asunder like Judas. The agitation of his nerves made all his movements tremulous, and thus trembling, he supposed, was a visible mark of his reprobation, like that which had been set on Cain. At one time, indeed, an encouraging voice seemed to rush in at the window, like the noise of wind, but very pleasant, and commanded, as he says, a great calm in his soul. At another time, a word of comfort "was spoke loud unto him; it showed a great word; it seemed to be writ in great letters." But these intervals of ease were short. His state, during two years and a half, was generally the most horrible that the human mind can imagine. "I walked," says he, with his own peculiar eloquence, "to a neighbouring town, and sat down upon a settle in the street, and fell into a very deep pause about the most fearful state my sin had brought me to, and, after long musing, I lifted up my head; but methought I saw as if the sun that shineth in the heavens did grudge to give me light; and as if the very stones in the street, and tiles upon the houses, did band themselves against me. Methought that they all combined together to banish me out of the world. I was abhorred of them, and unfit to dwell among them, because I had sinned against the Saviour. Oh, how happy now was every creature over I! for they stood fast, and kept their station. But I was gone and lost." Scarcely any madhouse could produce an instance of delusion so strong, or of misery so acute.

It was through this Valley of the Shadow of Death, overhung by darkness, peopled with devils, resounding with blasphemy and lamentation, and passing amidst quagmires, snares, and pitfalls, close by the very mouth of hell, that Bunyan journeyed to that bright and fruitful land of Beulah, in which he sojourned during the latter period of his pilgrimage. The only trace which his cruel sufferings and temptations seem to have left behind them was an affectionate compassion for those who were still in the state in which he had once been. Religion has scarcely ever worn a form so calm and soothing as in his allegory. The feeling which predominates through the whole book is a feeling of tenderness for weak, timid, and harassed minds. The character of Mr Fearing, of Mr Feeblemind, of Mr Despondency and his daughter Miss Muchafraid, the account of poor Littlefaith who was robbed by the three thieves of his spending money, the description of Christian's terror in the dungeons of Giant Despair and in his passage through the river, all clearly show how strong a sympathy Bunyan felt, after his own mind had become clear and cheerful, for persons afflicted with religious melancholy.

Mr Southey, who has no love for the Calvinists, admits that, if Calvinism had never worn a blacker appearance than in Bunyan's works, it would never have become a term of reproach. In fact those works of Bunyan with which we are acquainted are by no means more Calvinistic than the articles and homilies of the Church of England. The moderation of his opinions on the subject of predestination gave offence to some zealous persons. We have seen an absurd allegory, the heroine of which is named Hephzibah, written by some raving supralapsarian preacher who was dissatisfied with the mild theology of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. In this foolish book if we recollect rightly, the Interpreter is called the Enlightener, and the House Beautiful is Castle Strength. Mr Southey tells us that the Catholics had also their *Pilgrim's Progress*, without a Giant Pope, in which the Interpreter is the Director, and the House Beautiful Grace's Hall. It is surely a remarkable proof of the power of Bunyan's genius, that two religious parties, both of which regarded his opinions as heterodox, should have had recourse to him for assistance.

There are, we think, some characters and scenes in *The Pilgrim's Progress*, which can be fully comprehended and enjoyed only by persons familiar with the history of the times through which Bunyan lived. The character of Mr Greatheart, the guide, is an example. His fighting is, of course, allegorical; but the allegory is not strictly preserved. He delivers a sermon on imputed righteousness to his companions; and, soon after, he gives battle to Giant Grim, who had taken upon him to back the lions. He expounds the fifty-third chapter of *Isaiah* to the household and guests of Gaius; and then he sallies out to attack Slaygood, who was of the nature of flesh-eaters, in his den. These are inconsistencies; but they are inconsistencies

which add, we think, to the interest of the narrative. We have not the least doubt that Bunyan had in view some stout old Greatheart of Naseby and Worcester, who prayed with his men before he drilled them, who knew the spiritual state of every dragoon in his troop, and who, with the praises of God in his mouth, and a two-edged sword in his hand, had turned to flight, on many fields of battle, the swearing, drunken braves of Rupert and Lunsford.

Every age produces such men as By-ends. But the middle of the seventeenth century was eminently prolific of such men. Mr Southey thinks that the satire was aimed at some particular individual; and this seems by no means improbable. At all events, Bunyan must have known many of those hypocrites who followed religion only when religion walked in silver slippers, when the sun shone, and when the people applauded. Indeed, he might have easily found all the kindred of By-ends among the public men of his time. He might have found among the peers my Lord Turn-about, my Lord Time-server, and my Lord Fair-speech, in the House of Commons, Mr Smoothman, Mr Anything, and Mr Facing-both-ways; nor would "the parson of the parish, Mr Two-tongues," have been wanting. The town of Bedford probably contained more than one politician who, after contriving to raise an estate by seeking the Lord during the reign of the saints, contrived to keep what he had got by persecuting the saints during the reign of the strumpets—and more than one priest who, during repeated changes in the discipline and doctrines of the Church, had remained constant to nothing but his benefice.

One of the most remarkable passages in *The Pilgrim's Progress* is that in which the proceedings against Faithful are described. It is impossible to doubt that Bunyan intended to satirize the mode in which state trials were conducted under Charles II. The licence given to the witnesses for the prosecution, the shameless partiality and ferocious insolence of the judge, the precipitancy and the blind rancour of the jury, remind us of those odious mummeries which, from the Restoration to the Revolution, were merely forms preliminary to hanging, drawing, and quartering. Lord Hategood performs the office of counsel for the prisoners as well as Scroggs himself could have performed it.

*Judge* Thou runagate, heretic, and traitor, hast thou heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee?

*Faithful* May I speak a few words in my own defence?

*Judge* Sirrah, sirrah! thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place; yet, that all men may see our gentleness to thee, let us hear what thou, vile runagate, hast to say.

No person who knows the state trials can be at a loss for parallel cases. Indeed, write what Bunyan would, the baseness and cruelty of the lawyers of those times "sinned up to it still," and even went

beyond it. The imaginary trial of Faithful, before a jury composed of personified vices, was just and merciful, when compared with the real trial of Alice Lisle before that tribunal where all the vices sat in the person of Jeffreys.

The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain working men, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we would so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language, no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed.

Cowper said, forty or fifty years ago, that he dared not name John Bunyan in his verse, for fear of moving a sneer. To our refined forefathers, we suppose, Lord Roscommon's *Essay on Translated Verse*, and the Duke of Buckinghamshire's *Essay on Poetry*, appeared to be compositions infinitely superior to the allegory of the preaching tinker. We live in better times, and we are not afraid to say, that, though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two minds which possessed the imaginative faculty in a very eminent degree. One of those minds produced *Paradise Lost*, the other *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

DR JOHNSON

Johnson grown old, Johnson in the fullness of his fame and in the enjoyment of a competent fortune, is better known to us than any other man in history. Everything about him, his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his scrofula, his St Vitus's dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eye, the outward signs which too clearly marked his approbation of his dinner, his insatiable appetite for fish-sauce and veal-pie with plums, his inextinguishable thirst for tea, his trick of touching the posts as he walked, his mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange peel, his morning slumbers, his midnight disputations, his contortions, his mutterings, his gruntings, his puffings, his vigorous, acute, and ready eloquence, his sarcastic wit, his vehemence, his insolence, his fits of tempestuous rage, his queer inmates, old Mr Levett and blind Mrs Williams, the cat Hodge and the negro Frank, all are as familiar to us as the objects by which



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we have been surrounded from childhood. But we have no minute information respecting those years of Johnson's life during which his character and his manners became immutably fixed. We know him, not as he was known to the men of his own generation, but as he was known to men whose father he might have been. That celebrated club of which he was the most distinguished member contained few persons who could remember a time when his fame was not fully established, and his habits completely formed. He had made himself a name in literature while Reynolds and the Wartons were still boys. He was about twenty years older than Burke, Goldsmith, and Gerard Hamilton, about thirty years older than Gibbon, Beauclerk, and Langton, and about forty years older than Lord Stowell, Sir William Jones, and Windham. Boswell and Mrs Thrale, the two writers from whom we derive most of our knowledge respecting him, never saw him till long after he was fifty years old, till most of his great works had become classical, and till the pension bestowed on him by the Crown had placed him above poverty. Of those eminent men who were his most intimate associates towards the close of his life, the only one, as far as we remember, who knew him during the first ten or twelve years of his residence in the capital, was David Garrick, and it does not appear that, during those years, David Garrick saw much of his fellow townsman.

Johnson came up to London precisely at the time when the condition of a man of letters was most miserable and degraded. It was a dark night between two sunny days. The age of patronage had passed away. The age of general curiosity and intelligence had not arrived . . .

Johnson came among them the solitary specimen of a past age, the last survivor of the genuine race of Grub Street hacks, the last of that generation of authors whose abject misery and whose dissolute manners had furnished inexhaustible matter to the satirical genius of Pope. From nature, he had received an uncouth figure, a diseased constitution, and an irritable temper. The manner in which the earlier years of his manhood had been passed had given to his demeanour, and even to his moral character, some peculiarities appalling to the civilised beings who were the companions of his old age. The perverse irregularity of his hours, the slovenliness of his person, his fits of strenuous exertion, interrupted by long intervals of sluggishness, his strange abstinence, and his equally strange voracity, his active benevolence, contrasted with the constant rudeness and the occasional ferocity of his manners in society, made him, in the opinion of those with whom he lived during the last twenty years of his life, a complete original. An original he was, undoubtedly, in some respects; but, if we possessed full information concerning those who shared his early hardships, we should probably find that what we call his singularities of manner were, for the most part, failings which he had in common with the class to which he belonged. He ate at Streatham Park as he

had been used to eat behind the screen at St John's Gate, when he was ashamed to show his ragged clothes. He ate as it was natural that a man should eat, who, during a great part of his life, had passed the morning in doubt whether he should have food for the afternoon. The habits of his early life had accustomed him to bear privation with fortitude, but not to taste pleasure with moderation. He could fast; but, when he did not fast, he tore his dinner like a famished wolf, with the veins swelling on his forehead, and the perspiration running down his cheeks. He scarcely ever took wine; but, when he drank it, he drank it greedily and in large tumblers. These were, in fact, mitigated symptoms of that same moral disease which raged with such deadly malignity in his friends Savage and Boyse. The roughness and violence which he showed in society were to be expected from a man whose temper, not naturally gentle, had been long tried by the bitterest calamities, by the want of meat, of fire, and of clothes, by the importunity of creditors, by the insolence of booksellers, by the derision of fools, by the insincerity of patrons, by that bread which is the bitterest of all food, by those stairs which are the most toilsome of all paths, by that deferred hope which makes the heart sick. Through all these things the ill-dressed, coarse, ungainly pedant had struggled manfully up to eminence and command.

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### EXERCISES

(i) In Bacon's essays you arrive for the first time at the art of a past master

Try to write essays on all the subjects which he treats and compare your results with his. One result will be that you will see the difference between padding and real body. There will be other differences. What are they?

(ii) Learn by heart as many of Bacon's essays here given as you can

(iii) Condense the extract from Bunyan to 300 words

(iv) Condense the extract from Swift to 300 words

(v) What are the main differences between the style of Swift and that of Milton?

(vi) Condense "The Vision of Mirzah" to 300 words

(vii) Having read "Sir Roger at Church," write similar essays on Sir Roger in an Aeroplane, Sir Roger in a Submarine, Sir Roger in a Modern London Hotel, Sir Roger in the Tube, etc

(viii) Write a poem on Doctor Johnson

(ix) Wherein lie the charm and loveliness of Lamb's style?

(x) Write a poem or an essay on Walking Tours, after reading Hazlitt

(xi) What are the peculiar characteristics of Carlyle's style?

(xii) Condense Macaulay's account of the Death of Charles II to 300 words

(xiii) Find out the meaning of all the words in these extracts which you do not at once understand

(xiv) Take all these words and try to bring them in naturally in a connected piece of prose on any subject you like. You will find it difficult unless you take "A Nightmare" for your subject. Why not?

(xv) Write an article of 300 words calculated to draw visitors to a holiday resort real or imaginary

(xvi) Write a dialogue between any two famous people, alive or dead, in history or fiction, on any modern subject of interest—*e.g.* between Shakespeare and Milton on Women's Work in War Time

## CHAPTER XVI

### A HOME LIBRARY

A LENDING LIBRARY is a great boon, but the true lover of literature will not rest content with borrowing books. He will wish to own them and will take an early opportunity of beginning to form a private library

It is necessary, for ordinary people at least, that books should be found which are comparatively inexpensive, and in this respect, no country in the world is more favourably situated than our own. Well-printed and well-bound books can be obtained at a low price, nearly all the standard books being included in two famous collections known respectively as "The World's Classics" (Oxford Press) and "Everyman's Library" (Dent & Sons). The books in both these series are printed in very readable type, a necessary quality of a companionable book. Certain "copyright" books, written by later authors, are not included in these two "libraries," and for these essential books a larger price must be paid—*e g* for a complete Tennyson or Browning.

I have taken the lists of these two libraries and selected a number of volumes which will appeal to many varied tastes. These first lists do not pretend to be complete or comprehensive, nor are the books arranged in order of time, but as the titles occur in the publishers' lists. They include some books by modern authors who have already become "classic" and whose work may interest you. When you have bought these volumes you will have secured a good beginning for a library—but only a beginning.

You will find that constant reading of the "classics" of English literature will not help you very much in writing essays, and you would be well advised to add to your home library a number of books on matters of to-day. For this

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purpose you will find plenty of choice in certain other collections, such as "The Home University Library" (Williams & Norgate), "The Cambridge Manuals" (Cambridge Press), and "The People's Books" (Nelson & Sons). I have dealt similarly with the lists of these libraries, and my selections are given below, together with a few miscellaneous volumes from other publishing houses

### THE WORLD'S CLASSICS

1. Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*
- 4 Oliver Goldsmith's *The Vicar of Wakefield*
- 5 Hazlitt's *Table Talk*
- 6 Emerson's *Essays*
- 9 Barham's *The Ingoldsby Legends*
- 11 C Darwin's *Origin of Species*
- 13 *English Songs and Ballads*
- 14 C Brontë's *Shirley*
- 16 Herrick's *Poems*
- 18 Pope's *Homer's Iliad*
- 21 Poe's *Tales*
- 22 White's *Selborne*.
- 23 De Quincey's *Opium-Eater*
- 30 Emerson's *English Traits*
- 32 *Selected English Essays*
- 36 Pope's *Homer's Odyssey*
- 37 Dryden's *Virgil*
- 40 *Tristram Shandy*
- 45 *English Prose: Mandeville to Ruskin*
- 49 Thomas à Kempis' *Of the Imitation of Christ*.
- 52 Watts-Dunton's *Aylwin*
- 61 Holmes' *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*
- 66 Borrow's *Lavengro*
- 68 Thoreau's *Walden*
- 73 Borrow's *Romany Rye*
79. Sheridan's *Plays*
- 87 Hood's *Poems*
- 89 *Professor at the Breakfast-Table*
- 95 Holmes' *Poet at the Breakfast Table*
96. Motley's *Dutch Republic* I
97. — *Dutch Republic* II
98. — *Dutch Republic*. III.
- 109 George Herbert's *Poems*
- 115 Leigh Hunt's *Essays and Sketches*

124. Hazlitt's *English Comic Writers*.
132. Leigh Hunt's *The Town*
138. Cowper's *Letters*.
139. Gibbon's *Autobiography*
150. Irving's *Conquest of Granada*
158. Dufferin's *High Latitudes*
159. Grant's *Captain of the Guard*
172. *Book of English Essays*
183. Morris's *Guenevere, Jason, etc*
185. D. G. Rossetti's *Poems*
191. *Selected English Speeches*
192. *Selected English Letters*
193. *Selected English Short Stories*
195. *The Mutiny of the Bounty*
197. Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico* I
198. — *Conquest of Mexico*. II
199. *Six Elizabethan Plays*.
202. *Letters written in War Time*
204. *English Prose* (edited by T. T. T.)
206. *English Critical Essays*
212. *Shakespearean Criticism*.
213. *Who can be Happy in Russia*

## EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY

1. Boswell's *Life of Johnson*
2. — *Life of Johnson* II
3. Lockhart's *Life of Napo*
9. Marcus Aurelius' *Golden*
10. Bacon's *Essays*
13. Froude's *Short Stories*
14. Lamb's *Essays of Elia*
15. Lytton's *Harold*
16. Scott's *Ivanhoe*
18. Lytton's *Last of the Bar*
20. Kingsley's *Westward Ho!*
21. Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*
22. — *Pride and Prejudice*.
23. — *Mansfield Park*
24. — *Emma*.
25. — *Northanger Abbey*.
26. Balzac's *Wild Ass's Skin*
27. Eliot's *Adam Bede*
28. Kingsley's *Ravenshoe*
29. *The Cloister and the Heart*
30. Trollope's *Barchester To*
34. Macaulay's *England*. I



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35. Macaulay's *England*. II.
36. — *England*. III
45. *Le Morte D'Arthur* I.
46. *Le Morte D'Arthur* II
49. Borrow's *Wild Wales*
52. Southey's *Life of Nelson*
55. Lockhart's *Life of Scott*
57. Froissart's *Chronicles*
61. Child's *Book of Saints*
62. Æschylus' *Lyrical Dramas*
63. Euripides' *Plays* (2 vols) Vol 1
71. Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel*
72. — *Woodstock*,
73. Thackeray's *Esmond*
75. Scott's *Waverley*.
80. Lytton's *Last Days of Pompeii*
81. Dumas' *The Three Musketeers*
82. Marryat's *Mr Midshipman Easy*
83. Gaskell's *Cranford*.
93. *The New Testament* "
96. Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*
99. Cook's *Voyages*
101. Keats' *Poems*.
102. Dickens' *Tale of Two Cities*
103. Miller's *Old Red Sandstone*
104. Darwin's *Voyage of the Beagle*
114. Young's *Sophocles*
116. *Rab and his Friends*, etc
117. *Irving Sketch Book*
121. Eliot's *Silas Marner*.
123. Mulock's *John Halifax*
124. Scott's *The Abbott*
126. — *The Antiquary*
129. — *Bride of Lammermoor*
133. — *Guy Mannering*
134. — *Heart of Midlothian*
135. — *Kenilworth*
136. — *The Monastery*
137. — *Old Mortality*.
140. — *Quentin Durward*
141. — *Redgauntlet*
142. — *Rob Roy*
143. — *St Ronan's Well*
144. — *The Talisman*
151. Borrow's *Bible in Spain*.
153. Shakespeare's *Comedies*
154. — *Histories*, etc

- 155 Shakespeare's *Tragedies*.
- 169. Balzac's *Eugenie Grandet*
- 170. — *Old Goriot*.
- 173. Dickens' *Old Curiosity Shop*
- 174. Dumas' *Black Tulip*
- 175. — *Twenty Years After*
- 177. Lever's *Harry Lorrequer*
- 178. Lover's *Handy Andy*
- 181. Trollope's *Framley Parsonage*
- 230 Kingsley's *Hypatia*
- 233. Dickens' *Oliver Twist*
- 234. — *Great Expectations*
- 235. — *Pickwick Papers*
- 236. — *Bleak House*
- 237. — *Sketches by Boz*.
- 238. — *Nicholas Nickleby*
- 239. — *Christmas Books*.
- 240. — *Dombey & Son*
- 241. — *Martin Chuzzlewit*
- 242 — *David Copperfield*.
- 250. Sismondi's *Italian Republics*
- 287 C. Brontë's *Jane Eyre*
- 288. — *Shirley*
- 292 Dickens' *Hard Times*
- 293 — *Little Dorrit*
- 294 — *Our Mutual Friend*
- 296. Kingsley's *Hereward the Wake*.
- 298 Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*
- 299 Reade's *Peg Woffington*
- 301. Prescott's *Conquest of Peru*
- 304 Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*
- 308 Dante's *Divine Comedy*
- 316 Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography*
- 319 Jules Verne's *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea*,
- 320 Elgar's *Runnymede and Lincoln Fair*
- 323 Ruskin's *Crown of Wild Olive and Crests of Aglata*
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## CHAPTER XVII

### SHAKESPEARE

I HAVE decided to isolate Shakespeare from my chapter entitled "A Short History of English Literature," which immediately follows, because he so far overtops the other writers that he deserves special treatment.

More volumes have been written about him and his work than about any other writer in all the ages. If you want the best criticisms on him, read,

Masefield—*Shakespeare*, in the Home University Library.

Sir Walter Raleigh—*Shakespeare*, in English Men of Letters Series.

Brandes—*Shakespeare*.

Hazlitt—*Lectures on Shakespeare*. Everyman's Library.

Coleridge—*Lectures on Shakespeare*. Everyman's Library.

Bowden—*Shakespeare: His Mind and Art*.

A. C. Bradley—*Shakespeare's Tragedies*.

I recommend for a first reading the following selected plays—*Romeo and Juliet*, 1592, *Richard III*, 1593, *Richard II*, 1593, *Merchant of Venice*, 1594, *King John*, 1594, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 1595, *Henry IV*, 1597, *Henry V.*, 1598; *Much Ado About Nothing*, 1599, *As You Like It*, 1599, *Twelfth Night*, 1600, *Julius Cæsar*, 1601, *Hamlet*, 1602; *Othello*, 1604, *Measure for Measure*, 1604, *Macbeth*, 1605; *King Lear*, 1607; *Antony and Cleopatra*, 1608; *Coriolanus*, 1609, *Cymbeline*, 1610, *The Tempest*, 1611.

When you really have assimilated these plays you may fill up the gaps, but an adequate knowledge of these is to be preferred to a superficial acquaintance with all.

It is time to readjust our point of view regarding Shakespeare's life and work in the light of what recent criticism has done in the way of showing us the true Shakespeare.

There has never been an age so rich or so diverse in Shakespearean criticism as our own, we have been able, in a more unbiased manner than our fathers to glean what there was of lasting value in the pages of Dryden, Johnson, Coleridge, Lamb and Hazlitt, added to this there has been the inimitable biography by Sir Sidney Lee, and the fact that we are somehow more honest or more inspired than our ancestors. Whatever the cause there can be no doubt that the studies of Brandes, Ten Brink, Taine, Raleigh, Bradley, Frank Harris, Masfield and Dowden have opened up new roads of thought, each of them different from the other, but each converging on the one end we would all attain, the heart of Shakespeare.

We recognise now, for instance, that Wordsworth was far more of a seer than Browning and more probably right when he suggested that in the Sonnets we have the real living Shakespeare "with this key Shakespeare unlocked his heart." The theory that we know little or nothing of the dramatist's own life<sup>1</sup> or point of view is exploded we may hope, for ever the truth is that we know more, not less, about the actual details of his life than we do about any other dramatist of his time owing to the indefatigable energy of Sir Sidney Lee, Professor Wallace and others; and as Bagehot says, Shakespeare is, after all, his own biographer. Surely no man could desire a better Boswell. As it was one of Shakespeare's most notable gifts to be able to make a fictitious character live more really than many people with whom we have been intimately connected all our lives, so when he comes to portray his own idiosyncrasies we find that we know Shakespeare better almost than anybody else in the whole world. It has been said of course that it is the business of the dramatist to treat his art objectively to stand right outside it and so far to obliterate his own point of view as to be able to step into the very body and soul of his *dramatis personæ* and, for the time being to become them to see life from their particular niche and to utter sentiments (which may be totally

<sup>1</sup> Sir George Greenwood's theory that Shakespeare the actor and "Shakespeare" the playwright were two different men does not come within the scope of this paper, but cannot be neglected

opposed to his own) which fit their character. This is all quite true and sound criticism, but when Homer nods, when the character for some inexplicable reason gratuitously emphasises points in his character which rather tend to retard than to develop the action we may justifiably begin to think that at these times the personality of the author is unconsciously obtruding itself and is, in a word, his own temperament giving voice to its likes and dislikes.

Again, when a dramatist returns time after time to the same peculiarities in his major creations, it is obvious that he is at any rate interested in those peculiarities, either because they are his own obsessions or are possessed by his most intimate friends. No man can depict what he fails to understand, nor does he usually attempt to draw what never interests him; Shakespeare, for instance, nowhere gives us a living portrait of the zealous Puritan fanatic reformer, or the shop-keeping, middle-class citizen: neither type interested him.

Two types alone stand out among his delineations of men: as Doctor Johnson shrewdly remarks, (Shakespeare has no heroes: his best pictures of men are those which depict them as creatures of obvious human failings like unto ourselves, and they stand out, very clear-cut in two main groups.)

First there is the group which we identify as like in nearly all points to Shakespeare himself—the Hamlet, Biron, Vincentio, Orsino, Prospero, Jaques, Macbeth, Posthumus, Richard the Second type. These men are amazingly alike even when, by all the laws of drama, they ought not to be. They all love solitude, are far too much given to introspection and thinking too precisely on the event, it is their great failing that their native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought, they all find solace in music, they are gentle, almost too gentle "too full of the milk of human kindness," in all of them their imaginative faculty is developed at the expense of all their other faculties. They may in some cases, describe themselves as "plain, blunt men," but as a matter of fact they delude themselves when they say so; the truth is that they are all poets; they never speak anything but the purest poetry, they are simply Shakespeare, Shakespeare himself speaking through the lips of these kings and princes

and dukes, Shakespeare the gentle, the passionate, the irresolute. After all, if we take Leonardo da Vinci's opinion to be worth anything we should expect this. "For the form," he says, "we go to Nature and use our observations, for the soul we look into our own hearts and paint ourselves."

This it is that seems to me to account for Shakespeare's failure when we begin to analyse his depiction of the second broad group—the men of action. For who are Shakespeare's men of action?

Othello? He begins as man of action and ends as a man of action, but in the middle of the play he is the poet, imaginative, given to much thinking, an abominably bad judge of character, suspicious to an extraordinary degree. He talks too much.

Macbeth? He is superstitious lily-livered in his fear of blood, more of a poet, and far more sensitive of soul than Othello.

Henry the Fifth? As a king he may compel admiration, but as a man he is almost beneath contempt, he is a low, common cad who deserts his friends, butchers his enemies and makes love like a savage.

Hotspur? His masterpiece of the man of action is a medley of contrarities, who hates "mincing poetry," and yet employs it *ad nauseum*, losing himself in mistimed philosophic reflection when he ought to be the brave blunt hero.

Richard the Second? Heavens, no! Falconbridge? He is slavishly copied from *The Troublesome Raigne*.

Search the plays through and through and you will find that Shakespeare mars in some particular all his men of action. The truth is that he is not sufficiently interested in them to understand them. How otherwise can we explain the fact that he never took the trouble to depict a Raleigh, a Hawkins, a Frobisher, a Drake or a Sir Philip Sidney? He had models enough near at hand, he must have come into intimate contact with men of this famous breed, he nowhere portrays them any more than he portrays the zealous Puritan or the middle-class shopkeeper. He had nothing in common with them. He had truly, the finest experiencing nature ever given to man, his mind was like a highly sensitive photographic

plate. Consequently, he has immortalised types which will live for ever in tragedy and comedy. His *Falstaff*, about whom it has been said that if anyone were to garner up all the humour and gaiety of his entire life it would amount to about the worth of one sentence of the immortal knight; his Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, who remains ever fresh when all our real nurses are forgotten; his Dogberry, who contains the essence of all the policemen we have had the misfortune to know; his Shallow, whose humour Masefield compares to an apple-loft in some old barn where the apples of last year lie sweet in the straw—all these are in the world's great portrait gallery. Yet it must not be forgotten that, in spite of these, Shakespeare had his limitations and this failure to depict the man of action was one of the most noticeable. He seems himself to have been a man obsessed with a horror of bloodshed. He can never quite rise to an adequate description of courage—as Frank Harris says, when we want to see this side of life faithfully rendered we have to turn to Bunyan Valiant-for-Truth, with his "I fought till my sword did cleave to my hand and when they were joined together as if a sword grew out of my arm, and when the blood ran through my fingers, then I fought with most courage," is quite beyond the scope of Shakespeare.

But, as Professor Saintsbury says, in his *Peace of the Augustans*, "it is not a sin for a potato not to be a peach or not to be sorry because it is one" it is not Shakespeare's fault if he left us no picture of the modern Public School boy or drew the happy warrior less happily than Wordsworth; what is sinful is for us to pretend that he did what he did not do. "For the soul we look into our own hearts and paint ourselves."

So when Shakespeare came to portray womanhood I believe he painted those whom he knew, and sometimes idealised them to such a degree that they became lifeless abstractions.

Hazlitt's dictum that "Shakespeare's heroines are the finest in the world," like most of Hazlitt's judgments, hits the nail on the head.

When suddenly we are asked to pick out our favourite heroines in fiction we are hard put to it to think of any with whom we would willingly spend our days. Scott once, in

Jeanie Deans, painted a real live girl, Meredith again and again ; but few other writers have succeeded in pleasing the fastidious male. Shakespeare certainly has left the best we know, but with many even of his we are prone to find fault.

Who, for instance, would willingly marry an Ophelia ? She is scarcely more than a puppet. There are times when we are so tortured in *Othello* that we long for any girl of our acquaintance to change places for half-an-hour with Desdemona. There simply would have been no tragedy had a flesh-and-blood girl been in her situation, it is Desdemona's dumbness, Desdemona's ethereal qualities that allow a tragedy which strains the probabilities almost to breaking-point.

In Cordelia, however, Shakespeare rises to his highest, though she speaks barely a hundred lines she lives for us for ever, her foolish obstinacy, her show of temper as she leaves her sisters, her amazing filial devotion all endear her to us, so that she stands out far above all the other women whom Shakespeare depicted. The truth is that Shakespeare was always painting portraits of ideal girls in Rosalind in Portia, in Beatrice, in Juliet. Again and again we have the same sprightly, witty, loose-talking, boyish girl who is like no one we ever met, but in some points like the girl of our dreams.

Occasionally we get a picture of a shrew, as in *Adriana*, *Katherine*, or *Constance* (in the earlier scenes), and from hints that Shakespeare drops from time to time we may well believe that he was here depicting that unfortunate Anne Hathaway, the wife who was eight years older than her husband, to whom the second-best bed was his last bequest. In *Volumnia*, that splendid Roman matron he has paid a grand tribute to mothers, and it is quite on the cards that in the bloodless abstractions with which he occupied himself in his closing years, in *Perdita*, *Marina* and *Miranda*, he may well have had in mind his daughter *Judith*. But it none the less remains true that he never succeeds in painting any type of womanhood so successfully again as he did in *Cleopatra*. No other woman in Shakespeare is worthy to compare with her ; she is astoundingly alive and real. She has the power of making us feel that had we been Antony we should have done what Antony did and in re-reading the play it seems impossible to imagine that

Shakespeare drew entirely from his imagination when he conceived such a character. Frank Harris's theory that Cleopatra and Cressida are both portraits of the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, that Shakespeare's great tragedy was his unbridled passion for this lady, call her Mary Fitton or whom you will, is at least plausible, and becomes more and more likely as we follow up the threads of his argument.

That Shakespeare personally experienced deep suffering of some sort seems to be obvious, it is inconceivable that he should have written *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Macbeth* and *Othello* had he not himself been in the depths, what that experience was we cannot now know for certain, but, judging from what we do know of him, it appears more likely to have been an agony of love, of treachery and baseness in love than anything else. The story of the friend being deputed to make love to the girl for the hero does not occur, be it remembered, only in the Sonnets; we have the same story retold in *Much Ado About Nothing* and in *Twelfth Night*. It is an absurd story for a dramatist so versatile as Shakespeare to harp on, but he somehow cannot get away from it, as he would not, were he recalling an episode in his own life. When we recollect how often Shakespeare inveighs against the sin of ingratitude, to him obviously the worst offence imaginable, it lends colour all the more strongly to the theory that Shakespeare sent the young Herbert to plead his cause with Mary Fitton, only to discover that she succumbed to the attractiveness of the friend and betrayed Shakespeare by giving herself to his friend.

Whatever the truth of this may be there is at least no doubt that Shakespeare was more successful in his portraiture of women when he was painting the coquette the wanton Cleopatra (whom he seemed to know right down to the utmost depths) than he was in any other type of womanhood at all. Even Ruskin noticed that nearly all Shakespeare's women were faultless, but he does not conclude, therefore, as we do, that they were, for this very reason, unhuman and untrue to life.

It has been said that Shakespeare spent his life in two places: at the Court, mingling with the young gallants who had taken him up and found his witty, sunny disposition to

their liking ; and in the taverns, with Ben Jonson and Marlowe, where he met the Bardolphs, Falstafs and Quicklys of life. The middle of humanity he never knew, but only the extremes. This may be due to all sorts of reasons, one certainly was that he was inherently an aristocrat, by a strange paradoxical irony, apparently he was also a snob. Somehow in the light of this it is easier to understand the way in which Mary Fitton treated him, " now she would and now she wouldn't "—always keeping him on the tenterhooks alternately of hope and despair, until she finally married for the second time and left London for ever. Genius was ever unhappy in its relations with the opposite sex, and it appears unlikely that Shakespeare was an exception to a rule which has scarcely ever been broken, except in the case of the Brownings.

It has been the fashion for many years now to extol Shakespeare's sense of humour as almost the most perfectly developed which we possess ; but Doctor Johnson noticed what many of us nowadays feel that many of his so-called comic scenes are intolerably dull, owing to the eternal playing upon words in which the characters indulge. Just as Euphuism was a passing phase, a fashion of the moment, so this habit of punning, so dear to the heart of Shakespeare, once it reaches its zenith in Sidney Smith, ceases to have any claim upon our attention : it has become the very lowest form of wit—cheap, vulgar, relegated to the less desirable type of music-hall. No fashion changes more quickly than the fashion of fun. the criterion of what is or what is not humorous, it is this that so surprises us in Johnson's other statement when he says that in his comic scenes Shakespeare seems to produce without labour what no labour can improve ; Hazlitt strikes a truer note when he says that we prefer Shakespearean tragedy to Shakespearean comedy for the simple reason that tragedy is better than comedy. Nothing, for instance, could be more tedious or more wooden to modern ears than the opening scene of *Romeo and Juliet*, with its silly talk about "choler," "collier" and "collar." It is now almost painful to have to attribute such drivel to the pen that created Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Sir Toby Belch, Falstaff, and Bottom.

Shakespeare's failures in the world of humour are more



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noticeable than any other man's, for the simple reason that he was more richly endowed with the precious gift than any other man ; as Meredith truly points out, from Mother Earth

Came the honeyed corner of his lips,  
The conquering smile wherein his spirit sails  
Calm as the God who the white sea-wave whips,  
Yet full of speech and intershifting tales,  
Close mirrors of us thence had he the laugh  
We feel is hers

There was in his life a summer time when his innate capacity for sunny gaiety came to full expression—in the golden comedies of *Twelfth Night*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *As You Like It*.

How different is his success in the ever-famous Nurse and in Bully Bottom and their likes, all of whom he saw with loving observation, from his picture of men of action : very rarely does his humour become sardonic or contemptuous : rather is it closely allied with Meredith's Comic Spirit—sympathetic, harmless and beautiful as summer lightning. As Meredith says of him :

Shakespeare is a well-spring of characters which are saturated with the Comic Spirit ; with more of what we call blood-life than is to be found anywhere else and they are of this world, but they are of the world enlarged to our embrace by imagination and by great poetic imagination

So much for the particular. But it is when Meredith generalises on the Comic Spirit that he gives us so true a picture of Shakespearean humour.

It has the sage's brows, and the sunny malice of a faun lurks at the corners of the half-closed lips drawn in an idle wariness of half-tension. It shows sunlight of the mind, mental richness rather than noisy enormity. Its common aspect is one of unsolicitous observation, as if surveying a full field and having leisure to dart on its chosen morsels, without any fluttering eagerness. Men's future upon earth does not attract it ; their honesty and shapeliness in the present does. and whenever they wax out of proportion, over-blown, affected, pretentious, bombastical, hypocritical, pedantic, fantastically delicate ; whenever it sees them self-deceived or hood-winked, given to run riot in idolatries, drifting into vanities, congregating in absurdities, planning short-sightedly, plotting

dementedly ; whenever they are at variance with their professions and violate the unwritten laws binding them in consideration one to another ; whenever they offend sound reason, fair justice . are false in humility, or mixed with conceit, individually or in the bulk —the Spirit overhead will look humanely malign and cast an oblique light on them, followed by volleys of silvery laughter.

This so exactly and so perfectly describes Shakespeare's humour that to add or subtract a word is only to spoil a consummately exact picture. It leaves nothing to be said. Every iota of this criticism applies with wonderful exactness to all his finest comic scenes.

We should have thought, from the fact, that Shakespeare must have met many hundreds of boys on the stage, that he would have left us one deathless portrait at least of the human boy, but by a strange paradox he has left no picture of the living boy we know. All Shakespeare's boy characters are precocious and almost girlish in their ways. Arthur is far the best of them, and may well stand as a type for all the others. There is no question of his being alive. he holds a very dear place in our hearts among the gallery of Shakespeare's most successful characters, but he is scarcely the boy as we know him ; he is all angelic love, a woman-child in his unselfish sympathy, exceedingly tender and sweet of heart, almost perfect and yet quite natural, never mawkish or sentimental ; he is a wonderful creation, tear-compelling in his pathetic helplessness, just as are the prattling Princes or Macduff's son.

So then we see, whether we are discussing Shakespeare's heroes, heroines, humour or boy characters, broadly defined some of his own peculiar idiosyncrasies. his gentle, forgiving, almost feminine mind stands out at every phase of his life's journey and betrays him to us. It remains for us to fill in the portrait by noting in a careful rereading what other qualities he seems to place in the category of good or bad.

First and by far the most noticeable is his love of music ; all his favourite characters, from Orsino to Cleopatra, call for music on the slightest pretext ; he even goes out of his way to condemn the man who has no music in his soul, though we know well enough how false a judgment that is. It is on a par with the " love me, love my dog " theory, and incidentally in this

connection it is worthy of remark that Shakespeare always derides dogs ; for him they seem always to be synonymous with some vice ; he is, if there ever was one, a dog-hater, which is all the more strange when we think of his love for the open air and the country, and his knowledge of hounds. No man ever described the chase from the point of view of the hare so well as Shakespeare ; no man ever described a hound so well—and yet he hated dogs ! It is a strange anomaly.

That he was generous and liberal-minded is clear to anyone who has read *The Merchant of Venice* ; everyone in the play (except Shylock) seems to look on money as dirt, and miserliness is, to Shakespeare's mind certainly, only a lesser crime than ingratitude. I have touched on his snobbishness before ; it is, of course, a national trait, but Shakespeare seems to have suffered badly from the malady ; it is strange indeed to think that so great a man should have worried to appeal to the Heralds' Court to be assigned a coat of arms as befitted a gentleman ; that he was a gentleman and an aristocrat is obvious, but none the less, he seems delighted always to portray himself as a duke or prince whenever possible.

With regard to his politics we may be sure that he sided with law, order and the Constitution. It is not always remembered that he wrote in Tudor times—it would have been strange indeed had he sided otherwise, constituted as he was—he was certainly not the man to understand Jack Cade ; Piers Plowman would have left him cold. It has been pointed out frequently that in *The Tempest* he damned the Socialistic point of view for ever, but it may well be doubted whether, had he been living now, he would have taken even the trouble to do that.

"Shakespeare has nowhere drawn the religious type of man in his plays" . so runs the famous indictment of the great critic, and for many years the general reader has agreed complacently without taking the trouble to forage for himself and prove the truth or falsity of this sweeping generalisation.

It all depends upon what you mean by the word religious : in an age which no one in his senses could call tolerant, Shakespeare stands out without a trace of bigotry. It was scarcely likely that he would extol the Roman Catholics ; on the other

hand he has nowhere left a living picture of the fanatic Puritan, ready to burn for his principles if need be, obsessed by the zeal of his faith which could remove mountains : it would have been so easy for a genius who had only apparently to observe a man to become him to have drawn an imperishable portrait of the finest type of Puritan : but no ; the truth must be confessed : Shakespeare, like Homer, had his blind side : to put it shortly, the type did not interest him, the middle-class shopkeeper, together with the zealot, failed to attract him. Shakespeare was for ever depicting the highest and the lowest ; he seemed not to see the vast millions who lay in between : that was part and parcel of his aristocratic temperament.

That he was contemptuous, in a quite minor degree, both of ordinary citizens and of the Puritans, was natural when we think how both these types combined to oppose the acting of plays, and even petitioned Elizabeth to banish theatres to the suburbs, but it is absurd to take Sir Andrew Aguecheek's opinion as Shakespeare's.

*Maria* Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan

*Sir Andrew* O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog

*Sir Toby* What, for being a Puritan ? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight ?

*Sir Andrew.* I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Incidentally it is to be noticed à propos of Malvolio, that Maria replies to this "The devil a Puritan that he is, or anything constantly, but a time-pleaser."

It was certainly not for his Puritanic leanings that Shakespeare thought fit to make Malvolio "a most notorious geck and gull."

The above dialogue reflects altogether on the utter foolishness of Sir Andrew, and not at all on the Puritans as a body. It might with more justice be urged that Shakespeare is here paying the Puritans a very high compliment.

No : the truth is that we may search Shakespeare through and through in vain to discover any sectarian point of view held up to admiration or ridicule. But religion, to all except the few, is not sectarian. The point at issue rather is, does or does not Shakespeare propound a theory to explain the

riddle of life ? Does he praise virtue and condemn vice ? Is he, in the broadest and only true sense, religious ? I answer, without the shadow of a doubt, yes !

It must, however, first of all be remembered that the dramatist's first duty is, like the novelist's, to attract and amuse his audience. He must not obtrude his own personality or moralise upon his *dramatis personæ*. His business is to show you the unfolding of character, not to tell you what to think of the character as if he were the editor of a school edition of his own plays. He is also bound to depict life as he sees it, not as it ought or ought not to be.

Hence to the dullard it is quite possible that Shakespeare seems to have no ulterior moral purpose. We have tragedy after tragedy in which the stage is literally heaped with the corpses of righteous and vicious alike, in that indiscriminating way which, as the Psalmist saw, is so true to life. The righteous man may beg his bread, and appear to all intents and purposes forsaken, while the wicked man obviously flourishes like a green bay-tree. But that is not all : we are most distinctly left with a sense (never mentioned in so many words, but plainly hinted at again and again) that this world is not all, and that even in this world the purpose of its progress is towards virtue, for it is evil that violently disturbs our ordered path ; hence it follows that nature is not indifferent between evil and good, but is quite definitely on the side of the angels. The whole theory of Shakespearean tragedy is a proof of Shakespeare's sane, broad-minded, religious point of view.

What could be more definite, more succinct, more noble, than the whole attitude of Edgar towards life, summed up in this one immortal phrase :

men must endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither  
Ripeness is all

Or, again, his dictum that

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
Make instruments to scourge us

Or,

Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours  
Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee

It would be easy to multiply instances from his lips to prove that Edgar, for one, was deeply religious. To come to a far more famous instance, who would deny that Hamlet was instinct with a very real sense of religion ?

Not a whit, we defy augury ; there is a special providence in the fall of the sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come, if ~~it~~ be not to come, it will be now if it be not now, yet it will come the readiness is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes ? Let be

It is no argument to the contrary to quote that, on the other hand Macbeth talks about " the way to dusty death," life itself being " but a tale, told by an idiot, full of sound and fury signifying nothing." To those whose obsessions have perverted their true nobility, and degraded them below the level of normal man, it is but natural that they should turn fatalist at the end. Shakespeare, in all his tragedies, but emphasises the truth of the wise Greek saying that " Character is destiny," and in no case is this so clearly shown as in the character of Banquo in the same play. Banquo was a man with a devout sense of religion if there ever was one, and should alone convince any fair critic of the untruth of my opening quotation :

In the great hand of God I stand, and thence  
Against the undivulged pretence I fight  
Of treasonous malice

He is one who, determined to play the part of a brave and honest man, when his turn comes, fails to do anything of the kind, and is made to suffer in a manner which seems quite out of proportion to his offence. What Shakespeare appears to have on his mind here is the incalculability of evil ; once start a train of evil factors loose, and you can never guess at the damage which such a procedure entails. All you can be sure about is the impossibility of your escape from the consequences.

Banquo, be it remembered, prays to be delivered from temptation—

merciful powers,  
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature  
Gives way to in repose !

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—like the God-fearing man he was, but it is all of no avail. He succumbs, and swift retribution follows.

Shakespeare lovers will scarcely need to be reminded of the innate sense of religion which is so outstanding a characteristic of Horatio as well as Hamlet :

*Hamlet.* There's a divinity that shapes our ends  
Rough-hew them how we will

*Horatio*

That is most certain

But what is more important than these isolated cases is the general sense and unanalysable impression from all Shakespearean tragedy. As Bradley very truly says :

Sometimes from the very furnace of affliction a conviction seems borne to us that somehow, if we could see it, this agony counts as nothing against the heroism and love which appear in it and thrill our hearts. Sometimes we are driven to cry out that these mighty or heavenly spirits who perish are too great for the little space in which they move, and that they vanish not into nothingness but into freedom. Sometimes from these sources and from others comes a presentiment, formless but haunting and even profound, that all the fury of conflict, with its waste and woe, is less than half the truth, even an illusion, "such stuff as dreams are made on"

And just because Shakespeare felt so deeply and sympathised so keenly with suffering humanity his religion could not bear to be confined within the narrow limits of one strait sect, least of all of that sort of sect which, in a few years, was to banish the maypole and all gaiety, and substitute a horrible repression of all natural outlets for the emotions of the people.

His was the religion of weekdays as well as of Sundays.

Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale ?

Yes, by St Anne ; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too

No man without a very real religion would ever have possessed in such an accentuated degree that almost divine gift of forgiveness. In all the later plays we find that Shakespeare pockets all his grievances and, God-like, pardons his enemies :

The rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance    they being penitent,  
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
Not a frown further

Posthumus with all the reason in the world to give over achimo to the death exclaims :

The power that I have on you, is to spare you ·  
The malice towards you, to forgive you · Live,  
And deal with others better

No one will convince me that the man who coined those two phrases was devoid of the religious temperament

Shakespeare did not shrink from heaping scorn on to the heads of ecclesiastical hypocrites, when it was necessary, any more than he ever refrained from showing up abuses in any branch of the State, even to the delineation of such a man as Angelo, but he is likewise not ashamed to put simple, sincere prayers into the mouths of his soldier-kings, Henry V and others, which come straight from the heart of the dramatist himself And, finally, to anyone who yet doubts, I would recommend a close perusal of all that is to be found about Brutus in *Julius Cæsar*.

Shakespeare always leaves us on a note of hopefulness. We are never depressed by any of his tragedies as we are by the work of so many of the moderns. As Meredith so wonderfully puts it :

How smiles he at a generation ranked  
In gloomy noddings over life ! They pass  
Not he to feed upon a breast unthanked,  
Or eye a beauteous face in a cracked glass  
But he can spy that little twist of brain  
Which moved some weighty leader of the blind,  
Unwitting 'twas the goad of personal pain,  
To view in curst eclipse our Mother's mind,  
And show us of some rigid harridan  
The wretched bondmen till the end of time  
O lived the Master now to paint us Man,  
That little twist of brain would ring a chime  
Of whence it came and what it caused, to start  
Thunders of laughter, clearing air and heart

Tragedy is to Shakespeare a consequence of some obsession · in *Hamlet* the consequence of irresolution following upon too much thinking ; in *Lear* the consequence of a foolish inability to understand human nature ; in *Coriolanus* the consequence of too overweening a pride , in *Othello* the consequence of a



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too credulous mind ; in Antony the consequence of an unbridled passion. In every case man suffers in a way totally disproportionate to the wrong done ; (the point to notice is that in each case the calamities do not simply happen, nor are they sent : they proceed mainly from actions ; the protagonist sets the wheels of Fate in motion and nothing can prevent their revolving to the inexorable end, the death, after intolerable suffering, of the hero.) The tragedy lies in the fact that, once having started the course of events, man is no longer able to calculate the results, nor to control them, the interest lies entirely in the inward struggle, but we are never depressed, simply because we never get the feeling that man is but a poor, weak creature. On the contrary, in most cases he puts up a magnificent fight and has so much greatness that we are led to dwell rather upon the grand possibilities of human nature than upon its downfall in this particular case, and, most important of all, we notice that the main source of the suffering in tragedy is evil. If, therefore it is evil that violently disturbs the order of this world, this order cannot be friendly to evil or indifferent between evil and good.

This leads us to a consideration of Shakespeare's villains, among whom, of course, Iago takes precedence, much as Falstaff does among his men of humour. Ever since the day when Coleridge coined his magic phrase of " motiveless malignity," opinion with regard to Iago's temperament has differed almost as much as it has about Hamlet. There is no quarrel about Iago's intellectual gifts. he had not a stupendous intellect, but, within limits, he most certainly had a finely working brain ; it is almost as if Shakespeare had embodied his own intelligence in him. He is critical, but, strangely enough, not maliciously so. Think for a moment of his picture of the women. " You're pictures out of doors, bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens," and so on! What could be wittier or fairer ? But Shakespeare almost immediately impales himself upon the horns of a dilemma from which there is no escape. Having endowed his puppet with brains, he then strives to make him concrete, which is a contradiction in terms, for intellect is never entirely maleficent ; perfect pitiless malignity is as impossible for man as perfect innate goodness.

Again and again the reader asks himself why Iago is so venomous : again and again Iago strives valiantly (in soliloquy) to provide us with a reason ; he adduces many : not one of them will hold water for an instant.

In the end Othello himself asks piteously :

Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil  
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body ?

Iago refuses to answer ; in any case, whether he would or would not, he could not, for the simple reason that he literally did not know Iachimo is but the pale shadow of Iago, and even less of a real person. Edmund alone of the villains has gaiety, and is more or less to be understood. He is Shakespeare's only portrait of the adventurer pure and simple, though by no means destitute of feeling. He certainly lives for us, being neither all black nor all white as so many of the dramatist's characters are.

There is one other point in connection with Shakespearean tragedy which is not the least important part of its hold upon our imagination. I mean the continual use which Shakespeare makes of irony, particularly in *Macbeth*, irony on the part of the author himself, ironical juxtapositions of persons and events, and especially that species which we call "Sophoclean," whereby a speaker is made to use words bearing to the audience, in addition to his own meaning, a further and ominous sense, hidden from himself and, usually, from the other persons on the stage.

Macbeth's first words—

So foul and fair a day I have not seen—

are a famous example of this, echoing, as they do, the witches' "Fair is foul, and foul is fair." "Fail not our feast," says Macbeth, later, to Banquo, who is about to be murdered. "My lord, I will not." is his blood-curdling reply—and he keeps his promise.

Instances of this will occur at once to all readers of the tragedies ; this device is extremely useful for contributing to excite the vague fear of hidden forces operating on minds unconscious of their influence ; added to this, and far more

potent, of course, is the machinery of the unseen world and the spirit of evil, to the Elizabethan audiences a far more real dread than it is to us.

Both in the tragedies and comedies it is essential that we take into account the audiences for whom Shakespeare wrote : their credulity (if we can call it so) was extraordinary ; witchcraft was treated with respect, as we discover in Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (1584). Fairy lore and astrology occupied the serious attention of vast numbers of the populace—but far more important than this, from our point of view, is the insatiable thirst for poetry, which was almost the most pronounced characteristic of these rough, bloodthirsty men who thronged, afternoon after afternoon, in the theatres fresh from the Spanish Main or the battle-fields in Flanders. Men were beginning to use their language and extend their vocabulary ; new ideas of amazing import were penetrating their senses daily. They began " to go crazy " over poetry ; they all wrote it, they all demanded it from their favourite playwrights. Shakespeare, as usual, gave the public what the public wanted, it is a noteworthy feature of his genius that he seemed to pander to the public taste by giving them all their old favourite machinery while changing this machinery in the crucible of his mind into the undying individual men and women we now know. For example, the audience demanded a fool and he gave them Feste and the Fool in *Lear*. They demanded a Jew who should be baited and he gave them Shylock. They demanded witches and he gave them *Macbeth*. They demanded blood and he gave them *Othello* and *Hamlet*. Most of all they demanded poetry, and he gave them thirty-seven plays so steeped in magic that he caused a Low Dutch dialect to become the chiefest instrument of civilisation, the world-speech of humanity at large.

Shakespeare found the blank-verse form a powerful vehicle of dramatic elocution as used by Marlowe and perfected it until in his years of maturity almost unwittingly he seemed to coin a new heaven and a new earth of language ; here as elsewhere, however, it is as well to recognise that he was no innovator as Wordsworth was ; he did not invent the blank-verse form any more than he invented the plots for his plays :

he took whatever he found to be grist for his mill, as all geniuses do, from the store-cupboard of all the writers who had lived before him—discarding here, adding there, with no thought but of benefiting from them and improving upon their mistakes. He must have been an omnivorous reader, much of the same type as Doctor Johnson, who tore the hearts out of books ruthlessly in order to extract the honey out of them expeditiously. The fact that Shakespeare was an actor surely helped him enormously; knowing as he did the exigencies of the stage, he would in his remodelling of old plays know exactly how to adapt them to meet the popular demands, and we shall do well to bear in mind the eight features that Coleridge noted when he tried to particularise on Shakespeare's peculiarities.

First he notices that Shakespeare gains his effect always by expectation in preference to surprise, this is ever the way of genius; his business lies in the unravelling of character. Your interest as reader or playgoer is in the development of character, not in sudden surprises. In *Macbeth*, for instance, we are led gradually to expect the murder of Duncan, that is not the climax of the play, it is the result of the murder upon Macbeth's inner consciousness that so holds our attention that we scarcely dare to draw a breath until the last scene; so it is with *Hamlet*. It is the strange, unaccountable reluctance in the hero to take the obvious way that so enthralls us, we feel how extraordinarily natural it all is and yet how desperately tragic; the excitement is all the more tense because we are led to expect various things, we don't want the cheap substitution of surprise for expectation.

Secondly, Coleridge notices how Shakespeare adheres to the law that opposites attract, a point not even now sufficiently recognised by those who study the psychology of the human race. What was it that attracted the energetic, highly intellectual Hamlet in the anæmic spiritless doll, Ophelia? What was it that so endeared the gentle Desdemona to the warrior Othello? Why ever did Emilia marry Iago or Imogen Posthumus? What had Henry the Fifth in common with Falstaff or Falstaff with him? Again and again we see this trait in Shakespeare, only explicable at all if we remember

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how extraordinarily true it is in real life that opposites have a strange attraction for each other.)

(The third point is that Shakespeare always keeps on the high road ) he has no innocent adulteries, no sentimental rat-catchers, no æsthetic butchers ; (he does not penetrate the obscure corners of life.) This is the same feature which Meredith recognised when he said :

He probed from hell to hell  
Of human passions, but of love deflowered  
His wisdom was not for he knew thee [Mother Earth]. well

There is no " sick philosophy " in Shakespeare as there has been in so much of our modern writing ; he had no leanings towards an inverted morality which would prove immorality moral and all morality immoral. (It is with a sense of getting back to clean, fresh air, after having been immured in a cess-pool, that we read Shakespeare after some of our latter-day prophets.)

(Shakespeare's fourth peculiarity is his absolute independence between the dramatic interest and the plot the plot is simply the canvas, nothing more ; it is quite secondary to and independent of the main purpose—the unfolding of character. This explains once again why Shakespeare never troubled to invent a plot ; ) the fifth peculiarity follows from the fourth, and is the independence of the interest on the story as the groundwork of the lot.

The sixth feature is the interfusion of the lyrical with, in and through the dramatic. Songs, Coleridge noticed, in Shakespeare are introduced as songs only ; and yet how he heightens the humour, tightens the intensity and more forcibly brings home to us the point of view he would have us carry away. His personal love of music to a great extent, of course, accounts for this, but it is as well to remember how here again he takes the old machinery and turns it to his own good purpose.

(The seventh point is perhaps the most important of all : it is that the characters of the *dramatis personæ*, like those in real life, are to be *inferred* by the reader ) they are not told to him. This is the reason why we come to so many different conclusions in our readings of the different characters ; for

years we are content to take other men's opinions, and then, suddenly waking up from our lethargic acquiescence in their views, we reread the play again for ourselves and find, perhaps, that Henry the Fifth was not the model man of valour we had been led to think him, nor Falstaff so much of a coward as we had been led to believe. We find that many of his later heroines are scarcely more than milk and watery abstractions, where we had before thought them glorious specimens of perfect English girlhood at its best.

Lastly, Coleridge would have us notice how everything, however heterogeneous, in Shakespeare is united, as it is in Nature; in other words, passion is that by which the individual is distinguished from others, not that which makes a different kind of him. These eight peculiarities are specially important for us to notice as we pass along, trying to build up for ourselves the complete picture of our Shakespeare. So far as he goes Coleridge is seldom in the wrong, but there are several points still to be touched on before we can hope to have gained an all-round view.

For instance, Coleridge never mentioned the astonishingly brilliant way in which Shakespeare introduced his very necessary stage directions into the text. When we take into account the absence of all scenery and the fact that these plays were acted in broad daylight, in theatres open alike to sun and rain, we begin to realise with what almost insurmountable difficulties the playwright had to cope, we are lost in admiration at the natural way in which the poet intersperses his hints about the time of day, the attitude and dress of the character, almost unnoticeably in the text. How often, for instance, in the churchyard scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, does Shakespeare lay stress upon the fact that it is pitch dark! The opening words attune our ears to the general gloom:

Give me thy torch, boy! hence and stand aloof,  
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen,

says Paris. Romeo, after he has killed him, pretends that he has not been able to see his opponent's face: "Let me peruse this face." When Friar Laurence enters he begins:

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What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light  
To grubs and eyeless skulls ?

Paris's page on his re-entry with the watch says :

This is the place there, where the torch doth burn.

But Shakespeare not only introduces these very necessary hints into the poetry, but he sometimes, with magical success, makes his stage direction have a real bearing on the plot. The most famous instance of this is, of course, in *Othello* :

Put out the light, and then put out the light—

when Othello comes in to murder Desdemona.

In *Julius Cæsar*, when Brutus and Cassius are communing apart, Shakespeare seizes the opportunity to emphasise the time of day by making the rest of the conspirators argue :

*Decius*. Here lies the east doth not the day break here ?

*Casca* No

*Cinna*. O, pardon, sir, it doth and yon grey lines,  
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day

*Casca*. You shall confess that you are both deceived  
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises  
Which is a great way growing on the south,  
Weighing the youthful season of the year

How extraordinarily it adds to the poignancy of Macduff's suffering to hear Malcolm's

What ! man, ne'er pull your hat upon your brows

It visualises the scene exactly, you feel that you are really there, a spectator of the sad sight of the strong man bowed with grief, unable to do anything to assuage it.

Shakespeare more than any other man in the world seems always to have the exact word or phrase at his command with which to captivate our attention. How graphic is that touch of "crying" in Prospero's description of his wandering with Miranda in an open boat in her infant years : "Me and thy crying self," or that wonderful use of the word "inly" in "the inly touch of love."

Everyone will recall the "hoary leaves of the willow" which

were showing in "the glassy stream" where Ophelia drowned herself, and Cleopatra's

He's speaking now,  
Or murmuring "Where's my serpent of old Nile?"

His language seems always to have been, as Hazlitt said, hieroglyphical; it translates thoughts into visible images, so that you not only see and understand what he describes but are yourself transported there. Think of this description: "Light thickens and the crow makes wing to the rooky wood." No other words would do, nothing else call up quite the image which we visualise when we read this.

Strangely enough, when his characters are acting under the stress of great emotion, they have a wonderful habit of coining words. By far the best known instance is the

No; this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green—one red

of Macbeth.

It is here particularly that we congratulate ourselves on the fact that Shakespeare was unacademic and had no conventional prejudices to outgrow; he would have no natural repugnance against coining a fresh word if his vocabulary failed him at a particular point. What he did possess was an unerring ear for music, so finely developed that words seem to come at his beck and call straight from heaven. It is this that makes us gasp at the pure magic of such a lyrical outburst as:

O! my love! my wife!  
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet against thy beauty  
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there

He had this gift from the very start. Think of the stupendous sonnet which begins:

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain tops with sovran eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy



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\* Could ever passionate love find more exquisite expression  
in fewer words than in the

O thou weed that art so lovely fair  
That the sense aches at thee

of Othello ?

Or was ever a picture of Nature's beauties drawn that would  
parallel Perdita's

Daffodils

That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty    violets dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes  
Or Cytherea's breath

Milton's attempts, fine as they are, induce the criticism which Bagehot invented. "Why," he says, at the conclusion of a long description of natural phenomena in *Paradise Lost*, "you could draw a map of it."

(This, then, is the secret of Shakespeare's greatness; not only had he, owing to his experiencing nature, his large catholic sympathies, his ever-roaming, ever-interested eye, the power of visualising man's characteristics, but superimposed upon that he had the faculty for clothing his myriad thoughts in the most perfectly fitting expressions that it has been the good fortune of any genius to own.)

It is easy to sum up his limitations, for they are almost trivial; he does not seem to have been interested in novelties (he never mentions potatoes or tobacco, we get a better insight into the common life of the Elizabethans by reading the contemporary drama of Dekker, Jonson and the rest of them). He had a supreme contempt for misers, Puritans and the middle classes; he may have been a bit of a snob, and was probably sensuous—his faults only make him the more human, the more lovable.) What we do know about him is that he was sunny, gentle, richly endowed with a sense of humour which, in all probability, saved him in the years when he probed from hell to hell the human passions, but we know that he emerged serene in the latest years, having discovered that

The rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance.

Shakespeare ranks the power of being able to forgive your adversary as almost the most priceless attribute of man. He can even find it in him to forgive Iachimo. "What an inhuman world," some modern philosopher once said, "it would be without the old." Youth is apt to be astonishingly cruel from the days when in earliest infancy it deprives the fly upon the window-pane of its wings, "just for fun." Shakespeare seems to have been the great exception to this ; he had a very real horror of all kinds of cruelty. He was almost womanish in his dislike of harsh words or blows, we feel that he could never have been a soldier ; he shrank instinctively from bloodshed as he shrank from crowds whom he did not understand but only loathed, as sensitive people so often do. He was never so happy as when he was in solitude or in the country, where he could people the air with his fancies, yet he took a delight in the material world or he would never have been able to float those bubbles in the air or to lift the land into mountain slopes so naturally, so entirely without effort, as Emerson says :

He had the faculty of being able to change places at will with all humanity, turning the globe round for his amusement it is not that he seeks to edify us, he wishes rather to amuse both himself and us . . . the dreams of childhood, the ravings of despair were alike the toys of his fancy

His was not that cloistered virtue which Milton held so much in contempt, which refused to sally forth and seek its adversary ; rather at times did gentle Shakespeare suffer horrible tortures amid the dust and heat—"sed non sine pulvere palma." Through tribulation he came to know men better, and out of the fire he came purified seven times, so that he left behind, as his testament to mankind poetry so rich and full of multitudinous beauties that the language in which it was written has become the noblest in the world, a gallery of portraits of men and women whom we know more intimately than our nearest and dearest, and thoughts couched in the most inspiring, unforgettable phraseology that ever man could desire to solace and refresh him in the arid deserts of life.

( When we want to laugh, to cry, to be quiet, to be boisterous, to find a friend, or be alone, whatever our mood, Shakespeare

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can enter into it and provide us with exactly the companion we most need. Of all men who have really lived he is the first to whom we turn when in trouble or joy ; he halves our sorrows and doubles our delights, for he is the most human, the readiest to understand, the quickest to soothe our troubled senses. It is the greatest privilege that we enjoy as Englishmen that this man was of our blood, an Englishman for the English. It is by far the greatest achievement that we as a nation have yet wrought that we have produced Shakespeare.

A rarer spirit never  
Did steer humanity.

## EXTRACTS FROM SHAKESPEARE

To be learnt by heart, and then used as exercises in analysis, paraphrase, scansion, etc.

## A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

## LUNATICS AND LOVERS

I NEVER may believe  
 These antique fables, nor these fairy toys  
 Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,  
 Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend  
 More than cool reason ever comprehends.  
 The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,  
 Are of imagination all compact  
 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,—  
 That is, the madman ; the lover, all as frantic,  
 Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt,  
 The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;  
 And, as imagination bodies forth  
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
 A local habitation and a name.  
 Such tricks hath strong imagination,  
 That, if it would but apprehend some joy,  
 It comprehends some bringer of that joy,  
 Or, in the night, imagining some fear,  
 How easy is a bush supposed a bear !

## AS YOU LIKE IT

## THE FOREST OF ARDEN

*Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and other Lords, in the dress of Foresters*

Duke S Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,  
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
 Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods  
 More free from peril than the envious court ?  
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,  
 The season's difference ; as, the icy fang,  
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind ;  
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,  
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—  
 " This is no flattery : these are counsellors  
 That feelingly persuade me what I am."

Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;  
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks;  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

## THE SEVEN AGES

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players .  
They have their exits, and their entrances ;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages At first, the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;  
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school And then, the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eye-brow Then, a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth And then, the justice,  
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances,  
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon ;  
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;  
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound . Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

## MACBETH

## A ROOM IN THE CASTLE

*Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter MACBETH*

*Macb.* If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly : If the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,

With his surcease, success ; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, —  
We'd jump the life to come — But, in these cases,  
We still have judgment here ; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague the inventor This even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubin, horsed  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind, — I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,  
And falls on the other — How now, what news ?

“ IS THIS A DAGGER ? ”

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand ? Come, let me clutch thee.  
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling, as to sight ? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind ; a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw  
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,  
And such an instrument I was to use  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
Or else worth all the rest I see thee still ;  
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before. — There's no such thing  
It is the bloody business, which informs  
Thus to mine eyes. — Now o'er the one half world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleep ; now witchcraft celebrates

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Pale Hecate's offerings ; and wither'd murder,  
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,  
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design  
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm set earth,  
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
 The very stones prate of my whereabouts,  
 And take the present horror from the time,  
 Which now suits with it — Whiles I threat, he lives ;  
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives (A bell rings.)  
 I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me  
 Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell  
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

### THE MURDER

*Lady M* That, which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold ;  
 What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire --Hark !—Peace !  
 It was the owl that shriek'd , the fatal bellman  
 Which gives the stern'st good-night He is about it :  
 The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms  
 Do mock their charge with snores I have drugged their possets,  
 That death and nature do contend about them,  
 Whether they live or die

*Mach* (Within ) Who's there ?—what, ho !

*Lady M.* Alack ! I am afraid they have awaked,  
 And 'tis not done —the attempt, and not the deed,  
 Confounds us --Hark !—I laid their daggers ready,  
 He could not miss them —Had he not resembled  
 My father as he slept, I had done't — My husband !

### Enter MACBETH

*Mach* I have done the deed —Didst thou not hear a noise ?

*Lady M* I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.  
 Did you not speak ?

*Mach.* When ?

*Lady M* Now.

*Mach.* As I descended ?

*Lady M.* Ay

*Mach.* Hark !—Who hes i' the second chamber ?

*Lady M.* Donalbain.

*Mach.* This is a sorry sight.

(Looking on his hands.)

*Lady M.* A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

*Mach.* There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried, Murder !

That they did wake each other ; I stood and heard them :  
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them  
Again to sleep.

*Lady M.* There are two lodged together

*Macb.* One cried, *God bless us !* and, *Amen*, the other ;  
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.  
Listening their fear, I could not say, *Amen*,  
When they did say, *God bless us*

*Lady M.* Consider it not so deeply.

*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pronounce, *Amen* ?  
I had most need of blessing, and *Amen*  
Stuck in my throat.

*Lady M.* These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways ; so, it will make us mad

*Macb.* Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more !*  
*Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep*  
*Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd sleave of care,*  
*The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,*  
*Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,*  
*Chief nourisher in life's feast,—*

*Lady M.* What do you mean ?

*Macb.* Still it cried, *Sleep no more !* to all the house  
*Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor*  
*Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more !*

*Lady M.* Who was it that thus cried ? Why, worthy thane,  
You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
So brainsickly of things —Go, get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand  
Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?  
They must lie there —Go, carry them ; and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood

*Macb.* I'll go no more  
I am afraid to think what I have done ;  
Look on't again, I dare not.

*Lady M.* Infirm of purpose !  
Give me the daggers —the sleeping, and the dead,

Are but as pictures —'tis the eye of childhood  
That fears a painted devil —If he do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal.

For it must seem their guilt [Exit Knocking within.]

*Macb.* Whence is that knocking ?  
How is't with me, when every noise appals me ?  
What hands are here ? Ha ! they pluck out mine eyes !  
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand ? No ; this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,  
Making the green —one red.



*Re-enter* LADY MACBETH

*Lady M.* My hands are of your colour ; but I shame  
To wear a heart so white (*Knock.*) I hear a knocking  
At the south entry —retire we to our chamber :  
A little water clears us of this deed :  
How easy is it then ! Your constancy  
Hath left you unattended —(*Knocking.*) Hark ! more knocking :  
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,  
And shew us to be watchers --Be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts

*Macb.* To know my deed,—’twere best not know myself. (*Knock.*)  
Wake Duncan with thy knocking ! Ay, ’would thou couldst !

KING JOHN

“ THIS ENGLAND ”

THIS England never did (nor never shall)  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself.  
Now these her princes are come home again,  
Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them Nought shall make us rue  
If England to itself do rest but true

RICHARD II

BANISHMENT

*Gaunt* All places that the eye of Heaven visits,  
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens  
Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;  
There is no virtue like necessity  
Think not, the king did banish thee ;  
But thou the king Woe doth the heavier sit,  
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne  
Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,  
And not—the king exiled thee . or suppose,  
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,  
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.  
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it  
To lie that way thou go’st, not whence thou comest :  
Suppose the singing birds, musicians ;  
The grass, whereon thou tread’st, the presence strew’d  
The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no more  
Than a delightful measure, or a dance

Her gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite  
 The man that mocks at it, and sets it light  
*Boiling.* O, who can hold a fire in his hand,  
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?  
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,  
 By bare imagination of a feast ?  
 Or wallow naked in December snow,  
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?  
 O, no ! the apprehension of the good,  
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse ;  
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,  
 Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore

“THIS ROYAL THRONE”

Methinks, I am a prophet new inspired ;  
 And thus, expiring, do foretell of him  
 His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last ;  
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves  
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ,  
 He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes ;  
 With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder .  
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,  
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself  
 This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,  
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
 This other Eden, demi-paradise ;  
 This fortress, bult by Nature for herself,  
 Against infection, and the hand of war ,  
 This happy breed of men, this little world ;  
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
 Against the envy of less happier lands ;  
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
 Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,  
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,  
 (For Christian service, and true chivalry,)  
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,  
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son  
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,  
 Dear for her reputation through the world,  
 Is now leased out, (I die pronouncing it,)   
 Like to a tenement, or pelted farm  
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,

With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds ;  
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself ;  
 O, would the scandal vanish with my life,  
 How happy then were my ensuing death !

## HENRY V

## " A KINGDOM FOR A STAGE "

O, FOR a muse of fire, that would ascend  
 The brightest heaven of invention !  
 A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,  
 And monarchs to behold the swelling scene !  
 Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,  
 Assume the port of Mars ; and, at his heels,  
 Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,  
 Crouch for employment But pardon, gentles all,  
 The flat unrais'd spirit, that hath dared,  
 On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth  
 So great an object Can this cockpit hold  
 The vasty fields of France ? or may we cram  
 Within this wooden O, the very casques  
 That did affright the air of Agincourt ?  
 O, pardon ! since a crooked figure may  
 Attest, in little place, a million ;  
 And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,  
 On your imaginary forces work  
 Suppose, within the girdle of these walls  
 Are now confined two mighty monarchies,  
 Whose high upreared and abutting fronts  
 The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder  
 Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts ,  
 Into a thousand parts divide one man,  
 And make imaginary puissance  
 Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them  
 Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth  
 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,  
 Carry them here and there ; jumping o'er times,  
 Turning the accomplishment of many years  
 Into an hour-glass For the which supply,  
 Admit me chorus to this history ;  
 Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,  
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

## " THE YOUTH OF ENGLAND "

Now all the youth of England are on fire,  
 And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies ;

Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought  
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man :  
 They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse ;  
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings  
 With winged heels, as English Mercuries  
 For now sits expectation in the air :  
 And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,  
 With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets  
 Promised to Harry, and his followers  
 The French, advised by good intelligence  
 Of this most dreadful preparation,  
 Shake in their fear ; and with pale policy  
 Seek to divert the English purposes  
 O England !—model to thy inward greatness,  
 Like little body with a mighty heart,—  
 What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,  
 Were all thy children kind and natural !  
 But see thy fault ! France hath in thee found out  
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills  
 With treacherous crowns • and three corrupted men,—  
 One, Richard earl of Cambridge, and the second,  
 Henry lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,  
 Sir Thomas Grey knight of Northumberland —  
 Have, for the gilt of France, (O guilt, indeed !)  
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France,  
 And by their hands this grace of kings must die,  
 (If hell and treason hold their promises,)  
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton  
 Linger your patience on ; and well digest  
 The abuse of distance, while we force a play.  
 The sum is paid ; the traitors are agreed.  
 The king is set from London and the scene  
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton  
 There is the playhouse now, there must you sit  
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe,  
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas  
 To give you gentle pass ; for, if we may,  
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play  
 But, till the king come forth, and not till then,  
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.

#### KING HARRY IN FRANCE

Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies,  
 In motion of no less celerity  
 Than that of thought Suppose, that you have seen  
 The well-appointed king at Hampton pier  
 Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet

With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning.  
 Play with your fancies ; and in them behold,  
 Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing :  
 Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give  
 To sounds confused behold the threaden sails,  
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,  
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,  
 Breasting the lofty surge O, do but think,  
 You stand upon the rivage, and behold  
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing ;  
 For so appears this fleet majestical,  
 Holding due course to Harfleur Follow, follow '  
 Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,  
 And leave your England, as dead midnight, still,  
 Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,  
 Either passed, or not arrived to, pith and puissance  
 For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd  
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow  
 These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France ?  
 Work, work, your thoughts, and therein see a siege  
 Behold the ordnance on their carriages,  
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur  
 Suppose, the ambassador from the French comes back ;  
 Tells Harry—that the king doth offer him  
 Katharine his daughter ; and with her, to dowry,  
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.  
 The offer likes not and the nimble gunner  
 With linstock now the devilish cannon touches  
 And down goes all before them Still be kind,  
 And eke out our performance with your mind

#### BEFORE HARFLEUR

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;  
 Or close the wall up with our English dead '  
 In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,  
 As modest stillness, and humility  
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
 Then imitate the action of the tiger ;  
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage  
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;  
 Let it pry through the portage of the head,  
 Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,  
 As fearfully, as doth a galled rock  
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,  
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean

Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide ;  
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit  
 To his full height !—On, on, you noblest English,  
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof !  
 Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,  
 Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought  
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.  
 Dishonour not your mothers now attest,  
 That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you !  
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,  
 And teach them how to war !— and you, good yeomen,  
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
 The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear  
 That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not ;  
 For there is none of you so mean and base,  
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.  
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot ;  
 Follow your spirit and, upon this charge,  
 Cry—God for Harry ! England ! and Saint George !

## THE ROYAL CAPTAIN

Now entertain conjecture of a time,  
 When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,  
 Fills the wide vessel of the universe  
 From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,  
 The hum of either army stilly sounds,  
 That the fix'd sentinels almost receive  
 The secret whispers of each other's watch  
 Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames  
 Each battle sees the other's umber'd face  
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs  
 Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents,  
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,  
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
 Give dreadful note of preparation  
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,  
 And the third hour of drowsy morning name.  
 Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,  
 The confident and over-lusty French  
 Do the low-rated English play at dice ;  
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,  
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp  
 So tediously away The poor condemned English,  
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires  
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate

The morning's danger ; and their gesture sad,  
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,  
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon  
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold  
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,  
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,  
Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head !  
For forth he goes, and visits all his host ;  
Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile ;  
And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.  
Upon his royal face there is no note,  
How dread an army hath enrounded him ;  
Nor doth he dedicate ony jot of colour  
Unto the weary and all-watched night  
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,  
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty ;  
That every wretch, pining and pale before,  
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks :  
A largess universal, like the sun,  
His liberal eye doth give to every one,  
Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all,  
Behold, as may unworthiness define,  
A little touch of Harry in the night,  
And so our scene must to the battle fly ;  
Where, (O for pity !) shall we much disgrace—  
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,  
Right ill disposed, in brawl ridiculous,—  
The name of Agincourt. Yet, sit and see ;  
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

#### Idol Ceremony

Upon the king ! let us our lives, our souls,  
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and  
Our sins, lay on the king ;—we must bear all.  
O hard condition ! twin-born with greatness,  
Subjected to the breath of every fool,  
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing !  
What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,  
That private men enjoy !  
And what have kings, that privates have not too,  
Save ceremony, save general ceremony ?  
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony ?  
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more  
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers ?  
What are thy rents ? what are thy comings-in ?  
O ceremony, show me but thy worth !

What is the soul of adoration ?

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,

Creating awe and fear in other men ?

Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd

Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,

But poison'd flattery ? O, be sick, great greatness,

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure !

Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out

With titles blown from adulation ?

Will it give place to flexure and low bending ?

Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,

Command the health of it ? No, thou proud dream,

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose ;

I am a king, that find thee ; and I know,

'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,

The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,

The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,

The farcèd title running 'fore the king,

The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp

That beats upon the high shore of this world,

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony.

Not all these, laid in bed majestical,

Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave ;

Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,

Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread ;

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell ;

But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,

Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night

Sleeps in Elysium ; next day, after dawn,

Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse ,

And follows so the ever-running year

With profitable labour, to his grave .

And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,

Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,

Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king

The slave, a member of the country's peace,

Enjoys it ; but in gross brain little wots,

What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,

Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

#### SAINT CRISPIN'S DAY

If we are marked to die, we are enough

To do our country loss ; and if to live,

The fewer men, the greater share of honour.

God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more.



By Jove, I am not covetous for gold ;  
 Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost ;  
 It yearns me not, if men my garments wear ;  
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires .  
 But, if it be a sin to covet honour,  
 I am the most offending soul alive.  
 No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :  
 God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour,  
 As one man more, methinks, would share from me,  
 For the best hope I have O, do not wish one more  
 Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,  
 That he, who hath no stomach to this fight,  
 Let him depart , his passport shall be made,  
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse .  
 We would not die in that man's company,  
 That fears his fellowship to die with us  
 This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian :  
 He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,  
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian  
 He, that shall live this day, and see old age,  
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,  
 And say to-morrow is Saint Crispian  
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,  
 And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day.  
 Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,  
 But he'll remember, with advantages,  
 What feats he did that day Then shall our names, .  
 Familiar in their mouths as household word—  
 Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,  
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,  
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd .  
 This story shall the good man teach his son ;  
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
 From this day to the ending of the world,  
 But we in it shall be remembered  
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;  
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,  
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,  
 This day shall gentle his condition .  
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,  
 Shall think themselves accursed, they were not here ;  
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,  
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

## RICHARD III

## A ROOM IN THE TOWER

*Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY**Brak.* Why looks your grace so heavily to-day ?*Clar.* O, I have pass'd a miserable night,  
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,  
That, as I am a christian faithful man,  
I would not spend another such a night,  
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days ;  
So full of dismal terror was the time*Brak* What was your dream, my lord ? I pray you, tell me*Clar.* Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,  
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy ,  
And, in my company, my brother Gloster  
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk  
Upon the hatches , thence we look'd toward England,  
And cited up a thousand heavy times,  
During the wars of York and Lancaster,  
That had befallen us As we paced along  
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
Methought, that Gloster stumbled ; and in falling,  
Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,  
Into the tumbling billows of the main  
O Lord ! methought, what pain it was to drown !  
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !  
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !  
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ,  
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon .  
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,  
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea,  
Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and, in those holes  
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept  
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes,) reflecting gems,  
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,  
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.*Brak.* Had you such leisure in the time of death,  
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep ?*Clar.* Methought I had ; and often did I strive  
To yield the ghost . but still the envious flood  
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth  
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air ;  
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,  
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

*Brak.* Awaked you not with this sore agony ?

*Clar.* O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life ;  
O, then began the tempest to my soul !  
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,  
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,  
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.  
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,  
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;  
Who cried aloud, — *What scourge for perjury*  
*Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ?*  
And so he vanish'd . Then came wand'ring by  
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
Dabbled in blood ; and he shriek'd out aloud, —  
*Clarence is come, — false, fleeting, perjured Clarence ! —*  
*That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury ; —*  
*Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments ! —*  
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends  
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears  
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,  
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,  
Could not believe but that I was in hell ;  
Such terrible impression made my dream.

## TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

### DEGREE

DEGREE being vizarded,  
The unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask  
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,  
Observe degree, priority, and place,  
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,  
Office, and custom, in all line of order ;  
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,  
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered  
Amidst the other ; whose med'cinable eye  
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,  
And posts like the commandment of a king,  
Sans check, to good and bad : But, when the planets,  
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,  
What plagues, and what portents ! what mutiny !  
What raging of the sea ! shaking of earth !  
Commotion in the winds ! frights, changes, horrors,  
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate  
The unity and married calm of states  
Quite from their fixture ! O, when degree is shaken,

Which is the ladder of all high designs,  
 The enterprise is sick ! How could communities,  
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,  
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,  
 The primogenitive and due of birth,  
 Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,  
 But by degree, stand in authentic place ?  
 Take but degree away, untune that string,  
 And, hark, what discord follows ! each thing meet  
 In mere oppugnancy The bounded waters  
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,  
 And make a sop of all this solid globe ;  
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
 And the rude son should strike his father dead  
 Force should be right ; or, rather, right and wrong,  
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides,)  
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too  
 Then every thing includes itself in power,  
 Power into will, will into appetite ;  
 And appetite, an universal wolf,  
 So doubly seconded with will and power,  
 Must make perforce an universal prey,  
 And, last, eat up himself Great Agamemnon,  
 This chaos, when decree is suffocate,  
 Follows the choking.  
 And this neglect of degree it is,  
 That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose  
 It hath to climb The general's disdain'd  
 By him one step below ; he, by the next ;  
 That next, by him beneath ; so every step,  
 Exemplified by the first pace, that is sick  
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever  
 Of pale and bloodless emulation  
 And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,  
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,  
 Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

## THE INSTANT WATCH

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
 A great-sized monster of ingratitudes  
 Those scraps are good deeds past ; which are devour'd  
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
 As done . Perséverance, dear my lord,  
 Keeps honour bright . To have done, is to hang  
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail

In monumental mockery. Take the instant way ;  
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow,  
 Where one but goes abreast keep then the path ;  
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,  
 That one by one pursue . If you give way,  
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,  
 Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,  
 And leave you hindmost ;—  
 Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,  
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,  
 O'errun and trampled on Then what they do in present,  
 Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours  
 For time is like a fashionable host,  
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand ;  
 And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,  
 Grasps in the comer . Welcome ever smiles,  
 And farewell goes out sighing O, let not virtue seek  
 Remuneration for the thing it was !  
 For beauty, wit,  
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,  
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
 To envious and calumniating time  
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—  
 That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,  
 Though they are made and moulded of things past ;  
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,  
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted  
 The present eye praises the present object  
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,  
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax ;  
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,  
 Than what not stirs The cry went once on thee,  
 And still it might ; and yet it may again,  
 If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,  
 And case thy reputation in thy tent ,  
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,  
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,  
 And drove great Mars to faction.

## JULIUS CÆSAR

## CASSIUS TO BRUTUS

*Cas.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,  
 As well as I do know your outward favour.  
 Well, honour is the subject of my story.—  
 I cannot tell, what you and other men

Think of this life ; but, for my single self,  
 I had as lief not be, as live to be  
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
 I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you  
 We both have fed as well ; and we can both  
 Endure the winter's cold, as well as he  
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
 The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,  
 Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*  
*Leap in with me into this angry flood,*  
*And swim to yonder point ?*— Upon the word,  
 Accouter'd as I was, I plung'd in,  
 And bade him follow so, indeed, he did  
 The torrent roar'd ; and we did buffet it  
 With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside  
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy  
 But ere we could arrive the point proposed,  
 Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink*  
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
 Did from the flames of Troj upon his shoulder  
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber  
 Did I the tirèd Cæsar And this man  
 Is now become a god ; and Cassius is  
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,  
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him  
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark  
 How he did shake 'tis true, this god did shake  
 His coward lips did from their colour fly,  
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,  
 Did lose his lustre I did hear him groan  
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans  
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,  
 Alas ! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*  
 As a sick girl Ye gods, it doth amaze me,  
 A man of such a feeble temper should  
 So get the start of the majestic world,  
 And bear the palm alone (*Shout Flourish*)

*Bru.* Another general shout !  
 I do believe, that these applauses are  
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar  
*Cas.* Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,  
 Like a Colossus ; and we petty men  
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about  
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
 Men at some time are masters of their fates  
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

## AN ENGLISH COURSE FOR SCHOOLS

Brutus, and Cæsar. What should be in that Cæsar ?  
Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?  
Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;  
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;  
Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,  
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. (Shout.)  
Now in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed :  
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !  
When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
But it was famed with more than with one man ?  
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,  
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man ?  
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,  
When there is in it but one only man  
O ! you and I have heard our fathers say,  
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd  
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,  
As easily as a king.

### BRUTUS TO CASSIUS

*Bru.* I know not how,  
But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
The time of life —arming myself with patience,  
To stay the providence of some high powers,  
That govern us below  
*Cas* Then, if we lose this battle,  
You are contented to be led in triumph  
Thorough the streets of Rome ?  
*Bru* No, Cassius, no think not, thou noble Roman,  
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;  
He bears too great a mind But this same day  
Must end that work, the ides of March began ;  
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.  
Therefore our everlasting farewell take —  
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !  
If we do meet again, why we shall smile ;  
If not, why then this parting was well made  
*Cas.* For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !  
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;  
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.  
*Bru.* Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know  
The end of this day's business, ere it come !

But it sufficeth, that the day will end,  
And then the end is known.—Come, ho ! away !

## ANTONY OVER THE BODY OF CÆSAR

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral  
He was my friend, faithful and just to me  
But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill  
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?  
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff  
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;  
And Brutus is an honourable man  
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse.\* Was this ambition ?  
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;  
And, sure, he is an honourable man  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know  
You all did love him once, not without cause ;  
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?  
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;  
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence  
O masters ! if I were disposed to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honourable men  
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,  
Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,  
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will  
Let but the commons hear this testament,  
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)  
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,



## AN ENGLISH COURSE FOR SCHOOLS

And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,  
Unto their issue.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
You all do know this mantle I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;  
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent ;  
That day he overcame the Nervii —  
Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through .  
See, what a rent the envious Casca made :  
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;  
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it ;  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved  
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;  
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :  
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !  
This was the most unkindest cut of all  
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
Quite vanquish'd him then burst his mighty heart ;  
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,  
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.  
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel  
The dint of pity these are gracious drops.  
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold  
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,  
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
To such a sudden flood of mutiny  
They, that have done this deed, are honourable ;  
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
That made them do it ; they are wise and honourable,  
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you  
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;  
I am no orator, as Brutus is :  
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
That love my friend ; and that they know full well  
That gave me public leave to speak of him.  
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood ; I only speak right on ;

I tell you that, which you yourselves do know  
Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,  
And bid them speak for me · But were I Brutus  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

## ANTONY ON BRUTUS

This was the noblest Roman of them all ·  
All the conspirators, save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;  
He, only, in a general honest thought,  
And common good to all, made one of them  
His life was gentle ; and the elements  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, *This was a man !*

## CORIOLANUS

## LOVE AND DUTY

*Vol.* Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment,  
And state of bodies would bewray what life  
We have led since thy exile · Think with thyself,  
How more unfortunate than all living women  
Are we come hither · since that thy sight, which should  
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,  
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow ;  
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see  
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing  
His country's bowels out · And to poor we,  
Thine enmity's most capital · thou barr'st us  
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort !  
That all but we enjoy · For how can we,  
Alas ! how can we for our country pray,  
Whereto we are bound ; together with thy victory,  
Whereto we are bound ? Alack ! or we must lose  
The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person,  
Our comfort in the country. We must find  
An evident calamity, though we had  
Our wish, which side should win · for either thou  
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led  
With manacles thorough our streets, or else  
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin ;

## 346 AN ENGLISH COURSE FOR SCHOOLS

And bear the palm, for having bravely shed  
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,  
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till  
These wars determine if I cannot persuade thee  
Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,  
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner  
March to assault thy country, than to tread  
(Trust to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's womb,  
That brought thee to this world

*Vir.* Ay, and on mine,  
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name  
Living to time

*Boy.* He shall not tread on me ;  
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

*Cor* Not of a woman's tenderness to be,  
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see  
I have sat too long (*Rising*)

*Vol.* Nay, go not from us thus  
If it were so, that our request did tend  
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy  
The Volscies whom you serve, you might condemn us  
As poisonous of your honour No, our suit  
Is, that you reconcile them while the Volscies  
May say, *This mercy we have shew'd*, the Romans,  
*This we received* ; and each in either side  
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bless'd*  
*For making up this peace* ! Thou know'st, great son,  
The end of war's uncertain ; but this certain,  
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit  
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,  
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses ;  
Whose chronicle thus writ — *The man was noble,*  
*But with his last attempt he wiped it out ;*  
*Destroy'd his country, and his name remains*  
*To the ensuing age, abhorr'd* Speak to me, son .  
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,  
To imitate the graces of the gods ;  
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,  
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt  
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak ?  
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man  
Still to remember wrongs ? — Daughter, speak you :  
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy ;  
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more  
Than can our reasons. — There is no man in the world  
More bound to his mother ; yet here he lets me prate  
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life  
Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy ;

When she, (poor hen !) fond of no second brood,  
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,  
 Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,  
 And spurn me back But, if it be not so,  
 Thou art not honest ; and the gods will plague thee,  
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which  
 To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away :  
 Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees.  
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,  
 Than pity to our prayers Down ; an end,  
 This is the last.—So we will home to Rome,  
 And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us :  
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,  
 But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,  
 Does reason our petition with more strength  
 Than thou hast to deny't—Come, let us go ;  
 This fellow had a Volscian to his mother ;  
 His wife is in Corioli, and his child  
 Like him by chance.—Yet give us our despatch.  
 I am hush'd until our city be afire,  
 And then I'll speak a little

Cor

O mother, mother !

(*Holding Volumnia by the hands, silent*)

What have you done ? Behold, the heavens do ope,  
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene  
 They laugh at O my mother, mother ! O !  
 You have won a happy victory to Rome  
 But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,  
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,  
 If not most mortal to him But, let it come—  
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,  
 I'll frame convenient peace Now, good Aufidius,  
 Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard  
 A mother less ? or granted less, Aufidius ?

## ROMEO AND JULIET

### QUEEN MAB

Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.  
 She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes  
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
 Drawn with a team of little atomies  
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :  
 Her waggon-spokes made of long-spinners' legs ;

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;  
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;  
 The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams ;  
 Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film ;  
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,  
 Not half so big as a round little worm  
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid ;  
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,  
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,  
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.  
 And in this state she gallops night by night  
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love ;  
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on courtships straight ;  
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees ;  
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;  
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
 Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are  
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit ;  
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,  
 Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,  
 Then dreams he of another benefice .  
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
 Of healths five fathom deep , and then anon  
 Drums in his ear ; at which he starts, and wakes ;  
 And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,  
 And sleeps again This is that very Mab,  
 That plats the manes of horses in the night ;  
 And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,  
 Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.

*Rom* Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace ;  
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

*Mer* True, I talk of dreams ;  
 Which are the children of an idle brain,  
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy ;  
 Which is as thin of substance as the air ;  
 And more inconstant than the wind, who woos  
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,  
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,  
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

#### THE DEATH OF ROMEO

O, my love ! my wife !  
 Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :  
 Thou art not conquer'd ; beauty's ensign yet  
 Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,  
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—  
 Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet ?  
 O, what more favour can I do to thee,  
 Than with that hand, that cut thy youth in twain,  
 To sunder his, that was thine enemy ?  
 Forgive me, cousin ?—Ah, dear Juliet,  
 Why art thou yet so fair ? Shall I believe  
 That unsubstantial death is amorous ;  
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour ?  
 For fear of that, I will still stay with thee ;  
 And never from this palace of dim night  
 Depart again ; here, here will I remain  
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids ; O, here  
 Will I set up my everlasting rest ;  
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
 From this world-wearied flesh —Eyes, look your last !  
 Arms, take your last embrace ! and lips, O you  
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death !—  
 Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide !  
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark !  
 Here's to my love ! (*Drinks.*) O, true apothecary !  
 Thy drugs are quick —Thus with a kiss I die (*Dies.*)

## HAMLET

“ SO EXCELLENT A KING ”

✓ O, THAT this too, too solid flesh would melt,  
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !  
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! O God !  
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,  
 Seem to me all the uses of this world !  
 Fie on't ! O fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden,  
 That grows to seed ; things rank, and gross in nature,  
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this !  
 But two months dead !—nay, not so much, not two :  
 So excellent a king ; that was, to this,  
 Hyperion to a satyr . so loving to my mother,  
 That he might not let e'en the winds of heaven  
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !  
 Must I remember ? why, she would hang on him,

As if increase of appetite had grown  
 By what it fed on . And yet, within a month,—  
 Let me not think on't ;—Frailty, thy name is woman ;  
 A little month ; or ere those shoes were old,  
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,  
 Like Niobe, all tears ;—why she, even she,—  
 O Heaven ! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,  
 Would have mourn'd longer,—married with my uncle,  
 My father's brother ; but no more like my father,  
 Than I to Hercules . within a month ;  
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,  
 She married —O most wicked speed, to post  
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets !  
 It is not, nor it cannot come to, good ;  
 But break, my heart ; for I must hold my tongue

## A FRIEND'S ADVICE

And these few precepts in thy memory  
 Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.  
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel ;  
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade Beware  
 Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,  
 Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.  
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice .  
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.  
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
 But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :  
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;  
 And they in France, of the best rank and station,  
 Are most select and generous, chief in that.  
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be ;  
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;  
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
 This above all.—To thine own self be true ;  
 And it must follow, as the night the day,  
 Thou canst not then be false to any man  
 Farewell ; my blessing season this in thee !

## "THE PLAY'S THE THING"

Now I am alone.  
 O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I !

Is it not monstrous, that this player here,  
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,  
That from her working, all his visage wann'd ;  
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,  
A broken voice, and his whole function sutting  
With forms to his conceit ? And all for nothing !  
For Hecuba !

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
That he should weep for her ? What would he do,  
Had he the motive, and the cue for passion,  
That I have ? He would drown the stage with tears,  
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech ;  
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,  
Confound the ignorant ; and amaze, indeed,  
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,  
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,  
Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,  
And can say nothing, no, not for a king,  
Upon whose property, and most dear life,  
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward ?  
Who calls me villain ? breaks my pate across ?  
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face ?  
Tweaks me by the nose ? gives me the lie i' the throat,  
As deep as to the lungs ? Who does me this ?  
Ha !

Why, I should take it, for it cannot be,  
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall  
To make oppression bitter ; or, ere this,  
I should have fatted all the region kites  
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain !  
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain !  
Why, what an ass am I ? This is most brave ;  
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,  
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,  
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,  
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,  
A scullion !

Fie upon't ! foh ! About my brains ! Humph ! I have heard,  
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,  
Have by the very cunning of the scene  
Been struck so to the soul, that presently  
They have proclaim'd their malefactions ;  
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak  
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players  
Play something like the murder of my father,  
Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks ;



I'll tent him to the quick ; if he do blench,  
 I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,  
 May be a devil ; and the devil hath power  
 To assume a pleasing shape ; yea, and, perhaps,  
 Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,  
 (As he is very potent with such spirits,)  
 Abuses me to damn me . I'll have grounds  
 More relative than this . The play's the thing,  
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

#### HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY

To be, or not, to be, that is the question :—  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ,  
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
 And, by opposing, end them ?—To die,—to sleep,—  
 No more ;—and, by a sleep, to say we end  
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
 That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wish'd To die,—to sleep ;—  
 To sleep ! perchance to dream ;—ay, there's the rub ;  
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
 Must give us pause there's the respect  
 That makes calamity of so long life  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels bear,  
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life ;  
 But that the dread of something after death,—  
 The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
 No traveller returns,—puzzles the will ;  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not of ?  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the name of action.

## HAMLET'S FRIEND

Nay, do not think I flatter  
 For what advancement may I hope from thee.  
 That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,  
 To feed, and clothe thee ? Why should the poor be flatter'd ?  
 No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp ;  
 And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,  
 Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear ?  
 Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,  
 And could of men distinguish her election,  
 She hath seal'd thee for herself for thou hast been  
 As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing ;  
 A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards  
 Hast ta'en with equal thanks ; and bless'd are those  
 Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,  
 That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger  
 To sound what stop she please Give me that man,  
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,  
 As I do thee.

## "THIS THING'S TO DO"

How all occasions do inform against me,  
 And spur my dull revenge ! What is a man,  
 If his chief good, and market of his time,  
 Be but to sleep, and feed ? a beast, no more  
 Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,  
 Looking before, and after, gave us not  
 That capability and godlike reason  
 To fust in us unused Now, whether it be  
 Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple  
 Of thinking too precisely on the event,—  
 A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,  
 And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know  
 Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do* ;  
 Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,  
 To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me :  
 Witness, this army of such mass and charge,  
 Led by a delicate and tender prince ;  
 Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,  
 Makes mouths at the invisible event ;  
 Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,  
 To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,  
 Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,  
 Is, not to stir without great argument ;  
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,

When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,  
 That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,  
 Excitements of my reason and my blood,  
 And let all sleep ? while, to my shame, I see  
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,  
 That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,  
 Go to their graves like beds ; fight for a plot  
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,  
 Which is not tomb enough, and continent,  
 To hide the slain ?—O, from this time forth,  
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth !

## OTHELLO

### THE LOVER'S PLEA

My very noble and approved good masters,—  
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
 It is most true ; true, I have married her ;  
 The very head and front of my offending  
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,  
 And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace ;  
 For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,  
 Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used  
 Their dearest action in the tented field ;  
 And little of this great world can I speak,  
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle ;  
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,  
 In speaking for myself : Yet, by your gracious patience,  
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver  
 Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,  
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic  
 (For such proceeding I am charged withal,)  
 I won his daughter with

Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;  
 Still question'd me the story of my life,  
 From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
 That I have pass'd.  
 I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it.  
 Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,  
 Of moving accidents, by flood and field ;  
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach  
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
 And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,  
 And portance in my travel's history :  
 Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,

Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,  
 It was my hint to speak, such was the process ;  
 And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
 The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear,  
 Would Desdemona seriously incline :  
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;  
 Which even as she could with haste despatch,  
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
 Devour up my discourse : Which I observing,  
 Took once a phant hour ; and found good means  
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
 But not intently : I did consent ;  
 And often did beguile her of her tears,  
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke,  
 That my youth suffer'd My story being done,  
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :  
 She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange ;  
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :  
 She wish'd she had not heard it ; yet she wish'd  
 That Heaven had made her such a man she thank'd me,  
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,  
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
 And that would woo her Upon this hint, I spake  
 She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd ;  
 And I loved her, that she did pity them.  
 This only is the witchcraft I have used ;  
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

“ MY GOOD NAME ”

Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,  
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls :  
 Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something, nothing :  
 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;  
 But he that filches from me my good name,  
 Robs me of that which not enriches him  
 And makes me poor indeed.

HENRY VIII

WOLSEY'S FAREWELL

So farewell to the little good you bear me.  
 Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !  
 This is the state of man ; to-day he puts forth  
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,

And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :  
 The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost ;  
 And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
 His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,  
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
 This many summers in a sea of glory ;  
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride  
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,  
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
 Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye ;  
 I feel my heart new opened : O, how wretched  
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours !  
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
 That sweep aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;  
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
 Never to hope again.—

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,  
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
 Let's dry our eyes · and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;  
 And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be ;  
 And sleep in cold dull marble, where no mention  
 Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,  
 Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,  
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—  
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;  
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.  
 Mark but my fall, and that, that ruin'd me.  
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;  
 By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,  
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?  
 Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;  
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :  
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.

## SELECTED SONNETS

## I

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day ?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate,  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date :  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd ;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd ;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest :  
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou growest :  
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

## II

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone beweep my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,  
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least ;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state  
(Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate :  
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

## III

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste :  
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,  
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.

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Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan  
Which I new pay as if not paid before.  
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

### IV

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy ;  
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace :  
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,  
With all triumphant splendour on my brow ;  
But out, alack ! he was but one hour mine,  
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.  
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;  
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

THAT time of year thou may'st in me behold,  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.  
In me thou seest the twilight of such day  
As after sun-set fadeth in the west ;  
Which by and by black night doth take away,  
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest  
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie ;  
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.  
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,  
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

### VI

FAREWELL ! thou art too dear for my possessing,  
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate :  
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing ;  
My bonds in thee are all determinate,

For how do I hold thee but by thy granting ?  
 And for that riches where is my deserving ?  
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
 And so my patent back again is swerving.  
 Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,  
 Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking ;  
 So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,  
 Comes home again, on better judgment making.  
 Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,  
 In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.

## VII

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,  
 For as you were, when first your eye I eyed,  
 Such seems your beauty still Three winters cold  
 Have from the forests shook three summers' pride ;  
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd,  
 In process of the seasons have I seen ;  
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,  
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green  
 Ah ! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,  
 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived ;  
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,  
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived ,  
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,—  
 Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

## VIII

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time  
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,  
 In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights,  
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
 I see their antique pen would have express'd  
 Even such a beauty as you master now.  
 So all their praises are but prophecies  
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring,  
 And for they look'd but with divining eyes,  
 They had not skill enough our worth to sing  
 For we, which now behold these present days,  
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise,



## IX

LET me not to the marriage of true minds  
 Admit impediments. Love is not love,  
 Which alters when it alteration finds ;  
 Or bends, with the remover to remove :  
 O no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,  
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;  
 It is the star to every wandering bark,  
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.  
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ;  
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
 If this be error, and upon me proved,  
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

In addition to the preceding extracts you ought to learn by heart, paraphrase, scan, and analyse the following passages :—

(References are given to the Globe Edition.)

*Merchant of Venice.* Act i, sc. 1, ll. 79-102 ; act iii., sc. 1, ll. 61-76, and sc. 2, ll. 150-176 ; act iv., sc. 1, ll. 184-205.

*Much Ado About Nothing.* Act iii., sc. 3, and sc. 5 ; act iv., sc. 2 The whole scene in each case.

*As You Like It* Act iii., sc. 5, ll. 35-63 and ll. 109-133.

*A Winter's Tale.* Act iv., sc. 4, ll. 79-146.

*The Tempest.* Act v., sc. 1, ll. 33-57.

*King Richard II.* Act iii., sc. 2, ll. 4-26 and ll. 143-177 ; act v., sc. 2, ll. 23-36.

*King Henry IV.*—Part I. Act i., sc. 3, ll. 29-69.

*King Henry IV.*—Part II. Act iv., sc. 5, li. 92-138.

*King Henry VI.*—Part III. Act ii., sc. 5, ll. 20-56.

*Coriolanus.* Act i., sc. 1, ll. 171-192 ; act iii., sc. 3, ll. 120-135 ; act iv., sc. 5, ll. 71-107.

*Romeo and Juliet.* Act ii., sc. 2, the whole scene ; act iii., sc. 2, ll. 1-31.

*Hamlet.* Act iii., sc. 4, ll. 53-88 ; act iv., sc. 7, ll. 167-183.

*Othello.* Act v., sc. 2, ll. 337-356.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

#### NOTE

*Please remember that this chapter is not in the least intended to show you an easy way to acquire a knowledge of English Literature.*

*It is merely a rough sketch designed to point out the continuity and the correlation between the centuries. I only mention the greatest names. I have even omitted some of the most famous and the most interesting because they are not, for the moment, to my purpose. There is no royal road here. You have to make up your mind from the start that criticism is no substitute for the text, nor are selections, however good, in the least degree adequate. You must steep yourself in the writings of the greatest writers: and you will find this no easy task. But the reward is infinitely beyond the drudgery and the labour employed. Have faith and do not lightly accept the foolish, outworn creed that whatever is of accepted worth is necessarily dull.*

*To those who read aright there is scarcely a page in any of the writers I shall mention which does not teem with vitality and interest.*

*To trace the relationship which the genius bears to his age and his contemporaries is the object of this chapter.*

**BEFORE** the age of Shakespeare there is very little that need detain you. The Anglo-Saxon epic of Beowulf has none of the Homeric qualities. It simply tells how a hero-warrior who was an expert swimmer came to the rescue of a country ravaged by a dragon and freed it from its pest. There are also chronicles in Anglo-Saxon and many religious writings in the same tongue.

In the fourteenth century Chaucer looms out of the darkness, and in *The Canterbury Tales* makes so great a success in the East-Anglian dialect that it becomes for all future ages the standard language of the whole country. He is a shrewd humorist, a born story-teller and a graphic describer of character: you cannot afford to miss so interesting and charming a book, but he is only a flash in the pan. Out of

the Dark Ages he came, and into the darkness he went. Civil war, disease and other causes put the clock back, and our real entrance into the arena of letters took place in the sixteenth century with the Renaissance.

It is true that Sir Thomas Malory translated the *Morte D'Arthur* in the fifteenth century, and that book is a source of delight to all those who have the good sense to read it, but it is with Sir Thomas More that we get the first taste of the excellent uses to which our native language can be put.

The rediscovery of the ancient literatures of Greece was the first factor of importance just at that time ; then came the new knowledge about the physical world. First Copernicus, then Galileo. . . . What an amazing moment it must have been when man learnt for the first time the true position of an earth which he had been led to believe was the centre of the universe.

Then came the quick sequence of geographical discoveries opening out new realms full of boundless wealth. Men became intoxicated with the constant spurs that were urging on their imaginative powers to fresh conquests over mind and matter. The Renaissance reached England late, and instead of making, as it did in Italy, for paganism and the pursuit of pleasure, only served to introduce a new seriousness into life, while in religion it brought about the Reformation of the Church.

The result of reading the Ancients was an awakening in men's hearts and a delight in melody and beauty : luckily we resisted excessive Latinity and artificial exaggerations and found in the Saxon vernacular a more or less perfect medium of self-expression.<sup>1</sup> Spenser, for example, bases his richness of diction directly on words derived from Chaucer.

Another peculiarity of Elizabethan writers is their many-sidedness. They were all men of action. Ben Jonson was a soldier, poet, bricklayer, actor and poet laureate. As Thoreau says : "The word which is best said came nearest to not being spoken at all, for it is cousin to a deed which the speaker could have better done."

Modern English poetry begins with Sir Thomas Wyatt and the Earl of Surrey, who introduced the sonnet and blank verse

<sup>1</sup> Note.

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respectively in 1557. It is helpful when possible to hold up an author as typical of his age. There are perhaps five in the whole range of our literature about whom we may say with some degree of confidence that they can stand for their age. Sir Philip Sidney is certainly one of them. Just as Doctor Johnson represented the mid-eighteenth century and Tennyson the Victorian era, so Sidney certainly contains within his own personality all that was typical of the best in the Elizabethan. Elizabeth called him one of the jewels of her crown, and he is spoken of by William the Silent as one of the ripest statesmen of the age—at twenty-three. He travelled, he fought, he wrote prose and verse of very high quality, while his sonnet-sequence entitled *Astrophel and Stella* is particularly excellent.

Edmund Spenser, banished to a wild and hostile country, lonely and dejected, sought refuge in poetry and produced in *The Faerie Queene* so exquisite and musical a work of genius that all poets from his day forward have owed their inspiration more directly to him than to any other man who ever lived. A good test as to whether you have any real poetic feeling in you is to trace the effect that a careful reading of this allegory has upon you. You may find yourself confused by the large numbers of abstruse personifications, you may be edified or not by the strain of Puritanism that runs through it, but you will be hard to please if the story itself does not carry you along in spite of unrelated incidents and unintelligible archaisms.

One piece of advice you will find valuable. Do not start on the poem until you have mastered the Preface: if the poet had not described the plan on which he based his plot, years of closest study would not have helped us to understand his purpose. The work met with instant popularity. The Elizabethans loved the luxuriousness, the heavy exotic language and the melody of the verse, as all poets have loved these things ever since. (That is because all the Elizabethans were themselves poets at heart.) It is not, after all, surprising: his language is rich, his imagery profuse, his sense of beauty extraordinarily keen.

Lyly, in *Euphues*, shows us Elizabethan prose at its best and worst. The passion for mere words is there, but there is much

besides. The sentences are as perfectly balanced as those of Doctor Johnson ; the style is graphic, metaphorical and full of allusions of the most artificial and ingenuous kind.

Side by side with Elizabethan prose and verse rises into prominence the drama.

Drama in England, as in Greece, began by being definitely religious. Starting by depicting Biblical incidents in the Church, the play-writers gradually became more and more secular and human and discarded the Church for the porch, and then the porch for the street.

In the thirteenth century the town guilds gave performances in cycles, and the plays performed at York, Wakefield, Chester and Coventry have been preserved. The tone of these plays ceased to be reverent, though they dealt with such subjects as Noah, and the Nativity of Christ. They are called *Miracle Plays*, and they were performed right up to the time of Shakespeare. Then came the *Morality Plays*, designed to teach a moral lesson by means of allegorical figures. *Everyman* is by far the best known of these plays. The rise of a professional class of actors brought the dramatic form, as we now know it, a step nearer fulfilment. The inn-yard with its balcony lent itself very well to the production of their plays, and when theatres were first built they were constructed roughly on this pattern.

They were circular or square buildings, with galleries rising one above another three parts round, with a floor space open to the sky in the middle and jutting out on to it a platform which had a green-room behind.

All the more disreputable members of the community gathered in the theatre, together with the young gallants of the Court. The audiences demanded exhibitions of strength and skill on the part of their actors, so that we get wrestling matches and very lifelike duels even in Shakespeare. They also loved clowns and descended to a level of humour which does not at all coincide with ours.

Meanwhile the academic drama was quickly coming into prominence owing to the energetic efforts of certain Cambridge graduates, among whom Marlowe is incomparably the best, though Kyd, Greene and Peele are certainly worth reading.

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Marlowe's greatness is many-sided ; he changed blank verse from a mere lumbering, truncated rhyming heroic couplet to a form which has made it the vehicle for the very greatest poetry in the language. His plays too all reflect his insatiable thirst for knowledge and power. *Tamburlaine*, *Doctor Faustus*, *Edward II.*, and *The Jew of Malta* are all of great interest, quite apart from the loveliness and majesty of their verse, for the light they shed on the spirit of Renaissance scholarship. Shakespeare's debt to Marlowe was considerable, as you will at once find on comparing them.

I have already dealt with Shakespeare : I will only ask you to remember that he comes in at this point in the history of our literature : it will help you to gauge a little better his consummate powers and the nature and extent of his genius. He was followed by a tribe of writers quite a number of whom are well worth reading, but, for the most part, fall into excesses of gloom or licentiousness.

By far the best of them is Webster, of whose plays *The White Devil* and *The Duchess of Malfi* stand out from the rest. All his characters live, even though they are terrible in their reality. Sincerity marks every phrase they use.

Unfortunately the rest of the post-Shakespeareans, noticeably Beaumont and Fletcher, many of whose plays you cannot afford to miss, mark the beginnings of decadence—that is to say, poetry in them runs riot and they indulge in excesses of every sort ; they become indecent and sentimental, their rhetoric tires us, tragedy and comedy alike fall from their high place.

There is, however, one poet, namely Ben Jonson, who stands rather apart from the group, whose learning and character save him. He invented what we call "the comedy of humours"—that is, he develops his themes by taking predominant characteristics and making his dramatis personæ men of one outstanding trait : he was a satirist and therefore a hater of cant, a definite prophet and teacher. Of his plays you should read at least *Every Man in his Humour* " (humour, by the way, with him means eccentricity) and *The Alchemist*. You will find there extravagant types made ridiculous, but there is in Jonson little of that faithful portrayal of contemporary life which makes Shakespeare so supreme a master.

## II

We now enter the seventeenth century. Each century has a definite spirit, fairly easy to define broadly. The Renaissance spirit marks all Elizabethan writers, while the seventeenth-century writers are all characterised by something essentially modern.

By the modern spirit I mean the spirit of observation, of preoccupation with detail, of analysis of feelings, and free argument, the spirit of knowledge, of science, of criticism. The sixteenth century discovered, while the seventeenth sat down to take stock of the riches which the previous generation had garnered.

The greatest achievement of the age was, of course, the translation of the Bible, which is the supreme example of English prose style. The anonymous translators approached their task with a splendid reverence and an overpowering desire for truth. They cultivated simplicity and verbal economy with the best possible effect. No book has had such a profound effect upon the language as this 1611 edition of the Bible. There is scarcely a writer since that date, of whatever kind, who does not owe most of what is excellent in his style to this book.

The second great achievement of the age is to be found in the work of Bacon. He is a master of epigram: his style is compressed, clear-cut, and extraordinarily felicitous. Running through everything that he wrote we can easily discern that spirit of restless inquiry which is so typical of his time. As a scientist his claim to our praise can be read in Macaulay's admirable essay on him, which you must certainly find time to read.

Of Robert Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*, I cannot speak at length. Lamb owed much to both, particularly the latter. But they are both representative of their age and deserve attention.

The next writer with whom we are concerned offers a distinct challenge to Shakespeare's pre-eminence. No man can pretend to know much of his native tongue who has omitted to study very closely the many-sided genius of John Milton, who stands

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as the last and perhaps the greatest figure of the Renaissance. It is not only in *Paradise Lost*, where we find that English becomes once and for all as melodious, majestic and exquisite a language as any in the ancient and modern world, but in his lighter, earlier lyrics and sonnets and also in his prose, which has all the inner qualities of the finest poetry.

From Milton we learn the invaluable truth that he who would desire to write well must also live well ; from Milton we learn what dignity in letters really means ; in Milton we listen to a language the music of which is as rich and deep as that of an organ.

There is scarcely anything of his that you can afford to miss. To begin with then make yourself master of *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Comus*, *Samson Agonistes*, *Paradise Lost*, and *Areopagitica*, as well as the sonnets. Don't be put off by a lack of humour, nor by any difficulty. To confess that you " can't get on with Milton " is to admit intellectual defeat.

Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* has probably been distasteful to you from childhood. Come to it again now that you have attained to years of discretion and you will find in it delights unrecognised before. To anyone who would understand the conditions of seventeenth-century England there is no book to be compared with this.

Dryden, too, in his satire and prose cannot be neglected. He is the first writer in English to set up a standard of prose which is at once readily understood, straightforward, and different in all respects from verse.

As a satirist he is important because he perfected the heroic couplet as an ideal medium for the conveyance of ridicule. Of his works *Absalom and Achitophel* and *The Essay on Poesy* are perhaps the best to start with. His dramatic work, in common with that of the other Restoration playwrights, you may for the time pass over.

### III

We now come to the Age of Good Sense, the eighteenth century, and in particular to Alexander Pope, the direct successor of Dryden in the art of satire. His great claim to our



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attention is that he polished the heroic couplet to such a brightness that no one has ever used it before or since to such purpose or with so sure an aim. He was not a great thinker himself, but he had the gift of crystallising thoughts so perfectly that one can never forget them. It was his business to dress up Nature to the best advantage, to give utterance to

“What oft was thought, but ne’er so well expressed.”

No writer (except Shakespeare) is so frequently quoted, no writer more glibly talked about and less read or understood. Because he was not a great poet, in the sense that Shakespeare and Milton were great poets, it has been maintained that he was not a poet at all.

The only way to test the matter is to read him for yourself and make up your own mind when you have given him a fair trial. Read, at any rate, *The Essay on Man*, the *Dunciad*, *The Rape of the Lock*, and *The Essay on Criticism*; you will, I am sure, find much that delights you, whether it be in the rapier-like effect of his satire, the clear, vigorous polish of his verse, or the charming fantasy of his mock-heroic epic.

Contemporaneous with Pope were four great prose-writers: Defoe, Addison, Steele and Swift.

This quintette form the group which we commonly call the Augustans—that is to say, they offer a parallel to the age when Augustus ruled in Rome and Horace flourished. It is an age of artificiality and of lack of high endeavours, but it is not wholly despicable; it is urbane and within certain limits satisfying to some moods. It is certainly not the greatest, but it is a great age.

Defoe was a born journalist; with him it was second nature to write; his output was enormous; he has the knack of always being able to interest his readers whatever his subject, and he could write on almost anything. In *Robinson Crusoe*, written when he was nearly sixty, we have the first English novel, a narrative which has charmed nearly every child who read it, just as *Gulliver’s Travels* has made the name of Swift dear to every boy and girl with an ounce of imagination in them.

Over Swift I should like to dally for some time: the immensity

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of his genius has not been recognised even yet. He is by no means Augustan in his heart of hearts, nor can we honestly believe that his sympathies lay with his generation. The other men of his time were more or less cool and level-headed : Swift burnt himself right out in his ferocity against the lamentable state of things as he saw them. He was really an incorrigible optimist (nearly everyone will tell you that he was our most prominent pessimist) because he thought that man could be a great deal more godlike in his actions if he only took a little more trouble to think.

There are many reasons why you should concentrate on Swift, not the least important being that in him you come to a past master in the art of writing. No man ever carried the simple, forthright style to such a pitch of perfection as he did. No man ever took such pains to make every sentence clear to the meanest intelligence, every phrase and word have its definite use. Even if you think you know your *Gulliver's Travels*, read it again, and then go on to the *Journal of Stella* (the best letters ever written), the *Tale of a Tub*, the *Drapier's Letters*, *The Battle of the Books* and his *Thoughts on Various Subjects*. Swift's satire is unparalleled for its effectiveness, his humour for its intellectual brilliance.

With Addison and Steele, the periodical, brought into prominence by Defoe, really begins to take an important place in Literature. The essays of *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*, which owe their inception and most of their humour to Steele and the charm of their style to both the collaborators, ought to be read. These short papers aim at laughing the foolish out of their folly and employing genial, kindly satire as a weapon to banish vice and ignorance out of Great Britain : in Sir Roger de Coverley they create one of the first live characters in English fiction, so that the honest knight becomes the father of an endless succession of friends of ours, none the less real because they appear only in books.

But the greatest man of the eighteenth century is Doctor Samuel Johnson, a man quite blind to the main undercurrents that heralded the coming revolution in letters, a man to whom ballads meant nothing, who left little creative work that is immortal, but a great critic and a splendid conversationalist.

He was the recognised leader of the great men of letters of his time, many of whom wrote work of far greater literary merit than he did ; yet he overtops them all by reason of his personal character : he was greater than his books.

I therefore do not ask you to read Johnson's *Rasselas* or *The Rambler*, but to go straight to his friend and biographer, James Boswell, and read *The Life of Doctor Johnson*—one of the greatest books ever written. There we see as in no other biography a full-length picture, portraying the very soul of one of the most human men who ever lived, with his many excellences and his many faults, nothing extenuated, nothing excused and nothing set down in malice.

Of the Johnson circle Burke stands out as the great statesman-writer, " who to party gave up what was meant for mankind." His speeches on India, France and America ought to be read, partly for the wisdom of what he says, partly for his astonishing grip of the English language, partly also for his profound knowledge.

Another Irishman, Oliver Goldsmith, comes next in order. The charm of the style in *The Vicar of Wakefield* is unanalysable, the humour of *She Stoops to Conquer* unforgettable ; his verse frequently attains a poignancy far beyond that of the other writers of his age. This you may say would not be hard. Who were the other poets of his age ? Following close on the heels of Pope comes James Thomson, the author of *The Seasons*, famous for the fact that he is the first to break with the artificiality of the Augustans and interpret Nature as we endeavour to interpret her to-day.

Gray and Collins each widen the rift a little more : the former in the *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard* giving to the world an imperishable poem, the latter, in the *Ode to Evening*, providing a foretaste of the beauties of the Romantic Revival.

Meanwhile in Scotland Robert Burns was giving expression in sweet love songs and fierce satiric attacks on hypocrisy in his native brogue to that burning desire for freedom and universal brotherhood which was to be one of the chief motive forces of the new era. His personality was passionately fiery, brilliant and humorous : as an example of his best work read *Tam o' Shanter*, a poem it would be hard to praise too highly.

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Then read his songs and his satires and, if you can get it, W. E. Henley's essay on the poet.

Another man who was breaking with the tenets of the Pope School and with that of Johnson was the mystic, William Blake, who anticipated most of the discoveries of Wordsworth and certainly all the mystical wonder and horror of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*. His lyrics are childlike in their spontaneity and charm: he was indeed a boy who never grew up. He could challenge the Elizabethans on their own ground, which no other poet has ever been able to do since the dawn of the seventeenth century, and in all his work he is entirely original and unique. Read *The Songs of Innocence*, as an example of his work, and if you have any insight or understanding you will not rest until you have saturated yourself with his remaining poetic work.

Another manifestation of a coming revolt from the Augustans was the revived interest in mediævalism which inspired Bishop Percy to hunt down all the old ballads and to publish them in his *Reliques*, a book that gave Scott the impetus to write his romances and which has made all who have read it since fall under the enchantment of balladry.

*Reliques of Ancient Poetry* is a book no lover of literature would ever willingly be without. It is exceedingly hard to define a ballad or to analyse its charm, but the mind of a man who is not stirred (as Sir Philip Sidney was) by *Cherry Chase*, *The Battle of Otterbourne*, *Sir Patrick Spens*, *Tam Lin*, *Young Beichan*, is not to be envied.

The boy Chatterton in his *Rowley Poems* and James M'Pherson in *Ossian* by their desire to imitate the ancients are equally important signs of the times, and show, when taken in conjunction with the Gothic leanings of Horace Walpole and the poetry of Cowper, how marked was the divergence from the theories of Pope.

### IV

We have now arrived at the threshold of the Romantic Revival, the beginning of which does not coincide with that of

the nineteenth century, but with the production of the *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798. The authors of this volume, William Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, here burst upon the world with a volume, the literary importance of which cannot be overestimated. As the two poets themselves said their poems were just experiments and were to be judged as such. First they attempted a novelty in diction. It was Wordsworth's conviction that the language of poetry ought to differ in no degree from that of prose, but both ought to be of such a kind that a farmer would understand them. The unfortunate part of such a mode of writing is that when the language fails to convey the idea which the poet is labouring to express, the failure is evident at once, whereas in the case of men who indulge in a riot of imagery and highflown phraseology, poverty of ideas may escape the reader owing to the extravagant rhetoric employed.

But in those who had eyes to see and ears to hear this slender volume ought to have roused immense enthusiasm. For the first time in our language it was made clear to man that his spiritual needs could be satisfied by close communion with nature, that a love of mountains and tarns reacted on man's attitude to his fellow-creatures and that little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love which make man's nature divine are due in no small degree to the influence which natural beauties have on his mind and temperament.

The next great and beneficial change which the Romantic Revival brought in its train was a development of the historic sense. This is to be seen at its best in the novels of Scott. Then there arose a quickening of the sense of the connection between the visible world and the world of the unseen, which is to be seen in *The Ancient Mariner*.

In addition to these excellent qualities there came into being a truer conception of what art stands for in human life. The Romantic Revival was the golden age of English criticism. All the poets became critics of singular acuteness and insight. They no longer dwelt solely on the necessity for correctness of form, but plunged deeper into the why and wherefore of things with broadened minds and with more active human sympathies than their forerunners.

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Wordsworth, however, was misunderstood from the start. the *Lyrical Ballads* ought to have burst on an astonished world and swept them off their feet: whereas in reality it left its readers calmly contemptuous. It is only of late years that we have come to realise that he stands beside Milton, and is less only than Shakespeare in the category of great masters of literature. He was in every way an innovator; in early life he made a great discovery but as the years passed his sense of "the vision splendid" left him, with the result that wise readers now mainly confine their attention to the poems which he wrote between 1798 and 1808 and leave all his other work severely alone.

The determining factor in his life was the French Revolution, with which he sympathised wholeheartedly. He found later all his ideals shattered and his hope lost and it was then that he made his great discovery of the healing power of nature and how man may win, through nature, peace.

For him life was a series of impressions, leading to moments of supreme emotion which were transmuted into exquisite poetry when recollected in tranquillity. Read *The Prelude*, *Resolution and Independence*, *Michael* and the *Lyrical Ballads*, and you will see at once what I mean.

Theodore Watts-Dunton has written a splendid essay on the Romantic Revival under the title of *The Renaissance of Wonder*, which aptly fits Coleridge's attitude to the movement. He revived the supernatural, emancipated it from the crudities of Horace Walpole and Mrs Ann Radcliffe and invested it with the air of suggestion and indefiniteness which gives the highest power to it in its effect on the imagination.

But there is much of Coleridge that you need not read. Confine yourself to *The Ancient Mariner*, *Christabel* and *Kubla Khan* . . . Opium intervened between the poet and his mission and the great work that we might have had was never produced.

Meanwhile the spirit of the French Revolution was manifesting itself in the work of Shelley. Freedom is the very breath of his poetry, freedom from the shackles of earthly power as well as freedom from the tyranny of religion and the moral code. But above this passionate call to men to be free in all Shelley's poetry there is the call to beauty. More than in any other

writer we find in Shelley a mingling of the visible concrete with the invisible and intangible. Completely lyrical, he moves in a mystical world of wonder and is unable to descend to the mundane life of mortals. To him the moon is indeed a maiden, the stars are his toys, he moves easily in and out of heaven. The man who is not moved by the odes *To a Skylark* and *To the West Wind* is wasting his time in reading poetry. Beauty is not for him : he should return to his muck-rake.

Keats, like Wordsworth, interprets life as a series of impressions : he revels in sensations, and indulges in passive contemplations as another man of coarser fibre would indulge in drink. Over and over again he preaches the one gospel :

Beauty is truth, truth beauty : that is all  
We know on earth and all we need to know.

He is over-sensuous and fills his verse with exotic, languorous, luxurious imagery, but in *Hyperion*, *Isabella*, *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*, *The Eve of St Agnes* and the odes and sonnets he has left us poetry of a kind that has never been equalled.

Byron, the idol of his day, now suffers from undue depreciation. A lover of Pope, he is his direct and last successor in the art of satire : his natural gifts were greater than those of the others, but finding rhyming too easy he became facile and false. Nevertheless he too, like Shelley, is filled with a desire for freedom ; he, too, like Burns, loathes hypocrisy ; he, too, like Wordsworth, is a keen lover of nature.

But the Romantic Revival is not only an age of poetry. The prose writers are not unworthy of a position side by side with the poets of their age.

Charles Lamb in *The Essays of Elia* shows us a personality of such loveliness and charm that there scarcely exists a reader who does not feel a personal affection for him. His letters too are among the most natural and artless in the world ; while as a critic, especially of Elizabethan literature, he has no equal, although Hazlitt, whose temperament was as different as possible from Lamb's, is more shrewd and astute in his judgments.

You should read the criticisms of both these writers on Shakespeare, and compare them with the critical methods

employed in the eighteenth century if you wish to realise how differently the writers of the Romantic Revival looked at life.

Incidentally you should also read Hazlitt on the comic writers and the English poets: he is not always accurate, but he is always stimulating; furthermore he has a passion for poetry almost as keen as that of the Elizabethans.

Leigh Hunt and De Quincey also carried on in a lesser degree the good work begun by their greater contemporaries. *The Confessions of an Opium-Eater*, by the latter, is one of the most enchanting books in the language.

V

The Romantic Revival merges itself into what we now call the Victorian Age, which differs fundamentally from the preceding era in several important ways. The Victorians added humanity to nature and art. The prodigious headway made in science naturally coloured all the literature of the time and changed many of man's most cherished traditions and ideals. The theory of evolution, for instance, altered the whole attitude of man to religion. The scientific spirit began to pervade letters, so that greater care was bestowed on observations and details were dwelt upon with meticulous precision.

Alfred Tennyson, more than any of his contemporaries, represents what was taking place in the mind of man. His poetry is musical and for the most part faultless in form, his sense of language is sure and his powers of observation are exact. In his shorter poems he achieves a remarkable effect of mingled passionate sincerity with an almost uncanny insight into character. But he is, perhaps almost as much as Wordsworth, a poet whose work is essentially uneven. I therefore recommend that on a first reading you confine yourself to *St Simeon Stylites*, *The Two Voices*, *Enone*, *The Palace of Art*, *The Lotos-Eaters*, *A Dream of Fair Women*, *Morte D'Arthur*, *Ulysses*, *Locksley Hall*, *St Agnes' Eve*, *In Memoriam*, *Maud*, *The Holy Grail*, *The Revenge* and *The Defence of Lucknow*.

In these you will find all his major qualities and few of his



defects, his patriotism, his honest doubt, his admiration of action as opposed to languor, and his praise of fortitude as the greatest virtue of man.

While Tennyson began by imitating Keats, so the other great poet of the age, Browning, modelled his work in his early years on that of Shelley, the "sun-treader." He was almost as much of an innovator as Wordsworth: he thought in a quite new way and expressed himself in so colloquial a style that he made himself obscure to those who had been accustomed to the smoothness of Tennyson. He writes much as some clever people talk, in clipped, hurried phrases, running from one topic to another without troubling to explain to the duller intellects what people of more imagination can readily follow.

Browning is essentially dramatic in form and seems to have the power of condensing a long novel into a short lyric. His great interest in life was humanity and his art was so objective that he was able to put himself heart and soul into his characters and literally to become them. His *dramatis personæ* are of all sorts, from unknown Florentine painters to modern hucksters and charlatans. His philosophy is not deep but splendidly sane: he is the most optimistic of our writers and a firm believer in the gospel of work. The unforgivable sin in his eyes is that of remaining neutral and letting life slide by.

And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost  
Was the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,  
Though the end in sight was a crime, I say.

His are the finest and most passionate love poems we possess, just as they are the most dramatic, and quite frequently the most musical.

Above all things read *The Ring and the Book*, *Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came*, and most of *Men and Women*. It is not necessary to make selections in this case. Everything he wrote is worth reading, though the degree of difficulty in appreciating and understanding them is not always the same.

Matthew Arnold ought to be read in selections. *Sohrab and Rustum* is one of the finest narratives in verse that we possess, while *The Scholar Gipsy*, *The Forsaken Merman*, and *Balder*

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*Dead* each deserve the high praise which the best critics have bestowed on them.

Very different is the school of Rossetti and the other Pre-Raphaelites who find in mediævalism what they failed to discern in their own age.

The last group is represented by Swinburne and Meredith, who, differing as they do in all other essentials, are yet united in their refusal to accept Christianity, turning with a new hope and exultation to the worship of Mother Earth. In Swinburne we listen to a voice sweeter than that of any other man in his age; in Meredith to one who was more intellectually brilliant.

When we turn to prose our task is harder. There are many authors that you will not find mentioned here with whom you must nevertheless become acquainted. Lord Macaulay's essays, for instance, are probably the most interesting ever written: no other prose writer has quite his gift for adorning whatever he touched; buy, read and reread his *Literary Essays*, not to take for granted but to weigh and consider and constantly to disagree with his verdicts. I have but space to touch upon two others of the greatest, Carlyle and Ruskin.

The former of these was not a great thinker owing to the fact that his reason was always under the sway of his emotions, but his temperament was fierce, honest and volcanic and reflects itself in a style which is no style, but a medley or hotch-potch of extravagant, contorted sentences. In his historical work he gives us brilliant pictures, the canvases of which are a blaze of riotous colour: he was in reality a poet. The keynote of his work is to be found in the sentence. "Do thy little stroke of work: this is Nature's voice, and the sum of all the commandments, to each man." All true work to Carlyle is religion, all true work is worship to labour is to pray. His imagination is so vivid that words seem to fail to contain what he wishes to express. When I said that he had no style I meant that his style does not conform to the established canons. It is no less readable on that account: it is certainly not a style to copy, admire it though one may.

You should certainly try to read *Sartor Resartus* and *Heroes and Hero-Worship*. You will find there a rugged and fine philosopher, a hater of shams and a lover of what is truly noble.

Ruskin is much easier to read, but to most people scarcely so interesting. In *Sesame and Lilies* you will find a valuable guide to reading, written in a style that is delightful, if, at times, a trifle artificial.

## VI

I have left the novel till now in order to trace its history in rough outline from the beginnings until the present day. Though of course stories have been told from time immemorial, the novel as we now know it in England is of quite recent origin. It is not yet even two hundred years old.

The periodical essay of Addison and Steele gave an impetus to succeeding writers by showing what possibilities were latent in the fictional hero.

Bunyan and Defoe had each invested autobiography with the aid of fiction, or fiction with the aid of autobiography, but it remained for Richardson and Fielding to perfect the idea and to establish a precedent for all time. Richardson in *Clarissa Harlowe* showed us how to study character under a microscope: he worked with the accuracy of a scientist, with an attention to minuteness of detail which would have made his fortune as an engineer. His novels are written in a series of letters, which for his purpose was admirable: his aim is psychology, and it is obvious that the best way to study character is to look at it from every possible angle. No better means could be devised than by letting each person in the book air his own views on the main protagonists. He was particularly successful in analysing the minds of women.

Henry Fielding was a born story-teller and gave himself every sort of liberty of action in the manner of recounting episodes: his quick eye, his genial, rich humour, his power of individualising types, all tend to make his appeal irresistible. All his characters actually live owing to the freshness and healthy sanity of their creator. His tastes are as catholic as those of Shakespeare, and he knew life thoroughly and loved it. Smollett and Sterne carried on the tradition of Fielding and Richardson successfully, but as there are so many novels that you should read and life is so short, economy in selection becomes a virtue. I would suggest as a start that

you read *Tom Jones* of Fielding and perhaps *Tristram Shandy* of Sterne, leaving Smollett and Richardson until you have covered the ground a little more definitely.

Jane Austen, the first and greatest of our women novelists, comes next in order, and here I would recommend you to read her complete works. It is impossible to pick out favourites where all are equally good. *Pride and Prejudice* and *Emma* perhaps are the best to begin with, but that does not mean that you can dispense with the others.

Jane Austen is in some ways the feminine counterpart to Shakespeare: her field of vision is limited: she only knew village life, but she can turn her knowledge to so exquisite an end that in her own domain she is unapproachable. Her humour, if slightly sardonic (we always think of her as the perfect maiden aunt) is always rich: her power of characterisation supreme: she indulges in no fireworks, nor does she have to resort to caricature in order to attain her aims; there is no very deep feeling, no passionate outburst against life: everything in her books is quiet—but never dull.

Sir Walter Scott contrived to suffuse a romantic setting around the pseudo-historical novel that so irritated Jane Austen, and in his pictures of the Scottish people he has no rival. He wrote with astonishing facility, and is so commonly read that it seems unnecessary at this time of day to have to recommend him to anyone whose intelligence is higher than that of an errand-boy.

*The Heart of Midlothian* is perhaps his best work, because there his power of characterisation is seen at its best.

Thackeray mars his otherwise excellent satiric work by persistently moralising and interrupting himself, but this one blemish is more than atoned for by the excellence of his wit and the naturalness of his characters. *Vanity Fair* is his most popular novel.

Dickens was the first novelist to practise a conscious artistry of plot. His humour becomes so riotous that it occasionally gets out of hand and his characters become mere caricatures, but having said this the critic might well be silent. We owe to him our knowledge of the inexhaustible pathos and humour that is to be found among the working classes, and unhappy

indeed is that man who can fail to be charmed by the spirit who could conjure up such unforgettable purveyors of amusement as Pickwick, Pecksniff, Mr Micawber, Mrs Gamp and Co. His gallery of portraits is probably the best known and most loved of any novelist.

George Eliot in *Adam Bede* and Mrs Gaskell in *Cranford* carried on the tradition that women were well able to hold their own among the writers of the other sex, while Charlotte Brontë in *Jane Eyre* and Emily Brontë in *Wuthering Heights* achieved something far beyond the reach of either of the other two and are worthy of a place beside the greatest. Life to the Brontës was a harsh and terrible thing and their books seem to be carved out of granite: something of the Russian spirit of "God-tortured" or "all-suffering" seems to pervade the books of these sisters, and if there is anyone calculated to challenge Jane Austen's supremacy it is not George Eliot, but the ill-starred Charlotte and Emily Brontë. They at any rate are imbued with a white flame of passion and not afraid of expressing that passion openly.

With George Meredith and Thomas Hardy we come close to our own day.

Meredith is supposed to be difficult to understand: certainly his style is ornate and involved and he had little sympathy for those who refuse to exercise their brains, but he is a consummate delineator of character and a born story-teller.

*Rhoda Fleming* is the easiest to read, but *The Egoist* repays a careful reading far more, though it is harder to understand. The Comic Spirit manifests itself most completely in his work and his men and women are perhaps nearer and dearer to us than those of any other novelist.

Thomas Hardy takes a romantic setting for pagan and pessimistic ideas. there is very little light or joy in his works: he is the complete fatalist. *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* is one of the saddest books ever written, but its power is undeniable.

R. L. Stevenson represents the incurably romantic and is followed by Kipling and Conrad.

Gissing, H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett have set the fashion for a far more popular school of realistic writers. Practically all the great novelists of to-day, and there are many, are

realists : they describe life as it actually appears to them, with all its inconsequences and absurdities. They refuse to look at it with rose-tinted glasses but openly broach all the problems that obsess the modern thinking mind.

They are all quite definitely out to preach a gospel: it is no part of their mission merely to tell a tale, as Fielding did; they break with tradition in order that those who come after them may at least find the ground clear for them to rebuild a kingdom nearer to their heart's desire than any which our forefathers planned.

The next age will write Utopias, the present is occupied in destroying worn-out creeds and useless gods.

## VII

There would be little purpose in this rough sketch of the growth of our literature if it broke off without showing you the continuity right up to to-day. One of the best ways to appreciate poetry is to read the old together with the new and compare them in your mind. How has the old affected the new? How far have we improved upon the models of our ancestors? To read Shakespeare and to omit Shaw, to read Milton and despise Yeats is to miss the whole point of reading.

Not that I recommend the school of Oscar Wilde (incomparable dramatist though he may be) or Dowson: what I mean is that after a course of Sheridan you should read the modern dramatists and try to ascertain how exactly *The School for Scandal* differs from *You Never Can Tell* and *The Great Adventure* or *Magic*.

The plays of J. M. Synge, the novels of Arnold Bennett, the dramatic works of J. M. Barrie, the poetry of Francis Thompson (particularly *The Hound of Heaven*), the humour of Max Beerbohm, the work of John Masefield and Rupert Brooke—to select a few almost at random—are equally as worthy of your love and attention as Pope and Dryden, Lamb and Steele.

The point to remember is that the old without the new is as futile as the new without the old. A judicious mixture of the two is the ideal of all lovers of books.

## CHAPTER XIX

### EXAMINATION PAPERS

#### I

1. Write an essay on *one* of the following subjects :—

- (a) Gypsies.
- (b) The discovery of America.
- (c) Market-day in a provincial town.
- (d) Mexico.
- (e) The humour of Dickens as exemplified in any two of his books with which you are familiar.
- (f) Winter sports.
- (g) Dreams.
- (h) Instinct in animals

2. PRÉCIS.

Express clearly the substance of the following passage in about a third of its present length (390 words), at the same time turning it into indirect narration after a verb of writing in the past tense :—

*The Duke of Wellington to H.R.H. the Prince Regent of Portugal,*  
BRUXELLES, 16th April 1815.

Your Royal Highness will have learned that I signed, on the 25th March last, with the Plenipotentiaries of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, as the Plenipotentiary of His Majesty, a treaty of alliance and co-operation, applicable to the circumstances of the moment in Europe, occasioned by the return of Buonaparte to France, and of the usurpation of the supreme authority in that country. All the Powers of Europe are invited to accede to that treaty ; and I imagine that the Plenipotentiaries of your Royal Highness consider themselves authorised to accede to it on the part of your Royal Highness.

The object of the treaty is to put in operation against Buonaparte the largest force which the contracting or acceding parties can bring

into the field ; and that upon which I wish to trouble your Royal Highness is the seat to be chosen for the operation of your Royal Highness' troops.

The natural seat for the operations would be the frontiers of Spain, but I am very apprehensive that the financial resources of His Catholic Majesty are not of a nature, nor in a situation, to enable him to equip and maintain an army to co-operate actively with that of your Royal Highness ; and yet, without that co-operation, and the assistance which your Royal Highness would expect to derive from the country, it does not appear that your Royal Highness' army could carry on their operations with their accustomed credit in that quarter

Under these circumstances, it has appeared to me that it would be expedient, and I have recommended to your Royal Highness' Ministers to recommend to the Regency at Lisbon, that your Royal Highness' troops should be employed with the allied army assembling in Flanders, and destined to act, under my command, against the common enemy.

I need not point out to your Royal Highness' penetration the advantages to your Royal Highness' reputation of appearing in the field in this part of Europe ; and, as your troops cannot serve actively in the natural seat for their operations, and they will serve here with their old companions, and under their old commanders, it appears to me that this measure is to be recommended, if only as one of military expediency I trust, then, that your Royal Highness will approve of my having recommended it to your Ministers and to the Regency.

### 3. ANALYSIS AND SYNTHESIS.

(a) Write out the principal and dependent clauses in the following passage, stating the nature of each of the dependent clauses and their relation to one another and to the principal sentence :—

Here, where precipitate Spring with one light bound  
Into hot Summer's lusty arms expires,  
And where go forth at morn, at eve, at night,  
Soft airs that want the lute to play with 'em,  
And softer sighs that know not what they want,  
Aside a wall, beneath an orange-tree,  
Whose tallest flowers could tell the lovelier ones  
Of sights in Fiesole right up above,  
While I was gazing a few paces off  
At what they seemed to show me with their nods,  
Their frequent whispers, and their pointing shoots,  
A gentle maid came down the garden steps.

(b) Combine the following simple sentences into one complex sentence, without altering the sense :—This is not the



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least part of our happiness. We enjoy the remotest products of the north and south. At the same time we are free from extremities of the weather. Our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of Britain. At the same time our palates are refreshed with tropical fruits.

### 4. LETTER WRITING—VOCABULARY

(a) Write a letter to your tailor or dressmaker, cancelling an appointment for fitting and arranging for another.

(b) Construct sentences to illustrate the use of any *four* of the following pairs of words—appreciative—appreciable; elusive—illusive; dominate—domineer; audible—auditory; itinerant—itinerary; negligible—negligent; primary—primitive.

(c) Explain the meaning of any *four* of the following expressions:—With this Parthian shot he left me; I dismissed my Jehu with half-a-crown, he resembles the distaff-side of his family; there is no more pompous official in all Bumble-dom; Downing Street remains silent; they gained only a Pyrrhic victory.

### 5. PASSAGES FOR EXPLANATION.

Give, with any necessary comments, the sense of *five* only of the following passages —

- (a) Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,  
Which we ascribe to Heaven
- (b) How small, of all that human hearts endure,  
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure !
- (c) When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes  
First reared the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose ;  
Each change of many-coloured life he drew,  
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new
- (d) He would live, like a lamp, to the last wink,  
And crawl upon the utmost verge of life
- (e) This is truth the poet sings,  
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.
- (f) 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.
- (g) Be thou the first true merit to befriend ;  
His praise is lost, who stays till all commend.
- (h) To all the sensual world proclaim  
One crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth an age without a name.

6. (a) Quote not fewer than ten consecutive lines from any play of Shakespeare with which you are familiar.

(b) Describe the part taken in the play by the speaker of the lines you have quoted

7. (a) Give the authors and approximate dates of any six of the works mentioned below, three of which must be taken from Group I. and three from Group II. :—

I. *The Canterbury Tales*, *Lyrical Ballads*, *Wilde Harold*, *The Faerie Queene*, *Geraint and Enid*, *The Rape of the Lock*.

II. *Essays of Elia*, *Vanity Fair*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *Old Mortality*, *Essays in Criticism*, *Gulliver's Travels*

(b) Briefly describe the contents of any one of these books.

## II .

1. Write an essay on *one* of the following subjects :—

(a) Personal influence

(b) Canada.

(c) " Words change as men change "

(d) The career of a doctor or lawyer

(e) National characteristics

(f) Women famous in history.

(g) Should military training be a necessary qualification for a University degree ?

(h) Ruskin.

2. PRÉCIS.

(a) Supply a title for the following passage.

(b) Express clearly the substance of the following passage in about a third of its present length (450 words) :—

Sir, there were other days when England was the hope of freedom. Wherever in the world a high aspiration was entertained, or a noble blow was struck, it was to England that the eyes of the oppressed were always turned. You talk to me of the established tradition and policy in regard to Turkey. I appeal to an established tradition older, wider, nobler far—a tradition not which disregards British interests, but which teaches you to seek the promotion of those interests in obeying the dictates of honour and justice. And, sir, what is to be the end of this ? Are we to dress up the fantastic ideas

which some people entertain about this policy and that policy in the garb of British interests, and then, with a new and base idolatry, fall down and worship them? Or are we to look, not at the sentiment, but at the hard facts of the case, that it is the populations of those countries that will ultimately determine their abiding condition? It is to this fact, this law, that we should look. There is now before the world a glorious prize. A portion of those unhappy people are still as yet making an effort to retrieve what they have lost so long, but have not ceased to love and to desire. I speak of those in Bosnia and Herzegovina. Another portion—a band of heroes such as the world has rarely seen—stand on the rocks of Montenegro. Another portion still, the five millions of Bulgarians, cowed and beaten down to the ground, hardly venturing to look upwards, even to their Father in Heaven, have extended their hands to you; they have sent you their petition, they have prayed for your help and protection. They have told you that they do not seek alliance with Russia, or with any foreign power, but that they seek to be delivered from an intolerable burden of woe and shame. That burden of woe and shame—the greatest that exists on God's earth—is one that we thought united Europe was about to remove. But, sir, the removal of that load of woe and shame is a great and noble prize. It is a prize well worth competing for. It is not yet too late to try to win it. It is not yet too late, I say, to become competitors for that prize; but be assured that whether you mean to claim for yourselves even a single leaf in that immortal chaplet of renown, which will be the reward of true labour in that cause, or whether you turn your backs upon that cause and upon your own duty, I believe, for one, that the knell of Turkish tyranny in these provinces has sounded.—GLADSTONE in 1877.

### 3. REPORTED SPEECH AND ANALYSIS.

(a) Turn into reported speech (*oratio obliqua*) after a verb of saying in the past tense:—

Sir, there were other days when England was the hope of freedom. Wherever in the world a high aspiration was entertained or a noble blow was struck, it was to England that the eyes of the oppressed were always turned. You talk to me of the established tradition and policy in regard to Turkey. I appeal to an established tradition older, wider, nobler far—a tradition not which disregards British interests, but which teaches you to seek the promotion of these interests in obeying the dictates of honour and justice. And, sir, what is to be the end of this? Are we to dress up the fantastic ideas which some people entertain about this policy and that policy in the garb of British interests, and then, with a new and base idolatry, fall down and worship them? Or are we to look, not at the sentiment, but at the hard facts of the case, that it is the populations of those countries that will ultimately determine their abiding condition?

(b) Write out the principal and dependent clauses in the following passage, stating the nature of each of the dependent clauses, and its relation to the clause on which it depends :—

They say, the tongues of dying men  
 Enforce attention like deep harmony.  
 Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,  
 For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.  
 He that no more must say is listen'd more,  
 Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose ;  
 More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before.  
 The setting sun, and music at the close,  
 As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,  
 Writ in remembrance more than things long past

#### 4. SYNTAX.

(a) Explain the construction of the words in italics in any five of the following :—

- (i) The sergeant was allowed two *pounds* for this task
- (ii) Unfortunately he overslept *himself*
- (iii) His chief occupation was *thieving*
- (iv) This house is *to let* after Christmas
- (v) The actress did little else than *smile*
- (vi) Thither our path lies, *wind* we up the height.
- (vii) He frowned *as* he turned to leave

(b) Comment on the syntax of any five of the following .—

- (i) I only heard from him yesterday
- (ii) The question is one which no ingenuity has hitherto solved and probably never will
- (iii) It is a well-known fact that Northern and Southern speech differs somewhat.
- (iv) Quite a panic followed the explosion.
- (v) Hoping to hear from you soon, believe me your truly.
- (vi) The poetical character of the action in itself, and the conduct of it, was the first consideration.
- (vii) It is his intention to finally reply to the inquiry next week.

#### 5. METRE.

(a) Determine the metre of the following passages :—

- (i) "Revenge ! revenge !" the Saxons cried ;  
 'The Gaels' exulting shout replied

But ere they closed in desperate fight,  
 Bloody with spurting came a knight,  
 \*Sprung from his horse, and, from a crag,  
 Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag.

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- (ii) Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
\*And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds

- (iii)\*The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,  
The furrow followed free ;  
\*We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea

- (iv) Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
\*Volleyed and thundered

(b) Scan the lines marked above with an asterisk, and show how the sense is reflected by the versification and the sound of the vowels and consonants used

### 6 ENGLISH POETRY

(a) Mention any six narrative poems written in English, together with the name of the author and the approximate date of each

(b) Write a descriptive and critical account of *one* poem in your list.

### 7 ENGLISH PROSE FICTION

(a) Mention the books (together with the names of the writers and the approximate dates) in which any *four* of the following characters appear —Dr Primrose, Elizabeth Bennet, Dugald Dalgetty, Jeanie Deans, Mark Tapley, Harold Skimpole, Beatrix Esmond, Major Dobbin, Tom Tulliver, John Ridd, Mrs Proudie, Bathsheba Everdene

(b) Write a short appreciation of any *two* of the characters.

## III

1. Write an essay on *one* of the following subjects :-

- (a) Belgium.
- (b) "A little learning is a dangerous thing."
- (c) The uses of wireless telegraphy.
- (d) A farmer's life
- (e) Mediæval England.
- (f) Bees.

- (g) "All empire is no more than power in trust."  
(h) Great painters.  
(i) Robert Louis Stevenson.

## 2. PRÉCIS.

- (a) Supply a title for the following passage.  
(b) Express the substance of it in clear modern style in about a third of its present length (450 words) —

They who allow no war at all to be lawful have consulted both nature and religion much better than they who think it may be entered into to comply with the ambition, covetousness, or revenge of the greatest princes and monarchs upon earth : as if God had only inhibited single murders, and left mankind to be massacred according to the humour and appetite of unjust and unreasonable men, of what degree or quality soever. And truly, they who are the cause and authors of any war that can justly and safely be avoided, have great reason to fear that they shall be accountable before the Supreme Judge for all the rapine and devastation, all the ruin and damage, as well as the blood, that is the consequence of that war. War is a licence to kill and slay all that inhabit that land, which is therefore called the enemy's because he who makes the war hath a mind to possess it, and must there not many of the laws of God, as well as of man, be cancelled and abolished, before a man can honestly execute or take such a licence? What have the poor inhabitants of that land done that they must be destroyed for cultivating their own land, in the country where they were born? and can any King believe that the names of those are left out of the records of God's creation, and that the injuries done to them shall not be considered? War is a depopulation, defaces all that art and industry hath produced, destroys all plantations, burns churches and palaces, and mingles them in the same ashes with the cottages of the peasant and the labourer; it distinguishes not of age, or sex, or dignity, but exposes all things and persons, sacred and profane, to the same contempt and confusion; and reduces all that blessed order and harmony, which hath been the product of peace and religion into the chaos it was first in; as if it would contend with the Almighty in uncreating what He so wonderfully created, and since polished. And is it not a most detestable thing to open a gap to let this wild boar enter into the gardens of Christians, and make all this havoc and devastation in countries planted and watered by the equal Redeemer of mankind, whose ears are open to the complaints of the meanest person who is oppressed? It is no answer to say that this universal suffering, and even the desolation that attends it, are the inevitable consequences and events of war, however warrantably entered into, but rather an argument, that no war can be warrantably entered into,

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that may produce such intolerable mischiefs.—EDWARD HYDE,  
EARL OF CLARENDON.

### 3. ANALYSIS AND SYNTHESIS.

(a) Write out the principal and dependent clauses in the following passage, stating the nature of each of the dependent clauses and their relation to one another and to the principal sentence.—

Not once or twice in our fair island-story,  
The path of duty was the way to glory :  
He, that ever following her commands,  
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,  
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won  
His path upward, and prevail'd,  
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled  
Are close upon the shining table-lands  
To which our God himself is moon and sun

(b) Combine each of the two following collections of simple sentences into a complex sentence, without altering the sense :—

(i) The envoy came to the Greek camp The envoy delivered to Jason the following message— The King of Troy was astonished. The name of the King was Laomedon Jason had landed in his country without his permission The envoy ordered Jason to sail away at once

(ii) Jason turned to his followers. Jason explained to his followers the commands of the King. Jason replied to the envoy to the following effect The Greeks will remember the inhospitable reception of the King This reception was quite undeserved, for the following reasons The Greeks never intended to injure his country The Greeks had not laid violent hands upon any of his subjects

### 4. VOCABULARY AND FIGURES OF SPEECH.

(a) Construct sentences to show the meaning of any *four* of the following pairs of words :—punctual—punctilious ; deport—disport ; incredulous—incredible ; childish—child-like ; adverse—averse ; official—officious ; sentient—sententious ; principal—principle

(b) Explain the meaning of any *three* of the following expressions.—

He will never set the Thames on fire ; That is a Utopian scheme ; It is a case of Hobson's choice ; He is trying to out-

Herod Herod ; He has proved himself to be an admirable Crichton ; There is need for much spade-work.

(c) Explain, with illustrative sentences, what is meant by any *three* of the following :—antithesis, innuendo, metonymy, litotes, euphemism.

5. PASSAGES FOR EXPLANATION.

Give, with any necessary comments, the sense of any *five* of the following passages .—

- (a) There is a tide in the affairs of men  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries
- (b) There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out
- (c) There still remains to mortify a wit  
The many-headed monster of the pit.
- (d) Some to the fascination of a name  
Surrender judgment hoodwink'd.
- (e) For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?
- (f) I warmed both hands before the fire of life ;  
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.
- (g) 'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days  
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays ;  
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,  
And one by one back in the Closet lays.
- (h) Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting .  
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting  
And cometh from afar

6 GENERAL READING

(a) Mention the writers and approximate dates of any *six* of the following works :—*Absalom and Achitophel*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *The School for Scandal*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *The Lady of the Lake*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, *The Lays of Ancient Rome*, *The Passing of Arthur*, *The Newcomes*, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, *Sesame and Lilies*.



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(b) Describe the contents of any *one* of the above works

### 7. LYRICAL POETRY.

(a) What are the chief forms of lyrical poetry found in English literature ?

(b) Write out about twelve lines from any lyric and explain their metrical structure

## IV

1. Write an essay on *one* of the following subjects :—

- (a) Militarism.
- (b) "Consistency is the virtue of fools"
- (c) Turkey as a European power
- (d) English business methods
- (e) Sir Walter Scott
- (f) Prehistoric times
- (g) The wonders of plant life
- (h) The ideals of a teacher
- (i) "An author is not to write all he can, but only all he ought"

### 2 PRÉCIS.

Express the substance of the following passage in clear style in about a third of its present length (450 words) :—

If then a practical end must be assigned to a University course, I say it is that of training good members of society. Its art is the art of social life, and its end is fitness for the world. It neither confines its views to particular professions on the one hand, nor creates heroes or inspires genius on the other. Works indeed of genius fall under no art : heroic minds come under no rule ; a University is not a birthplace of poets or of immortal authors, of founders of schools, leaders of colonies, or conquerors of nations. It does not promise a generation of Aristotles or Newtons, of Napoleons or Washingtons, of Raphaels or Shakespeares, though such miracles of nature it has before now contained within its precincts. Nor is it content on the other hand with forming the critic or the experimentalist, the economist or the engineer, though such too it includes within its scope. But a University training is the great ordinary means to a great but ordinary end ; it aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspiration. It is the education which

gives a man a clear conscious view of his own opinions and judgments, a truth in developing them, an eloquence in expressing them, and a force in urging them. It teaches him to see things as they are, to go right to the point, to disentangle a skein of thought, to detect what is sophistical, and to discard what is irrelevant. It prepares him to fill any post with credit, and to master any subject with facility. It shows him how to accommodate himself to others, how to throw himself into their state of mind, how to bring before them his own, how to influence them, how to come to an understanding with them, how to bear with them. He is at home in any society, he has common ground with every class; he knows when to speak and when to be silent; he is able to converse, he is able to listen; he is a pleasant companion and a comrade you can depend upon; he knows when to be serious and when to trifle, and he has a sure tact which enables him to trifle with gracefulness and to be serious with effect. The art which tends to make a man all this, is in the object which it pursues as useful as the art of wealth or the art of health, though it is less susceptible of method, and less tangible, less certain, less complete in its result.—J. H. NEWMAN

### 3 ANALYSIS AND SYNTAX.

(a) Write out the principal and dependent clauses in the following passage, stating the nature of the dependent clauses and the relation of each to the clause on which it depends:—

But, after all,  
Is aught so certain as that man is doomed  
To breathe beneath a vault of ignorance?  
The natural roof of that dark house in which  
His soul is pent! How little can be known—  
This is the wise man's sigh; how far we err—  
This is the good man's not infrequent pang!  
And they perhaps err least, the lowly class  
Whom a benign necessity compels  
To follow reason's least ambitious course;  
Such do I mean, who, unperplexed by doubt,  
And unincited by a wish to look  
Into high objects farther than they may,  
Pace to and fro, from morn till eventide,  
The narrow avenue of daily toil  
For daily bread

(b) Explain the function of any *five* of the italicised words or phrases in their respective sentences.—

- (i) *All night long* they could hear the engine *whistling*.
- (ii) *Even* the greatest of poets sometimes *nods*.

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(iii) Cedric was surprised at his ward *appearing* in public on this occasion.

(iv) Whether it is worth *knowing* is another question.

(v) *The nation was waiting for more men to be enrolled.*

(vi) *Now, good digestion wait on appetite  
And health on both.*

(vii) *Granted* the trick were successful, what would be gained by it ?

(viii) He turned homewards *directly* he crossed the bridge.

### 4. LETTER-WRITING. ACCENT. LITERARY STYLE.

(a) Write a formal letter declining an invitation to dinner.

(b) Show where the main accent falls in each of the following words, and write *four* sentences to illustrate the use of any *four* of them—quandary, acumen, replica, exoteric, chagrin, pariah, circuitous.

(c) Point out the devices which enter into the style of any *four* of the following passages—

(i) Human Life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward Child, that must be Play'd with and Humor'd a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the Care is over

(ii) Take then my tears (with that he wiped his eyes),  
'Tis all the aid my present power supplies

(iii) The moan of doves in immemorial elms,  
And murmuring of innumerable bees

(iv) We got through a matter of ten acres ere the sun between the shocks broke his light on wheaten plumes, then hung his red cloak on the clouds and fell into a grey slumber

(v) I never knew any man who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian

(vi) Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

(vii) By Heavens, methinks it were an easy leap  
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon.

### 5 MODERN RENDERING.

Rewrite the following passage in modern style and diction :—

My lord's accustomed enemies in the court about the King had now my lord in more doubt than they had before his fall, and considering the continual favour that the King bore him, thought that at length the King might call him home again ; and if he so did,

they supposed that he would rather imagine against them than to remit or forget their cruelty, which they most unjustly imagined against him. Wherefore they compassed in their heads that they would either by some means dispatch him by some sinister accusation of treason or to bring him unto the King's indignation by some other ways. This was their daily imagination and study, having as many spies, and as many eyes to attend upon his doings as the poets feigned Argus to have, so that he could neither work nor do anything but that his enemies had knowledge thereof shortly after. Now at the last, they espied a time wherein they caught an occasion to bring their purpose to pass, thinking thereby to have of him a great advantage; for the matter being once disclosed unto the King, in such a vehemency as they purposed, they thought the King would be moved against him with great displeasure. And that by them executed and done, the King, upon the information, thought it good that he should come up to stand for his trial; which they liked nothing at all notwithstanding he was sent for after this sort. They devised that he should come up upon arrest in ward, which they knew would so sore grieve him that he might be the weaker to come into the King's presence to make answer —CAVENDISH'S *Life of Wolsey*.

#### 6. ENGLISH POETRY.

- (a) Give the names of a comedy, a ballad, an epic, an elegy, an ode and a satire included amongst English poetry.
- (b) Describe *one* of the works in your list, adding, if possible, some illustrative quotations.

#### 7. ENGLISH PROSE FICTION.

- (a) What English novelists have been especially successful in their treatment of humble life?
- (b) Refer to characters from humble life in their stories and write an account of *one* of the characters you mention.

#### 1 Write an essay on *one* of the following subjects :-

- (a) Egypt.
- (b) Submarine warfare.
- (c) Proverbs.
- (d) The virtues of animals.
- (e) English cathedrals.
- (f) Dr Johnson.
- (g) London in Shakespeare's day.

- (h) The influence of sea power on history.  
 (i) "Science without conscience is the ruin of a people."

## 2. PRÉCIS.

Express the substance of the following passage in clear style in about a third of its present length (450 words).—

I am entitled to say, and I do so on behalf of this country—I speak not for a party, I speak for the country as a whole—that we made every effort any Government could possibly make for peace. But this war has been forced upon us. What is it we are fighting for? Everyone knows, and no one knows better than the Government, the terrible incalculable suffering, economic, social, personal and political, which war, and especially a war between the Great Powers of the world, must entail. There is no man amongst us sitting upon this bench in these trying days—more trying perhaps than any body of statesmen for a hundred years have had to pass through, there is not a man amongst us who has not, during the whole of that time, had clearly before his vision the almost unequalled suffering which war, even in a just cause, must bring about, not only to the peoples who are for the moment living in this country and in the other countries of the world, but to posterity and to the whole prospects of European civilisation. Unhappily, if—in spite of all our efforts to keep the peace, and with that full and overpowering consciousness of the result, if the issue be decided in favour of war—we have nevertheless thought it to be the duty as well as the interest of this country to go to war, the House may be well assured it was because we believe we are unsheathing our sword in a just cause.

If I am asked what we are fighting for, I reply in two sentences. In the first place to fulfil a solemn international obligation, an obligation which, if it had been entered into between private persons in the ordinary concerns of life, would have been regarded as an obligation not only of law but of honour, which no self-respecting men could possibly have repudiated. I say, secondly, in these days when material force sometimes seems to be the dominant influence and factor in the development of mankind, we are fighting to vindicate the principle that small nationalities are not to be crushed, in defiance of international good faith, by the arbitrary will of a strong and over-mastering Power. I do not believe that any nation ever entered into a great controversy—and this is one of the greatest history will ever know—with a clearer conscience and stronger conviction that it is fighting not for aggression, not for the maintenance even of its own selfish interest, but that it is fighting in defence of principles, the maintenance of which is vital to the civilisation of the world.

*From a speech by MR ASQUITH, 6th August 1914*

## 3. ANALYSIS AND METRE.

(a) Write out the principal and dependent clauses in the following passage, stating the nature of each of the dependent clauses and its relation to the clause on which it depends :—

Hail, Memory, hail ! in thy exhaustless mine  
 From age to age unnumbered treasures shine !  
 Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone ,  
 The only pleasures we may call our own  
 Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,  
 If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky  
 If but a beam of sober Reason play,  
 Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away !  
 But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,  
 Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour ?  
 These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,  
 Pour round her path a stream of living light,  
 And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest  
 Where Virtue triumphs and her sons are blest !

(b) Discuss the metre of any *two* of the following passages and scan the lines (in the two passages you select) which are marked by an asterisk :—

- (i) \* Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
 \* The civic slander and the spite ;  
 Ring in the love of truth and right,  
 Ring in the common love of good.
- (ii) Here and here did England help me how can I help  
 England ?—say,  
 \* Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise  
 and pray,  
 \* While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.
- (iii) Just for a handful of silver he left us,  
 Just for a riband to stick in his coat—  
 \* Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,  
 \* Lost all the others she lets us devote

## 4. SYNTAX FIGURATIVE EXPRESSIONS.

(a) Comment on the syntax of any *five* of the following sentences :—

- (i) The report was quite different to what we expected.
- (ii) Boys should tell the truth like Washington did.
- (iii) She is the most interesting of all her sisters
- (iv) Every one thought of their own safety

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(v) The whole facts must be considered.

(vi) Scarcely had he started than he turned back.

(vii) The *Mercury* has the largest circulation of any evening paper.

(b) Explain and, if possible, account for *four* of the following expressions :—

(i) He is an unlicked cub.

(ii) The result was after all but a Cadmean victory.

(iii) He set out to plough his lonely furrow.

(iv) Throughout the affair his conduct was Quixotic.

(v) We have had enough of these Jeremiahs.

(vi) His works are full of the true Attic salt.

### 5. PASSAGES FOR EXPLANATION.

Explain clearly, with any relevant comments, the sense of any *five* of the following passages :—

(a) Little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth For a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.

(b) He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune : for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.

(c) In lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath.

(d) This world is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those who feel

(e) I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat

(f) I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people.

(g) Memory is like a purse . if it be overfull that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it. Take heed of a gluttonous curiosity to feed on many things, lest the greediness of the appetite of thy memory spoil the digestion thereof

(h) Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.

### 6. SHAKESPEARE.

Mention any *three* of Shakespeare's humorous characters, other than clowns or court jesters, and write an appreciation of any *one* of them.

## 7. GENERAL READING.

(a) Give the authors and approximate dates of any of the following works :-- *Comus*, *The Seasons*, *The Rape of the Lock*, *The Task*, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Woodstock*, *Enone*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Westward Ho!*, *Silas Marner*, *Lavengro*, *Across the Plains*, *The Jungle Book*, *Essay on Clive*.

(b) Write an account of the subject-matter of one of these works.

## VI

1. Write an essay on one of the following subjects :—

- (a) Australia.
- (b) The smaller nations of Europe.
- (c) Airships and aeroplanes.
- (d) Music.
- (e) Amusements in war time.
- (f) The spider.
- (g) Our food supply.
- (h) Thackeray.
- (i) An imaginary dialogue between the Duke of Wellington and Lord Kitchener.

## 2. PRÉCIS.

- (a) Supply a title for the following passage.
- (b) Express clearly the substance of it in about a third of its present length (470 words) .—

Still more noxious, if possible, would be the effects of a system under which all the servants of the Crown, without exception, should be excluded from the House of Commons. That men who are in the service and pay of the Crown ought not to sit in an assembly specially charged with the duty of guarding the rights and interests of the community against all aggression on the part of the Crown is a plausible and a popular doctrine. Yet it is certain that if those who, five generations ago, held that doctrine, had been able to mould the constitution according to their wishes, the effect would have been the depression of that branch of the legislature which springs from the people and is accountable to the people, and the ascendancy of the monarchical and aristocratical elements of our polity. The government would have been entirely in patrician hands. The House of Lords, constantly drawing to itself the first



abilities in the realm, would have become the most august of senates, while the House of Commons would have sunk almost to the rank of a vestry. From time to time undoubtedly men of commanding genius and of aspiring temper would have made their appearance among the representatives of the counties and boroughs. But every such man would have considered the elective chamber merely as a lobby through which he must pass to the hereditary chamber. The first object of his ambition would have been that coronet without which he could not be powerful in the state. As soon as he had shown that he could be a formidable enemy and a valuable friend to the government, he would have made haste to quit what would then have been in every sense the Lower House for what would then have been in every sense the Upper. The conflict between Walpole and Pulteney, the conflict between Pitt and Fox, would have been transferred from the popular to the aristocratical part of the legislature. On every great question, foreign, domestic, or colonial, the debates of the nobles would have been impatiently expected and eagerly devoured. The report of the proceedings of an assembly containing no person empowered to speak in the name of the government, no person who had ever been in high political trust, would have been thrown aside with contempt. Even the control of the purse of the nation must have passed, not perhaps in form, but in substance, to that body which would have found every man who was qualified to bring forward a budget or explain an estimate. The country would have been governed by Peers; and the chief business of the Commons would have been to wrangle about bills for the enclosing of moors and the lighting of towns. These considerations were altogether overlooked in 1692.—MACAULAY

(c) Make a list of the various phrases employed in the above extract by Macaulay to describe the two Houses of Parliament

### 3. ANALYSIS AND REPORTED SPEECH

(a) Write out the principal and dependent clauses in the following passage, stating the nature of each of the dependent clauses and its relation to the clause on which it depends :—

I think that we

Shall never more, at any future time,  
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,  
Walking about the gardens and the halls  
Of Camelot, as in the days that were  
I perish by this people which I made,—  
Tho' Merlin swore that I should come again  
To rule once more—but, let what will be, be,  
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm  
That without help I cannot last till morn

Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,  
Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how  
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm  
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
Holding the sword

(b) Turn the above passage, spoken by King Arthur to Sir Bedivere, into reported speech (*oratio obliqua*) after a verb of saying in the past tense

4. PUNCTUATION MEANING OF WORDS. ACCENTUATION.

(a) Paragraph and punctuate the following passage :—

here madam Esmond caught sight of her friends tall frame as it strode up and down before the windows and the evening being warm or her game over she gave up her cards to one of the other ladies and joined her good neighbour out of doors he tried to compose his countenance as well as he could it was impossible that he should explain to his hostess why and with whom he was angry the gentlemen are long over their wine she said gentlemen of the army are always fond of it if drinking makes good soldiers some yonder are distinguishing themselves greatly madam said Mr Washington and I daresay the general is at the head of his troops no doubt no doubt answered the colonel who always received the ladys remarks playful or serious with a peculiar softness and kindness.

(b) Construct sentences to show the meaning of any *four* of the following pairs of words :—affect and effect ; prescribe and proscribe ; fluent and fluid , verbal and verbose ; impressive and impressionable ; imperial and imperious ; elusive and illusive

(c) Show where the accent falls on each of the following italicised words .—an *august* monarch ; an *invalid* charter ; a *minute* distinction ; an *impious* speech ; a much *frequented* club.

5. FIGURES OF SPEECH. SYNTAX.

(a) Explain with the help of illustrative sentences what is meant by any *five* of the following terms :—bathos, epigram, a transferred epithet, a rhetorical question, personification, simile.

(b) Explain the function of the words italicised in any *five* of the following sentences :—

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- (i) Soon *after* I met him, he left the country.
- (ii) *After* the fighting came a lull
- (iii) It never rains *but* it pours
- (iv) He had *but* a year to live
- (v) They made him *president* of the club
- (vi) *Dinner over*, the company dispersed
- (vii) *Were* I not Alexander, I would be Diogenes
- (viii) The general was praised for *having shown* mercy.

### 6. ENGLISH LITERATURE.

(a) Arrange in their order of date the names of the following writers and mention one important work by each.—Swift, Carlyle, Goldsmith, Spenser, Coleridge, Browning, Lamb, Addison.

(b) Describe the subject-matter of any *one* of the works mentioned in your answer to (a)

### 7. GENERAL READING

(a) Mention the works in which any *six* of the following characters occur, giving in each case the name of the author.—Brutus, Rosalind, Dogberry, Wilkins Micawber, Lucy Ashton, Sir Anthony Absolute, Hopeful, Ethel Newcome, Mrs Glegg, William of Deloraine, Elaine, Kim.

(b) Write an account of *one* of the above characters.

## VII

1. Write an essay on *one* of the following subjects :—

- (a) South Africa.
- (b) The future of aviation.
- (c) The development of humour in English Literature
- (d) Angling.
- (e) English birds
- (f) Romance.
- (g) Spies.
- (h) Gothic architecture.
- (i) "Probability is the guide of life"

### 2. PRÉCIS.

(a) Supply a concise title for the following passage.

(b) Express the substance of the following passage in your own words in about one-third of its present length :—

There is one salient difference between education as understood by the Greeks and the popular idea of education in our own day. To the Greeks education was primarily a training of faculty that should fit men for the exercise of thought and the duties of citizenship. The modern world looks rather to the acquisition of some skill or knowledge that is needed for a career : it thinks more of the product than of the process. Acquaintance with facts counts more with the modern : mental completeness and grasp are primary with the Greek. But that mental completeness was not to be won through intellectual discipline alone : it meant also a discipline and moulding of character, a training in public spirit, a suppression of the individual, a devotion to civic ends. The Greek *Paideia* in its full sense involves the union of intellectual and moral qualities. It is on the one hand mental illumination, an enlarged outlook on life ; but it also implies a refinement and delicacy of feeling, a deepening of the sympathetic emotions, a scorn of what is self-seeking, ignoble, dishonourable—a scorn bred of loving familiarity with poets and philosophers, with all that is fortifying in thought or elevating in imagination. Our nearest equivalent for this generous and many-sided training is Culture ; but unfortunately the word has acquired a tinge of meaning that is alien to the Greek *Paideia*. Culture to many minds suggests a kind of polish, a superficial refinement. Besides, it has about it an air of exclusiveness : it is thought of as the privilege of a favoured few. The man of learning in modern times is too apt to remain in seclusion : he seems to be shut up within a charmed circle, in possession of a secret hidden from the many : and the impression not unfrequently left on outsiders by the life of learned isolation is conveyed in the remark of a French writer, that “every man of learning is more or less of a corpse.” Now Greek culture in its ideal form is a connecting link between learning and citizenship : it is a meeting-point of virtue and knowledge, an outcome of character, an attitude of the whole mind towards life. The intellectual *élite* are not estranged from the life of the community. Learning is thus humanised : instead of a dead weight of erudition it becomes a living force, a civilising and liberating power. We have here the spirit of a University in its true conception. One chief function of academic training should be to foster this broad view of learning.—BUTCHER.

### 3. ANALYSIS AND LITERARY STYLE.

(a) Write out the principal and dependent clauses in the following passage, stating the nature of each of the dependent clauses and its relation to the clause on which it depends.—

That time of year thou may'st in me behold  
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
 Bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds sang.  
 In me thou see'st the twilight of such day  
 As after sunset fadeth in the west :  
 Which by and by black night doth take away,  
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
 In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire  
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
 Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by  
 This thou perceiv'st which makes thy love more strong,  
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long

(b) Comment briefly on the style of the following passages, explaining on what grounds each is to be admired or condemned :—

(i) That evening, despite the adverse climatic conditions, we set out on a pedestrian excursion to the rural haunts of the immediate vicinity, accompanied by several juveniles of our acquaintance.

(ii) Steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Ages, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection ?

(iii) Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round  
 Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orb'd ground  
 And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen  
 About the world have times twelve thirties been,  
 Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands  
 Unite commutal in most sacred bands.

(iv) This be the verse you grave for me :  
 Here he lies where he long'd to be ;  
 Home is the sailor, home from sea,  
 And the hunter home from the hill.

#### 4 MODERN RENDERING AND FIGURATIVE EXPRESSIONS.

(a) Rewrite in simple modern English the following pas-

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam ; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance ; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds,

with those that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects or schisms.

(b) Give a full definition, with an example in each case, of epitaph, epigram, metaphor, irony, bathos.

## 5. LETTER-WRITING AND VOCABULARY.

(a) "WANTED at once Sub-Editor for leading Indian paper; must be broad-minded, cultured, energetic; write, stating age, experience, general qualifications, etc., to Box 050—" Compose a suitable reply to the above advertisement.

(b) Give the meanings of the following words.—in-veigh, meticulous, suffrage, criterion, propaganda, iconoclast, ephemeral, paradox, parody, esoteric

## 6 GENERAL READING

(a) Mention *six* of the chief prose works in English Literature, together with the names of the respective authors and their approximate dates

(b) Give a brief account of any *one* of these works

## 7. SHAKESPEARE

(a) In what plays do any *eight* of the following characters appear.—Sir Toby Belch, Benedick, Bottom, Cassio, Cloten, Duncan, Gertrude, Jaques, Mercutio, Regan, Silence, Volumnia?

(b) Describe briefly the parts played by *two* of the above.

## VIII

1. Write an essay on *one* of the following subjects —

(a) Some modern statesmen.

(b) Common-sense.

(c) Wales.

(d) Country life.

(e) The art of conversation.

(f) The Romantic Revival.

(g) An exciting adventure.

(h) Peace terms.

(i) "Liberty must be limited in order to be possessed."

## 2. PRÉCIS.

(a) Supply a concise title for the following passage.

(b) Express the substance of the following passage in your own words in about one-third of its present length :—

People confound literature and article-dealing because the plant in both cases is similar, but no two things can be more distinct. Neither the question of money nor that of friend or foe can enter into literature proper. Here, right feeling—or good taste, if this expression be preferred—is alone considered. If a *bona fide* writer thinks a thing wants saying, he will say it as tersely, clearly and elegantly as he can. The question whether it will do him personally good or harm, or how it will affect this or that friend, never enters his head, or if it does, it is instantly ordered out again. The only personal gratifications allowed him (apart, of course, from such as are conceded to every one, writer or no) are those of keeping his good name spotless among those whose opinion is alone worth having and of maintaining the highest traditions of a noble calling. If a man lives in fear and trembling lest he should fail in these respects, if he finds these considerations alone weigh with him, if he never writes without thinking how he shall best serve good causes and damage bad ones, then he is a genuine man of letters. If in addition to this he succeeds in making his manner attractive, he will become a classic. He knows this. He knows, although the Greeks in their mythology forgot to say so, that Conciat was saved to mankind as well as Hope when Pandora clapped the lid on to her box. With the article-dealer on the other hand, money is, and ought to be, the first consideration. Literature is an art; article-writing, when a man is paid for it, is a trade and none the worse for that, but pot-boilers are one thing and genuine pictures another. People have, indeed, been paid for some of the most genuine pictures ever painted, and so with music, and so with literature itself—hard-and-fast lines ever cut the fingers of those who draw them—but, as a general rule, most lasting art has been poorly paid, so far as money goes, till the artist was near the end of his time, and, whether money passed or no, we may be sure that it was not thought of. Such work is done as a bird sings—for the love of the thing; it is persevered in as long as body and soul can be kept together, whether there be pay or no, and perhaps better if there be no pay.—SAMUEL BUTLER.

## 3. ANALYSIS AND VOCABULARY.

(a) Write out the principal and dependent clauses in the following passage, stating the nature of each of the dependent clauses and its relation to the clause on which it depends :—

O critics, cultured critics !

Who will praise me after I am dead,

Who will see in me both more and less than I intended,  
But who will swear that whatever it was it was all perfectly  
right :

You will think you are better than the people who, when I was  
alive, swore that whatever I did was wrong

And condemned my books for me as fast as I could write them.

(b) Compose *ten* short sentences each of which shall contain  
and elucidate the meaning of *one* of the following words : —

Adroit, vicarious, amorphous, sardonic, extempore,  
impromptu, sporadic, bizarre, solecism, epicure, epitome,  
filigree, cauterise, jejune, deft.

#### 4. SYNTAX. LITERARY EXPRESSION.

(a) Discuss the syntax of any *five* of the following sentences. —

(i) It is one of the bravest deeds that have been performed in  
this war.

(ii) He writes like his brother does

(iii) None of them are of much use in practical life

(iv) I want you to clearly understand me in this matter

(v) He has obtained the best results of any candidate this year

(vi) It is me.

(vii) She is the most interesting of all her sisters

(b) Point out the different devices which contribute to the  
literary effects of the following passages :—

(i) A league of grass, wash'd by a slow, broad stream,  
That, stirr'd with languid pulses of the oar,  
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on

(ii) The bare, black cliffs clang'd round him, as he based  
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang  
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels.

(iii) But—oh ! ye lords of ladies intellectual,  
Inform us truly, have they not hen-pecked you all ?

(iv) Meredith is a prose Browning and so is Browning.

(v) Poor silly concerted Mr Secretary Pepys has chattered his  
way into the circle of the immortals.

(vi) The three great Angels of Conduct, Toil and Thought, still  
waiting to lead us by the path which no fowl knoweth.

#### 5. ESSAY-WRITING.

(a) What general ideas have you formed with regard to the  
construction of an essay ? Point out in particular some of



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the methods of obtaining an effective opening, a coherent development of your theme and a satisfactory close.

(b) Explain why you avoid the use of

(i) Such epithets as : *absolutely* correct ; *pretty* good ; the *gallant* ship ; a *nice* view

(ii) Such phrases as : Now let us consider : of course ; etc. .

(iii) Rhetorical questions and exclamations

### 6. GENERAL READING.

(a) Mention the writers and approximate dates of any six of the following works.—*Advancement of Learning, Utopia, Samson Agonistes, Hyperion, Tale of a Tub, Prelude, The Earthly Paradise, Past and Present, She Stoops to Conquer, The Rape of the Lock, Virginibus Puerisque, Life of Johnson*

(b) Describe the contents of any one of the above works

### 7. PROSE FICTION

(a) Give the names of three women novelists and mention two important works of each, together with the approximate date of each of these works

(b) Write a short appreciation of any one of the works mentioned.

## IX

1. Write an essay on *one* of the following subjects—

(a) Places of antiquarian interest in the London of to-day.

(b) Scandinavia past and present

(c) The qualities that go to the making of a good business man

(d) The war work of women

(e) Fortitude

(f) British national characteristics.

(g) Tennyson as a nineteenth-century poet.

(h) The survival of the fittest in animal life.

(i) " Art speaks not only to us but for us."

### 2. PRÉCIS.

(a) Supply a concise title for the following passage.

(b) Express the substance of the following passage in your own words in about one-third of its present length :—

I come now to the second aspect of the case, when we are endeavouring to forecast the lineaments of an enduring peace. A peace, however well initiated by the necessary ethnical and geographical changes, will not be worth many years' purchase, if it permits the re-opening of an era of veiled warfare. It is immaterial by what methods, whether of preparation or precaution, or in what forms, naval, military, diplomatic, or economic, the disturbing forces are allowed to operate. We must banish, once for all, from our catalogue of maxims the time-worn fallacy that if you wish for peace you must make ready for war. I am not a sentimentalist, and I need not say that I do not look forward to a sudden regeneration of mankind. Posterity may witness the reopening of the Golden Age, but I fear that we were born out of due season, and that we shall not live to get more than a distant and imaginative glimpse of that beatific vision. For the first time in history, however, we may make an advance to the realisation of an ideal, to which great men of action in the past have been groping their way. What is the ideal? It is the creation, no longer of a merely European, but of a world-wide polity, uniting the peoples in a confederacy, of which justice will be the base and liberty the corner-stone. The limitation of armaments, the acceptance of arbitration as the natural solvent of international disputes, the relegation of wars of ambition and aggression to the category of obsolete follies—these will be milestones which mark the stages of the road. You will not at first be able to dispense with coercion, military or economic, against the disloyal and the recalcitrant. But we may hope, as has been the case in all civilised societies, so in the international sphere, that positive law with its forcible restraints may gradually recede into the background, and the sovereign authority be recognised to rest in the common sense of mankind. These are changes which, as I have said, will not come in a day. But with them will come profound modifications, not only in the external relations of States, but in the internal structure and the working of the societies of which they are composed. For what is it that distinguishes this war, so far as we and our Allies are concerned, from most of the wars of history? It has not been a dynastic war. It has not been a capitalistic war. It has been a war in which the free peoples of the world have given their moral support, have submitted without a murmur to unwonted privations and restraints, and have offered and spent their own and their children's lives. When the storm has passed over and the sky is once more clear, must we not, after such common discipline, see the things that concern our daily lives and our relations to one another in a new and a truer perspective than was ever possible before?—  
 MR ASQUITH, 26th September 1917

### 3. ANALYSIS AND REPORTED SPEECH.

(a) State the nature of the subordinate clauses in the

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following passages and their connection with the principal sentences :—

(i) There are, no doubt, in all countries really contented characters, who *not merely do not seek*, but *do not desire what they do not already possess*

(ii) One feels after reading the story of the episode *as though one had just listened to a merciless cross-examination of a witness who had something he wanted to keep back*

(iii) *Do what he may*, the enemy will never advance again under such favourable conditions

(iv) The good *that I would* I do not ; but the evil *that I would not*, that I do.

(b) Turn the following passage into reported speech after a verb of saying in the past tense —

The only thing I would say to you is that whatever you do, I hope you will do it quickly. You are business men and you know the value of time—always valuable, never more valuable than it is now. That is my appeal. I am here asking you to plant the flag on your workshops. Convert your lathes into battalions. Believe me, that if Britain turns back on this journey and on this task, she will become nothing but a Dead Sea among nations

### 4. PUNCTUATION, PARAPHRASE, AND VOCABULARY.

(a) Punctuate and then rewrite the following in simple prose, bringing out clearly the meaning of each phrase :—

But I need now as then  
Thee God Who moulded men  
And since not even when the whirl was worst  
Did I to the wheel of life  
With shapes and colours rife  
Bound dizzily mistake my end to slake Thy thirst  
So take and use Thy work  
Amend what flaws may lurk  
What strain o' the stuff what warpings past the aim  
My times be in Thy hand  
Perfect the cup as planned  
Let age approve of youth and death complete the same.

(b) Construct *ten* sentences to show the meaning of the following pairs of words :—compliment—complement ; incredulous—incredible ; practice—practise ; elusive—illusive ; astronomy—astrology.

5. PROSE COMPOSITION. FIGURATIVE EXPRESSIONS.

(a) Compose an original article of not more than 300 words for *one* of the following purposes :—

- (i) To popularise a particular sea-side resort, real or imaginary
- (ii) To increase the number of subscribers to a library.
- (iii) To raise the circulation of a particular newspaper.

(b) Give the meaning of *six* of the following words and explain the origin of the words chosen :—Yahoo, malapropism, gamp, bowdlerise, boycott, meander, titanic, procrustean, macadam, bohemian.

6. SHAKESPEARE.

(a) In which plays do the following characters appear.—Falstaff, Rosalind, Cordelia, Quince, Caliban, Laertes, Puck, Banquo, Brutus, Hermione ?

(b) Write a short appreciation of any *one* of the characters.

7. ENGLISH LITERATURE.

(a) Mention *one* literary work produced by each of the following :—Doctor Johnson, Ruskin, Keats, Thomas Hardy, Matthew Arnold. and Coleridge, giving in each case the approximate date of the work

(b) Describe in detail any *one* of the works you mention.

X

1. Write an essay on *one* of the following subjects —

- (a) Contemporary sovereigns of Europe.
- (b) British birds.
- (c) The romance of Scottish history
- (d) Journalism and the war.
- (e) The employment of disabled soldiers.
- (f) How to organise a cadet corps.
- (g) Liberty.
- (h) The art of advertisement.
- (i) Public opinion.

2. PRÉCIS.

Give the substance of the following passage in about a third of its present length (449 words) :—

Thus, Sir, has the perversion of British commerce carried misery instead of happiness to one whole quarter of the globe. False to the very principles of trade, misguided in our policy, and unmindful of our duty, what astonishing mischief have we brought upon Africa ! If, knowing the miseries we have caused, we refuse to put a stop to them, how greatly aggravated will be the guilt of this country ! Shall we then delay rendering justice to that continent ? I am sure the immediate abolition of the slave trade is the first, the principal, the most indispensable step of policy, of duty and of justice that the legislature of this country has to take. There is, however, one argument set up as a universal answer to everything that can be urged on our side. The slave trade system, it is supposed, has taken such deep root in Africa, that it is absurd to think of its being eradicated ; and the abolition of that share of trade carried on by Great Britain is likely to be of very little service. You are not sure, it is said, that other nations will give up the trade if you should renounce it. I answer, if this trade is as criminal as it is asserted to be, God forbid that we should hesitate in relinquishing so iniquitous a traffic ; even though it should be retained by other countries ! I tremble at the thought of gentlemen indulging themselves in the argument which I am combating. " We are friends," they say, " to humanity. We are second to none of you in our zeal for the good of Africa—but the French will not abolish, the Dutch will not abolish. We wait therefore on prudential principles till they join us or set us an example." But does not this argument apply a thousand times more strongly in a contrary way ? How much more justly may other nations point to us and say, " Why should we abolish the slave trade when Great Britain has not abolished it ? Britain, free as she is, just and honourable as she is, and deeply involved as she is in this commerce above all nations, not only has not abolished, but has refused to abolish." This, Sir, is the argument with which we furnish the other nations of Europe, if we again refuse to put an end to the slave trade. Instead, therefore, of imagining that by choosing to presume on their continuing it, we shall have exempted ourselves from guilt, and have transferred the whole responsibility to them, let us rather reflect, that on the very principle urged against us, we shall henceforward have to answer for their crimes as well as our own — WILLIAM PITT

3. (a) Rewrite each of the following complex sentences as a simple sentence, without altering the sense :—

(1) When the service was over, the congregation, who were tired of sitting still so long, streamed out into the churchyard, which was lit by the moon.

(11) I hope that I shall go next week for my holiday which has been deferred till now because my brother has been ill.

(iii) The statue of Boadicea which stands at the northern end of Westminster Bridge and which towers over the Embankment, is the work of Thomas Thornycroft who was a sculptor of the nineteenth century.

(iv) I desire that the money which I have earned by working overtime shall be spent for the men who have been wounded in the war.

(v) I wish that I could forget all the misery of the war, and that I could go to sleep and wake when it is at an end, and know the result.

(b) Comment on the style of any four of the following sentences, suggesting any improvements that may occur to you :—

(i) The Kaiser and King Ferdinand's mentality are curiously alike.

(ii) I want to know how it is that the right honourable gentleman should not have arrived at these opinions, which I deplore, though conscientious, at the moment when his present government was formed

(iii) As was confidently anticipated, the report of the committee has proved very disappointing

(iv) He had a dishonest servant whom he was obliged to dismiss and engage another at a much higher wage

(v) Let us rejoice without boasting, for the British lion must never crouch

4. (a) Explain what is meant by *apostrophe*, *personification*, and *epigram*, quoting one example of each.

(b) Distinguish between the meanings of the words in the following pairs :—continuous—continual; attain—obtain; temporal—temporary; allude—elude.

(c) Mark the position of the chief accent in the following words :—peremptory, lamentable, decorous, repertory, diocesan.

5. *Either*, Comment on Chaucer's use of irony in *The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales* or *The Nonnes Prestes Tale*,

Or—

Illustrate from *The Man of Lawes Tale* his command of pathos.

6. *Either*, Give some account of pre-Shakespearean comedy,

Or—

Illustrate from *either The Tempest or Twelfth Night* (a)

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Shakespeare's love of music, (b) his interest in contemporary sea-adventure.

7. Estimate *either* the influence of Lady Macbeth on Macbeth or that of Cassius on Brutus.

8. *Either*, Discuss Shakespeare's treatment in *Richard II.* of the doctrine of the divine right of kings,

Or—

Comment on his debt in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* to folk-lore and to classical and romantic legends.

9. Explain the double allegory in Book I. of *The Faerie Queene*.

10. Johnson says of Milton that he was able "to select from nature, or from story, from ancient fable, or from modern science, whatever could illustrate or adorn his thoughts." Justify this statement by reference to any of Milton's poems that you have read.

11 Give an account of *either* the members of the Spectator Club or the members of Lamb's family to whom he refers in his essays,

Or—

Show from a consideration of the essays in Peacock's selection or any other that you have studied the variety of themes and methods of treatment to which this form of literature is adapted.

12. Summarise Macaulay's remarks about *one* of the following.—(a) the characters of Pitt and Grenville; (b) the poetry of Milton and Dante; (c) the relations of Warren Hastings with the natives of Bengal; (d) *Pilgrim's Progress*.

13. Write an appreciation of the poetry of Goldsmith, or Wordsworth, or Coleridge, or Scott, or Tennyson, or Browning, illustrating your remarks by quotations.

14. *Either* give Ruskin's views on the education of girls or summarise Carlyle's estimate of Dr Johnson's character.

15. Name and describe the chief lyrical forms represented in *The Golden Treasury*, giving quotations from each kind.

16. (a) Describe any *one* of the following :—William de la Marck, Rose Bradwardine, Lady Castlewood, Mrs Primrose, Lydia Bennet, Godfrey Cass, Steerforth, Bottom, John Brodie, Blanche Ingram, Volunna, Autolycus, Francis Osbaldistone, the Countess Czerlaski, Touchstone, Rawdon Crawley, Newman Noggs, Captain Brown, John Ridd, Mr Lorry, Benedick, Desdemona, Henry Morton, the Master of Ravenswood.

(b) Give the name of the author, and the approximate date of publication of the work in which the character you have described appears, and mention other works by the same writer.

17. Mention the chief writers of lyrical poetry in the seventeenth century, and quote or describe a lyric by one of them.

18. Give some account of the minor poets of the later nineteenth century.

19. Compare the styles and other characteristics of any *two* of the following novelists —Goldsmith, Scott, Jane Austen, Thackeray, Dickens, Charlotte Bronte, George Eliot, Stevenson, Charles Kingsley.

## XI

1. Comment on Chaucer's use of irony in *The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales* or *The Nonnes Prestes Tale*.

2. Discuss Shakespeare's treatment of the relationship between parents and children in either *Hamlet* or *King Lear*.

3 Compare the characters of Jaques and Touchstone in *As You Like It*, or those of Richard II and Bolingbroke in *Richard II*. or those of Fluellen and Pistol in *Henry V*.

4. Describe the part played in *Coriolanus* by Menenius, or that played in *The Merchant of Venice* by Gratiano, or that played in *The Tempest* by Caliban, or that played in *Henry IV.*, Part I., by Falstaff.

5. Johnson says of Milton that he was able "to select from Nature or from story, from ancient fable or from modern science, whatever could illustrate or adorn his thoughts." Justify this statement by reference to any of Milton's poems that you have read.



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6. What may we learn from More about the social condition of England in the reign of Henry VII., or from Frobisher about the manners and customs of the Red Indians, or from Bacon about the ways in which a young man may derive most advantage from travel ?

7. Illustrate from the works of *either* Dryden or Pope the chief characteristics of the poetry of the Augustan age.

8. Give an account of *one* of the following :—(a) The members of the Spectator Club ; (b) the members of Lamb's family to whom he refers in his essays ; (c) the Man in Black,

Or—

Show from a consideration of the essays in Peacock's edition the variety of themes and methods of treatment to which this form of literature is adapted

9. Summarise Macaulay's remarks on *one* of the following :—(a) The poetry of Milton and Dante ; (b) the relations of Warren Hastings with the natives of Bengal , (c) the battle of Plassey ; (d) the literary efforts of Frederick the Great ; (e) the boyhood of Robert Clive,

Or—

Give Ruskin's views on the education of girls or Carlyle's estimate of Dr Johnson's character,

10. Describe the subject-matter of *one* of the following.—*The English Mail Coach, Joan of Arc, On Walking Tours, A Penny Plain Twopence Coloured, Past and Present, Across the Plains, Eothen.*

11 Write an appreciation, with quotations, of *one* of the following poems — *Adonais, Childe Harold, The Deserted Village, Ode on the Intimations of Immortality, Schrab and Rustum, Christabel, Idylls of the King, The Eve of St Agnes, Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard,*

Or—

Name and describe the chief lyrical forms represented in *The Golden Treasury*, giving quotations from each kind.

12. (a) Describe any *one* of the following characters :—Mr Collins, Mr Woodhouse, Blanche Ingram, Steerforth, Mr

Tulliver, William de la Mare, Mr Lorry, Autolycus, Romola, Oberon, Sir Toby Belch, John Matcham

(b) Give the name of the author, and the approximate date of publication, of the work in which the character you have described appears, and mention other works by the same writer.

XII

1. Write an appreciation of *Dr Faustus*.

2 *Either* illustrate from *The Tempest* (1) Shakespeare's appreciation of music, (2) his interest in contemporary sea-adventure,

Or

Show how in *The Merchant of Venice* he produces the impression of an Italian atmosphere

3. Compare the character of Richard II with that of Bolingbroke or the character of Fluellen with that of Pistol

4. Johnson says of Milton that he was able "to select from nature or from story, from ancient fable or from modern science, whatever could illustrate or adorn his thoughts" Justify this statement by reference to any of Milton's poems that you have read

5 Illustrate from the works of *either* Dryden or Pope the chief characteristics of the poetry of the Augustan age.

6. Give an account *either* of the members of the Spectator Club or of the members of Lamb's family to whom he refers in his essays.

7. Summarise *one* of the following —(a) More's description of the city of Amaurote ; (b) Burke on the character of Grenville ; (c) Johnson on *The Rape of the Lock* , (d) Carlyle on Dante's power of vision , (e) Macaulay on the boyhood of Clive ; (f) Ruskin on the education of girls ; (g) Hazlitt on Wordsworth's poetry

8. Describe *either* Stevenson's visit to "Our Lady of the Snows," or his journey in the emigrant train.

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9. Name and describe the chief lyrical forms represented in *The Golden Treasury*, giving quotations from each kind.

10. Write an appreciation of the poetry of Goldsmith, or Gray, or Wordsworth, or Tennyson, or Browning, illustrating your remarks by quotations.

11. Illustrate from *Marmion*, or any other of Scott's works, his power of vivid narration

12 (a) Describe any *one* of the following.—Mrs Gamp, Lady Castlewood, Silas Marner, Rawdon Crawley, Mrs Primrose, Miss Hardcastle, Benedick.

(b) Give the name of the author and the approximate date of publication of the work in which the character you have described appears, and mention other works by the same writer.

### XIII

1. Either comment on Chaucer's use of irony in *The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales*,

Or—

Estimate Spenser's debt in *The Faerie Queene* to earlier English authors.

2. Show by a comparison of two of Shakespeare's plays the chief differences in style, characterisation, and theme between his earlier and his later works

3. Show from *Twelfth Night* (a) Shakespeare's appreciation of music, (b) his interest in sea-adventure

4. Discuss Shakespeare's treatment in *Hamlet* of the relationship between parents and children.

5. Illustrate from Bacon's essays some characteristics of Elizabethan prose.

6. To what extent was the poetry of Milton influenced by contemporary political events?

7. Give some account of satirical poetry in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries.

8. Describe the plays of *either* Goldsmith or Sheridan.

9. In what respects may Cowper be considered as a precursor of the Romantic movement in poetry?

10. Discuss *either* Wordsworth's treatment of nature or Scott's treatment of history.

11. State what particular aspects of the Romantic movement are exemplified in the poetry of *one* of the following:— Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, Byron.

12. Write short accounts of any *two* of the following:— *Idylls of the King*, the *De Coverley Papers*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Utopia*, *The Antiquary*, *Edward II.*, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, *The Newcomes*, *Sir Patrick Spens*, *The Traveller*.

## XIV

1. Write an essay on *one* of the following subjects.—

(a) "The Survival of the Fittest."

(b) "Man lives *by* habits but *for* romance."

(c) The power of the Press to-day.

(d) The use and abuse of convention

(e) Suffering is essential to happiness.

(f) How far science has advanced or deterred the progress of humanity.

2. Compose a short original poem on *one* of the following.— Christian names, Dusk, the Signal Box.

3. Rewrite the following passage in simple English, taking particular care not to omit any relevant point.—

The realistic method of a conscientious transcription of all the visible, and a repetition of all the audible, is mainly accountable for our present branfulness, and for that prolongation of the vasty and the noisy, out of which, as from an undrained fen, steams the melody of sameness, our modern malady. we drove in a body to Science for an antidote, which was as if tired pedestrians should mount the engine-box of headlong trains; and Science introduced

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us to our o'er hoary ancestry ; whereupon we set up a primeval chattering to rival the Amazon forest nigh nightfall, cured, we fancied And before daybreak our disease was hanging on us again, with the extension of a tail

4. What are the main points to be considered in the structure and the style of an English essay ?

5. Compare the style of Leigh Hunt with that of De Quincey.

6. Judging solely from *King Lear*, what would you consider to be Shakespeare's theory of tragedy ? Give quotations from the play wherever possible

7. What are the main differences between the poetry of Milton and that of Herrick ?

8. Describe the life of the eighteenth century as we see it (i) in the pictures of Hogarth, (ii) in the essays of Addison and Steele.

9. Compare Swift, Fielding and Goldsmith as humorists.

10. Where does Wordsworth fail and where does he succeed in satisfying you that he is one of the greatest of poets ?

### XV

1. Write an essay on *one* of the following subjects :—

(a) Paper money

(b) The use and abuse of leisure.

(c) Profiteering

(d) " Words are wise men's counters "

(e) The humour of Charles Dickens

(f) The Balkans.

(g) Dogs.

(h) Strikes.

(i) The position of women after the war.

(j) What do you consider to be the most important invention of the last fifty years ?

## 2. PRÉCIS.

Give a succinct title and the substance of the following passage in about a third of its present length —

Let us remember that a chief function of the poet is to free, to arouse, to dilate the consciousness of his reader. True to the abiding laws of morality, he is often compelled to revolt against the temporary moral conventions of the Scribe or the Pharisee, for whom the quickening truth has hardened into a crust of tradition, which impedes all free growth and movement. It is his part to be through his finer sympathies and through his imagination a moral pioneer, discovering new duties of the heart or hand or head. But to quicken a new life in men, he is sometimes compelled to wage war against a morality which has stiffened into mere routine. In every epoch when the moral ardour of man has been roused, and a vigorous movement initiated in favour of a higher or a wider conception of human life, the reformers have had to face the reproach of removing ancient landmarks—which indeed they do—and of endangering the settled order of Society. We can easily conceive how dangerous to virtue the doctrines of Christianity must have appeared to an old Roman moralist—how vulgar and popular must have appeared the new emotional movement. And it sometimes may happen that the reformers, though rendering a high service to humanity, are driven, in this direction or in that, by the pressure of the ideas forcing them forward, or by the exaltation of their own enthusiasm, beyond the bounds; they are human instruments of high truths, and it were strange if they did not mingle an element of infirmity and error with what they achieve. Our duty towards them in such a case is to recognise the error, to condemn it, to forgive the erring mortal, and to remain loyal to him and his cause.

## 3. PARAPHRASE, ANALYSIS, AND SCANSTON.

- (a) Rewrite the following passage in simple English.
- (b) Analyse the passage into clauses, showing clearly their nature and relation to one another.
- (c) Point out the general metrical scheme employed and note irregularities, if any —

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist ;  
 Not its semblance, but itself . no beauty, nor good, nor power  
 Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist  
 When eternity affirms the conception of an hour  
 The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,  
 The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,  
 Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard ;  
 Enough that he heard it once . we shall hear it by-and-by.

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4. *Hamlet* has been called the tragedy of "moral idealism." Comment on this criticism and state how far you consider it justified.

5. Describe the part played by Banquo in *Macbeth* or that played by Edgar in *King Lear*.

6. What do you learn about the life of the eighteenth century from the *De Coverley Papers*?

7. Describe briefly the life and art of Swift

8. Explain exactly where *Esmond* fascinates and where it displeases you as a novel.

9. What traces of the splendour of the Elizabethans do you find in Milton's early work?

### XVI

1. Which do you think are the most successfully drawn types of character in Chaucer's *Prologue*?

2. "The whole dramatic moral of *Coriolanus* is that those who have little shall have less." Comment on this criticism.

3. What leads you to suppose that *The Tempest* is one of the last plays which Shakespeare wrote?

4. "Milton took a keener delight in melancholy than in gaiety." Discuss this

5. In what way does *The Rape of the Lock* condemn the poetical theory of its age?

6. Comment on Wordsworth's use of the sonnet form. Give instances of his most effective passages.

7. What are the special features in *Isabella* and *La Belle Dame Sans Merci* that cause them to be ranked high among the masterpieces of poetry?

8. How do you account for the great popularity of *Childe Harold* when it was first published, and its subsequent decline in estimation?

9. *Ether*, Discuss Tennyson as a patriotic poet, or, Discuss the following criticism.—"Tennyson's sympathies were fundamentally alien from the moral and religious atmosphere of Arthurian romance."

10. Why is Macaulay always interesting to read even when inaccurate and bigoted ?

## XVII

1. How far have you found it true that there is a great wealth of poetic feeling in *Beowulf* ? Give instances.

2. Describe the work of either Geoffrey of Monmouth or Layamon

3. Wherein lies the charm of ballad poetry ? Why is it so hard to imitate ?

4. On what grounds has Spenser been called "the poets' poet" ?

5. Describe Shakespeare's debt to his immediate predecessors.

6. How far does Shakespeare's sympathy with Shylock mar the artistic unity of *The Merchant of Venice* ?

7. Compare the essays of Bacon, Addison and Johnson.

8. Trace the history of the development of blank verse from Surrey to Milton.

9. Compare Spenser's use of allegory with that of Bunyan.

10. Show that the three dramas, *Doctor Faustus*, *Comus*, and *She Stoops to Conquer*, express the spirit of three very different

11. Compare the satire of Dryden with that of Swift.

12. What signs of revolt from the school of Pope can you detect in the work of other eighteenth-century poets before 1798 ?

## XVIII

1. Compare the comic element in *Much Ado About Nothing* with that in *Henry IV*, Part I. Where does it seem to you to be most, and where least, successful ?

2. Suppose Hero to have been in Ophelia's place and Ophelia in Hero's, what difference would such a transfer have effected in the respective plays ?

3. "Hamlet is the tragedy of a man and an action continually baffled by wisdom !" Comment upon this criticism.



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4. Trace the points of similarity between Fortinbras and Hotspur.

5. Describe the attitude to courage and honour of the principal characters in the three plays you have read.

6. Compare Bacon, Addison, Steele and Lamb as essay-writers

7. What is the gist of De Quincey's essay on *Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts*?

8. Write a short imitation of Leigh Hunt's "A Now" on any subject you like.

9. Compare the views of Hazlitt on Walking Tours with those of Stevenson on the same subject.

10. Compare Swift, Hume and Hazlitt on the subject of style.

### XIX

1. Write an essay on *one* of the following subjects :—

(a) A comparison between the commercial methods of England and Germany

(b) Women in business.

(c) The literature of the war

(d) The geography of the Balkan States.

(e) What is a gentleman?

2. Make a *précis* of the following correspondence :—

(1)

3 OLD SQUARE,  
HAMMERSMITH, W.,  
12th January 1910.

SIRS,

I have just returned to London from India by one of your steamers, the *Occident*, and beg to call your attention to the following facts

I booked my passage at your office in Bombay, writing from Jubbulpur to do so, and stating that I should send down, ten days previous to the sailing of the boat named, a valuable case containing personal possessions, *viz.* clothes, books, and Indian curios. I requested that this case should be placed in the baggage-room on the boat, and received a reply from your shipping and baggage

department at Bombay stating that my request should receive attention. When, however, I reached Bombay, I was told that the case had been shipped as cargo "by mistake" This must have been due to great carelessness, as the case was only  $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4$  feet in size, had handles and double locks, and was obviously not a packing-case but personal luggage.

When the case was delivered at my house yesterday, I found that it had suffered deplorably on the voyage. The handles had been wrenched off, both locks were broken, some articles of clothing had been dropped out or stolen, and the whole was roughly fastened by very inefficient cording. I calculate the damage and loss as amounting to £5, and as this damage is due to negligence on the part of the company's servants, I submit a claim for that amount of compensation from the Eastern Shipping Company.

I am, Sirs,

Yours faithfully,

E. A. GRAY.

THE EASTERN SHIPPING COMPANY,  
15 HANGING SWORD ALLEY,  
LONDON, E.C.

(2)

15 HANGING SWORD ALLEY,  
LONDON, E.C.,  
13th Jan. 1910.

SIR,

In reply to your communication of the 12th inst respecting the damage to your baggage shipped at Bombay on our steamer the *Occident*, we beg to point out that no mistake as to its shipping on the part of our branch at Bombay would have occurred if the case in question had been marked "Baggage". Printed labels with proper directions are always supplied free at all our offices to intending passengers.

Any baggage going as cargo naturally runs greater risk of damage than that placed in the baggage-room, but we beg to draw your attention to the fact that cargo rates are considerably lower than passengers' personal baggage and that therefore the difference in the scale of charges should compensate for any slight damage sustained.

We are, Sir,

Yours obediently,

THE EASTERN SHIPPING CO.

E. A. GRAY, Esq.,  
3 OLD SQUARE,  
HAMMERSMITH.

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(3)

3 OLD SQUARE,  
HAMMERSMITH, W.,  
14th Jan. 1910.

SIRS,

I have received your communication of yesterday's date.

In reply I beg to inform you that I fixed securely on my case no fewer than three labels (one at each end and one below the locks on the front) supplied by your agents in Bombay, and printed clearly "Baggage". All these labels still remain on the case, and I shall be happy to show them to your representative if you care to send one to corroborate my statement.

If I had intended to send the case as cargo I should have packed it more elaborately, and the difference between the rate as cargo and what I should have paid for it as baggage in no way compensates me for the loss and annoyance caused by the negligence of your clerk at Bombay.

I may add that I am in the habit of travelling to and from India twice a year by your line, and have done so for the past fifteen years. But if you are unable to meet me in this matter I shall find it necessary in future to book my passage by another company, who will give me proper attention.

I am,  
Yours faithfully,  
E. A. GRAY.

THE EASTERN SHIPPING COMPANY,  
15 HANGING SWORD ALLEY

(4)

15 HANGING SWORD ALLEY,  
LONDON, E C  
18th Jan. 1910.

SIR,

Our representative, having inspected your damaged case at your residence, informs us that the three "Baggage" labels are affixed to it, and appear to have been put on at Bombay.

We must point out that we do not accept any responsibility for damage sustained by the baggage of passengers on board, and that we supply all information as to rates of insurance, and are always happy to effect the same for passengers.

Taking into account, however, that you are an old and esteemed client of the Company, we are pleased to offer you half the sum which you claim as compensation, *i.e.* £2, 10s (two pounds, ten shillings), while at the same time drawing your attention to the fact that the Company does not thereby admit any responsibility for the damage caused.

Hoping that this amount, together with the difference in rates charged for baggage and cargo, will be satisfactory to you

We are, Sir,  
Yours obediently,  
THE EASTERN SHIPPING CO.

E. A. GRAY, Esq.,  
3 OLD SQUARE,  
HAMMERSMITH, W.

(5)

3 OLD SQUARE,  
HAMMERSMITH, W.,  
19th Jan 1910.

SIRS,

In reply to your letter of Jan 18th, I beg to say that I am willing to accept £2, 10s (two pounds, ten shillings) as partial compensation for the damage caused to my baggage by the negligence of your servants.

I am, Sirs,  
Yours faithfully,  
E. A. GRAY.

THE EASTERN SHIPPING CO.,  
15 HANGING SWORD ALLEY, E C.

3. Write a series of not more than three letters : (1) from a schoolmaster in the country to a London bookseller, ordering a number of school books, (2) from the same schoolmaster complaining that the binding of one of the books sent is defective ; (3) from the bookseller to the schoolmaster offering compensation.

4. Comment on the style of the following letter sent by a firm of village carpenters —

5 HIGH STREET, HONEYBRIDGE,  
*Monday.*

DEAR MISS,

About the beginning of last month we sent you a bill for the repair of your fence two years ago. Being the third time and very hard hit by the war, your kind attention to the same will greatly oblige

Yours obediently,  
TOM BROWN.

THE HON MISS AMELIA JENKINS.

5. Discuss Shakespeare's treatment of the filial relationship in *Hamlet*, or *Coriolanus*, or *King Lear*.

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6. Describe the part taken by Banquo in *Macbeth*, or Ariel in *The Tempest*, or Nerissa in *The Merchant of Venice*, or Touchstone in *As You Like It*, or Sir Andrew Aguecheek in *Twelfth Night*.

7. Discuss the allegory in either *The Faerie Queene*, Book I., or in *Pilgrim's Progress*.

8. Describe Milton's attitude to kingship, or priesthood, or nature.

9. Describe, from the particulars given in his essays, the favourite occupations and amusements of one of the following. — Addison, Lamb, Stevenson

10. Summarise one of the following —(a) Ruskin's theories as to the value of books, (b) Wordsworth's theory of poetic diction, (c) Carlyle's estimate of Shakespeare.

11. State what you consider to be the especial gifts of Carlyle or of Froude as a historical essayist.

12. Describe, with quotations, the subject-matter of any two of the following —*The Deserted Village*, *Ode to the West Wind*, *The Progress of Poesy*, *Abt Vogler*, *The Rape of the Lock*, *Kubla Khan*, *The Ancient Mariner*, *Geraint and Enid*, *Ode to Duty*, *The Character of the Happy Warrior*

13. Write an appreciation of one of the following:—*The English Mail Coach*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *Quentin Durward*, *The Mill on the Floss*.

14. Mention the chief writers of lyrical poetry in the seventeenth century, and quote or describe a lyric by one of them.

15. Give some account of the minor poets of the later nineteenth century.

16. Compare the styles and other characteristics of any two of the following novelists:—Goldsmith, Scott, Jane Austen, Thackeray, Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Stevenson, Charles Kingsley.

### XX

1. Write an essay on one of the following:—

(a) Chaucer's debt to foreign literature.

(b) Shakespeare's "Romances."

- (c) Minor Elizabethan dramatists.
- (d) Political verse of the seventeenth century.
- (e) The development of the essay from Bacon to Goldsmith.
- (f) Literary criticism of the early nineteenth century.

## 2. PRÉCIS.

- (a) State concisely the topic of the following passage.
- (b) Write a *précis* condensing the passage to about a third of its length.

A wise man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain. He that willingly suffers the corrosions of inveterate hatred, and gives up his days and nights to the gloom of malice and perturbations of stratagem, cannot surely be said to consult his ease. Resentment is an union of sorrow with malignity; a combination of a passion which all endeavour to avoid with a passion which all concur to detest. The man who retires to meditate mischief and to exasperate his own rage—whose thoughts are employed only on means of distress and contrivances of ruin—whose mind never pauses from the remembrance of his own sufferings but to indulge some hope of enjoying the calamities of another—may justly be numbered among the most miserable of human beings, among those who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladness of prosperity nor the calm of innocence.

Whoever considers the weakness both of himself and others will not long want persuasives to forgiveness. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed, or how much its guilt, if we were to inspect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by mistake, precipitance, or negligence; we cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended to be inflicted, or how much we increase the mischief to ourselves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to design the effects of accident; we may think the blow violent only because we have made ourselves delicate and tender, we are on every side in danger of error and of guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by speedy forgiveness.

From this pacific and harmless temper, thus propitious to others and ourselves, to domestic tranquillity and to social happiness, no man is withheld but by pride, by the fear of being insulted by his adversary or despised by the world. It may be laid down as an unfailing and universal maxim that "all pride is abject and mean." It is always an ignorant, lazy, or cowardly acquiescence in a false appearance of excellence, and proceeds not from consciousness of our attainments, but from insensibility of our defects.

Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart

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approves, to give way to anything but conviction, to suffer the opinion of others to rule our choice or overpower our resolves, is to submit tamely to the lowest and most ignominious slavery, and to resign the right of directing our own lives — DR JOHNSON.

3. What aspects of the English Renaissance are represented in the poetry of Spenser ?

4. Estimate the importance of Bacon's contribution to science and literature.

5. Give some account of the development of historical writing between 1500 and 1700.

6. Point out the distinguishing characteristics of Pope's poetry, and account for the fact that it appeals to few people at the present day.

7. Trace the growth of a feeling for natural scenery in the poetry of the eighteenth century.

8. State the aims of the authors of *Lyrical Ballads* and discuss how far they were attained in the poems published under this title.

9. (a) Mention the authors and the approximate dates of publication of any six of the following:—*A Tale of a Tub*, *Rasselas*, *Past and Present*, *Hudibras*, *Ralph Roister Doister*, *Arcadia*, *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, *Modern Painters*, *The Task*, *Cato*, *Leviathan*, *Religio Medici*, *Imaginary Conversations*, *Sir Charles Grandison*, *Mazeppa*.

(b) Describe briefly the subject-matter of any three of the above.

10. "Chaucer's aim in the *Canterbury Tales* was to be universal: to paint all his world and to appeal to every taste." Discuss this statement.

11. Comment on the structure of *Hamlet*, and state whether it contains any characters or episodes which could be eliminated without injury to the action, or, Examine the means by which in *Macbeth* Shakespeare produces an atmosphere of terror and mystery.

12. Illustrate from either *Richard II.*, or *Coriolanus* Shakespeare's method of treating historical themes.

13. Estimate the debt of Milton to preceding poets.

14. Matthew Arnold says of Gray that "coming when he did, and endowed as he was, he was a man born out of date, a man whose full spiritual flowering was impossible." Explain this judgment.

15. *Either*, Trace the autobiographical element in Goldsmith's *Essays*, or Discuss the achievement of Dr Johnson as a biographer, apart from his literary criticism.

16. What were the principles which, according to Burke, should guide the mother-country in her relations with the colonies?

17. Give some account of the structure and subject-matter of the sonnets of *either* Keats or Wordsworth.

18. Andrew Lang speaks of "Tennyson's mastery of original cadences; his close observation of nature; his opulent language and his visions of romance" Illustrate these qualities from those poems of Tennyson which you have read.

19. How far do you consider that *Sesame and Inlies* may be regarded as representative of Victorian sentiment?

## XXI

*Milton*

1. "Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa."

From the above and not less than *six* other quotations of a like nature prove the truth of the criticism that Milton owes much of his success to his superb use of simile, metaphor, uncommonplace names and unerring sense of music in words

2. "To begin with we feel drawn to admire the sublimity of Satan's intellect and to sympathise with him"

How far can you defend this statement? Quote freely wherever possible.

3 Describe Hell as pictured by Milton and the way in which the fallen hosts spent their time there

4. Give the substance of Moloch's speech and Belial's answer. What part does Beelzebub take in the debate?

5. Describe Satan's journey from Hell to Earth, with special reference to his meeting with Sin and Death.



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6. Describe the scene between Dalila and Samson and the messenger's story of Samson's dying act.

Or—

Compare *Lycidas* with any other elegy you know.

7. Describe the part played by the Chorus in *Samson Agonistes*,

Or—

Comment on Milton's knowledge of nature as shown in *Lycidas*.

8. How far does Milton's own personality intrude into *Samson Agonistes*?

Or—

Comment on the pastoral element in *Lycidas*.

9. What is the plot of *Comus* and for what special occasion was it written?

10. What is the difference between the character of the elder and the younger brother in *Comus*?

11. What traces of the Elizabethan spirit can you detect in Milton's attitude towards nature in *Comus*? How does he differ in this respect from Wordsworth?

12. Quote in full one of the lyrics in the masque and comment on the sense of music that Milton displays in these songs.

13. Give the meaning of swinked hedger, Hesperian tree, wattled cotes, cynic tub, humid bow, Tyrian cynosure, dire chimeras, cordial julep, purpled scarf, and ambrosial weeds

14. Describe Milton's use of simile and metaphor in *Comus* and the *Sonnets*

15. Describe Milton's use of the sonnet form and quote as much of the sonnet *On His Blindness* as you can remember

16. What do we learn from the *Sonnets* of Milton's attitude to his own mission in life, his dead wife's memory, the massacre by the Piedmontese, Cromwell, and his own age?

## XXII

### *Macbeth*

1. Does Banquo commit any act which makes you think that he deserves his fate?

2. How far do you think that the introduction of the witches and the porter improves or spoils the play ?

3. Why do we feel an unbearable pity rather than horror and disgust at Macbeth's conduct ?

4. Describe (a) the scene in which Lady Macbeth walks in her sleep and (b) that in which Macduff hears of the murder of his wife and children.

5. Give the context of the following passages, with full relevant comments .

- (a) Making the green one red
- (b) Great nature's second course.
- (c) Heaven's breath smells wooingly here
- (d) Nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it
- (e) I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people
- (f) There's husbandry in heaven
- (g) The primrose way to the everlasting bonfire
- (h) Light thickens ; and the crow  
Makes wing to the rooky wood
- (i) There would have been a time for such a word
- (j) It is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing

6. What sort of a boy was Lady Macduff's son ? In what ways does he seem to you to be different from ordinary boys ?

7. Describe in detail the character of Lady Macbeth. How far did she have any influence on her husband ?

8. In what different ways was Macbeth tricked by the witches ?

## XXIII

## Wordsworth

1. How did nature affect Wordsworth (a) as a boy ; (b) as a man ?

2. What is the theme of *Resolution and Independence* ?

3. Comment on Wordsworth's theory of poetic diction with special reference to *Yew Trees*, *We Are Seven*, and *The Solitary Reaper*.

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4. What is the philosophy underlying the *Immortality* ode ?  
How far do you agree with it ?

5. Discuss Wordsworth's use of simile.

6. Comment on Wordsworth's use of the sonnet form.

7. What was Wordsworth's attitude to the French Revolution ?

8. Give the context of the following with full relevant comments. —

(a) The light that never was, on sea, or land.

(b) As in the eye of nature he has lived,  
So in the eye of nature let him die.

(c) His daily teachers had been woods and rills,  
The silence that is in the starry sky,  
The sleep that is among the lonely hills

(d) characters of the great Apocalypse.

(e) Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart.

(f) Earth hath not anything to shew more fair.

(g) Plain living and high thinking are no more

(h) There's not a breathing of the common wind that will  
forget thee

(i) With this key

Shakespeare unlocked his heart

(j) In their fraternal features I could trace

Unquestionable lines of that wild suppliant's face

9. What has Wordsworth to say on the subject of books ?

10 Describe the rhyme scheme of the *Sonnets*. Taking Wordsworth's *Sonnets* as a model, what do you take to be the main features of a good sonnet ?

11. What is the philosophy underlying *Expostulation and Reply* and *We Are Seven* ?

12. How was Wordsworth affected by different kinds of birds and flowers ?

13. What do you think are the chief differences between the poetry of Wordsworth and any other poetry you have ever read ? In what ways do you think it better or worse than other poetry ?

14. Give the context of the following, with full relevant comments :—

- (a) That best portion of a good man's life
- (b) To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
- (c) One impulse from a vernal wood,  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can
- (d) Thou bringest unto me a tale  
Of visionary hours.
- (e) Ten thousand saw I at a glance  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.
- (f) Will no one tell me what she sings ?
- (g) We Poets in our youth begin in gladness ;  
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

15. Describe the character of the Happy Warrior and the Perfect Woman.

16. What was Wordsworth's opinion about Milton, Venice, Sonnets, England, and London ?

17. Quote any lines of Wordsworth's poetry which you particularly like and, if possible, give reasons for your choice.

18. Describe the plot of *Ruth*.

19. What were Wordsworth's views on (a) Duty, and (b) Immortality ?

20. Give the context of the following with full relevant comments :

- (a) This neither is its courage nor its choice,  
But its necessity in being old
- (b) And bring no book : for this one day  
We'll give to idleness
- (c) Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things  
And battles long ago.
- (d) quiet as a Nun  
Breathless with adoration
- (e) They  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee.
- (f) And 'tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.
- (g) Thou sing'st as if the God of wine  
Had helped thee to a valentine.

## XXIV

## 1. ANALYSE :

I will let you know if you care to come to-morrow exactly where and why you have failed to reach the standard which I require of all those who have made any pretence of working during the term

2. Quote or invent two lines each of iambic, trochaic, dactylic, and anapæstic verse.

3. Give the exact meaning of : nice, paltry, allegory, elegy, epitaph, rhythm, caricature, ominous, ephemeral, integrity.

4. Write one Spenserian stanza or sonnet on any subject.

5. Imagine Goldsmith, Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser and Bacon to be met together in Dr Johnson's Literary Club.

Write the conversation that might conceivably take place between them on the subject of their achievements and general life history

6. Write a letter from any character in one play of Shakespeare to any character in another, describing his friends and enemies and recent experiences Give the reply.

## XXV

1. Suppose that you are endowed with exceptional capacity (*e.g.* for action, or for artistic creation, or of intellect) and have now reached middle age. Write a sketch of your life Use fictitious names

2. Will military service produce an indisposition amongst temporary officers to resume civil employment ?

3. What qualities would you require in a good play ? Using what you have said as your principles of criticism, discuss any play which you have heard or read and which you consider good

## XXVI

1. "The realism of to-day is like a camera without a conscience or sense of beauty, relentlessly photographing any

detail, however dull or ugly, that may come within range of its lens." Discuss this statement.

2. "The great Art of Criticism is to get oneself out of the way and to let humanity decide." How far is this statement of Matthew Arnold borne out by his own critical writings and those of other critics?

3. How far is it true that the national effort involved in a war such as the present tends to produce toleration of the commonplace and a dislike of cleverness?

4. Who in your opinion of the Victorian poets has by his writings conferred the greatest benefit on the nation as a whole?

5. Explain clearly what is meant by a sonnet, and illustrate from the work of either D. G. Rossetti, Matthew Arnold, or Rupert Brooke.

6. Give a clear account of any female villain in any novel since 1840.

7. Write an appreciation of any poetical drama written since 1900.

8. Give a lucid description of the work of any *English* short story writer since 1850

9. How far is it true to say that oratory died with Gladstone?

10. What efforts have been made in the last hundred years to employ classical metres in English verse?

11. Name the author and the book in which the following situations occur:—

(a) A certain gentleman is said by a lady to have a leg.

(b) A careful traveller leaves all his luggage behind him on the sea shore.

(c) A garb of hygienic flannel causes a mistake as to the identity of an old gentleman in a railway accident

(d) A poet is disturbed by the snoring of his Teutonic companions.

(e) A young foreigner in an English household is greatly perturbed by the disappearance of a squirrel.

(f) A member of a club, through the turn of a card, is suddenly recalled to the seriousness of the situation

(g) Four half-crowns serve to clear completely a gentleman's character.

(h) A young man is able to make the gratifying announcement to his father that he has over three hundred pounds in the bank

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(i) A double shift of clothing enables a deserter successfully to elude detection.

(j) A cheerful party becomes tied up in his own doorbell.

(k) A small boy is humiliated by the discovery of his Christian name.

(l) The eccentric behaviour of a door-knocker solves a delicate matrimonial problem.

(m) A blind girl is found to be the best possible guide in a very dangerous situation.

(n) The identity of a learned professor is successfully assumed under his very nose by an impostor

(o) A demand for more provokes astonishment.

(p) Two persons, condemned by their doctors, fraternise after an accidental meeting on a bridge

(q) The fall of a ministry frustrates an Archdeacon's hopes of preferment

(r) A young lady expresses her feelings on leaving school in a manner very derogatory to a famous work of reference.

(s) A prince in quest of glory begins his career in the kitchen

(t) A Cockney is given a cold bath in a warm country

12. Name the authors of the following quotations and the works in which they occur —

(a) For he seemed to them  
Uncertain as a vision or a dream,  
Faint as a figure seen in early dawn  
Down at the far end of an avenue,  
Going we know not where;

(b) I will not let thee go.  
The stars that crowd the summer skies  
Have watched us so below  
With all their million eyes,  
I dare not let thee go.

(c) I lean my cheek to the cold grey pillow,  
The deep soft swell of the full broad billow,  
And close mine eyes for delight past measure,  
And wish the wheel of the world would stand.

(d) Night sucks them down, the tribute of the pit,  
Whose names, half entered in the book of Life,  
Were God's desire at noon

(e) And the chaplets of old are above us,  
And the oyster-bed teems out of reach ;  
Old poets outsing and outlove us,  
And Catullus makes mouths at our speech.

- (f) Oh, the little more, and how much it is !  
And the little less, and what worlds away !  
How a sound shall quicken content to bliss  
Or a breath suspend the blood's best play,  
And life be a proof of this !
- (g) Still nursing the unconquerable hope,  
Still clutching the inviolable shade,  
With a free onward impulse brushing through,  
By night, the silver'd branches of the glade.
- (h) And through the music of the languid house  
They hear like Ocean on the western beech  
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey
- (i) In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud .  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed
- (j) If I tell thee, sweetest,  
All my hopes and fears,  
April, April,  
Laugh thy golden laughter,  
But, the moment after,  
Weep thy golden tears
- (k) And the light,  
Returning, shall give back the golden hours,  
Ocean a windless level, Earth a lawn,  
Spacious and full of sunlit dancing-places,  
And laughter and music, and, among the flowers,  
The gay child-hearts of men, and the child-faces,  
O heart, in the great dawn !
- (l) And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,  
Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honoured, self-secure,  
Didst walk on earth unguessed at
- (m) Dear as remember'd kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned  
On lips that are for others
- (n) Thy voice is like to music heard ere birth,  
Some spirit lute touched on a spirit sea ;  
Thy face remembered is from other worlds,  
It has been died for, though I know not when,  
It has been sung of, though I know not where
- (o) Down along the rocky shore  
Some make their home,  
They live on crispy pancakes  
Of yellow tide-foam ;



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Some in the reeds  
Of the black mountain lake,  
With frogs for their watch-dogs,  
All night awake.

(p) Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic! Who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! Home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties!

(q) In that temple of silence and reconciliation, where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the great Abbey which has during many ages afforded a quiet resting-place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the great Hall, the dust of the illustrious accused should have mingled with the dust of the illustrious accusers

(r) Dacier shrugged. His novel assimilation to the rat-rabble of amatory intriguers tapped him on the shoulder unpleasantly. A luckless member of the fraternity too! The bell, the clock and the train gave him his title

(s) The evening of the same day saw the empty waggon reach again the spot of the accident. Prince had lain there in the ditch since the morning; but the place of the blood-pool was still visible in the middle of the road, though scratched and scraped over by passing vehicles

(t) He had just discovered that he was painting the face of the Melancolia on a revolving dome ribbed with millions of lights, and that all his wondrous thoughts stood embodied hundreds of feet below his tiny swinging plank, shouting together in his honour, when something cracked inside his temples like an overstrained bow-string, the glittering dome broke inward, and he was alone in the thick night

(u) Born over the Atlantic, to the closing ear of Louis, King by the Grace of God, what sounds are these, muffled, ominous, new in our centuries? Boston Harbour is black with unexpected tea; behold a Pennsylvanian Congress gather and ere long, on Bunker Hill, DEMOCRACY announcing, in rifle-volleys death-winged, under her Star Banner, to the tune of Yankee-Doodle-Do, that she is born, and whirlwind-like, will envelop the whole world!

(v) Men have before hired bravos to transact their crimes, while their own person and reputation sat under shelter. I was the first that ever did so for his pleasures. I was the first that could thus plod in the public eye with a load of respectability, and in a moment, like a schoolboy, strip off these lendings, and spring headlong into the sea of liberty.

(w) Have you walked up and down the earth lately? I have; and I have examined Man's wonderful inventions. And I tell you that in the arts of life man invents nothing; but in the arts of death

he outdoes Nature herself, and produces by chemistry and machinery all the slaughter of plague, pestilence and famine.

(x) He fancied that once more against the wall of sea mist he saw tremendous, victorious, the Rider on the Lion. But now, for the first time, the Rider's face was turned towards him—and, behold, he was the Rider !

(y) With the same unerring instinct Mr Stelling set to work at his natural method of instilling the Eton Grammar and Euclid into the mind of Tom. This he considered was the only basis of solid instruction ; all other means of education were mere charlatanism, and could produce nothing better than smatterers

## XXVII

Write an essay on *one* of the following —

- (a) " Give me neither poverty nor riches "
- (b) Physical and moral courage
- (c) Ballad poetry.
- (d) A short character-sketch of *either* Queen Elizabeth *or* Queen Victoria.

## XXVIII

1. Write an essay on *one* of the following subjects :—

- (a) The place of mathematics in education
- (b) The qualities we look for in an ideal companion.
- (c) " Words have their fashions no less than clothes "
- (d) Describe an imaginary tour through India.
- (e) War in the future
- (f) Describe the kind of house you would like to live in if you were given unlimited choice
- (g) A defence of slacking.

2. Attempt a poem to be entitled *A Nightmare*, introducing as many as possible of the following words in such a way as to make it quite clear that you understand the meaning of each —festoon, corbie, spruce, chough, harbinger, tawdry, argosy, ling, minaret, mullioned, pixy, monsoon, trepan, stucco, nomad, zenith.

3. Compose an article of 300 words in praise of your home or any other town you know, calculated to draw visitors to it.

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4. Compose a dialogue between any two famous characters in history or books on the subject of ration books, supposed to take place in a railway carriage in August, 1928, when everything in life is rationed. The dialogue is to open with a quarrel about the opening or shutting of the carriage window.

N.B.—Air, of course, is rationed.

5. Write a letter of congratulation from a very jealous Government official who has missed being mentioned in the Honours' List to a rival official who has received an O.B.E.

Write a reply from the newly decorated O.B.E., who is a snob and is not going to miss this chance of scoring over a less fortunate colleague.

### XXIX

1. Write *three* reviews of *Poems of To-day* :

(a) Of 100 words written by an unsympathetic critic who regards Tennyson as the last writer of any note : (b) of 100 words written by a eulogistic worshipper of the moderns ; (c) of any length, being your own point of view, quoting freely

2. " In construction it is almost incredibly bad : in style it is immature and violent · its character-drawing is crude."

Discuss *Wuthering Heights* in the light of this criticism.

3. From *The Essays of Elia* construct a biography of Lamb, and try to make your answer read as if it were written by Lamb himself.

4. " The wheel is come full circle : I am here."

How far does the fate which overtakes each character in *King Lear* seem to you inevitable and deserved ?

5. " *Twelfth Night* is a sermon against the dangers of sentimentality."

(a) Comment on this with special reference to Orsino, Olivia and Malvolio

(b) " *The Perfect Comedy* is only not a tragedy by accident."

Illustrate the truth of this by reference to *Twelfth Night*.

6. " In spite of the excellence of the construction and the witty dialogue, *The Rivals* fails : its characters are wooden and it fails to probe beneath the surface of life."

Exemplify the truth or falsity of this.

7. Point out the more striking excellences and defects of Conrad's style.

XXX

1. Make a *précis* of the following correspondence:-

(1)

17 PARK ROAD,  
LEWES,

17th April 1918.

DEAR SIR,

In reply to your letter of the 16th inst in which you asked for particulars of my flat, 14 Sheridan Avenue, West Kensington, W. 14, I should like to say that I think you would find it very convenient for your work in the Ministry of Munitions. It is barely five minutes' walk from Baron's Court Tube and Underground stations, and only four from West Kensington Metropolitan station. It is also on a main bus route. I have had it newly done up and the furniture is in absolutely perfect condition. There is a garden kept for the use of tenants of Sheridan Avenue and a public telephone at the gate.

With regard to the accommodation you will find that the drawing-room and dining-room would please the most exacting taste, the best bedroom and spare room are furnished to afford sleeping facilities for two in each, the kitchen quarters are comfortable and well appointed, while the hall is exceptionally imposing and can be used as an extra room. My present tenants will be delighted to show you over on receipt of the enclosed "permit to view". The rent is three guineas a week.

The flat will be vacant on the 25th of June and you may take it by the month, quarter, half or whole year.

Yours very truly,  
P K RATHBONE.

SYLVESTER TWIGG, Esq.,  
5 MANOR GROVE,  
TONBRIDGE.

(2)

5 MANOR GROVE,  
TONBRIDGE,

22nd April 1918.

DEAR SIR,

I have now seen over your flat at 14 Sheridan Avenue, West Kensington, and am willing to take it for three months at 3 guineas a week, starting on the 25th June. Furthermore I am willing to pay the whole fee (thirty-nine guineas) in one lump sum on that day if I may have the "first refusal" on the 25th September.

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I may wish then to take the flat completely off your hands by taking it unfurnished for a period of not less than three years.

P. K. RATHBONE,  
17 PARK ROAD,  
LEWES.

Yours very truly,  
SYLVESTER TWIGG.

(3)

17 PARK ROAD,  
LEWES,  
24th April 1918

DEAR SIR,

I have forwarded your letter of the 22nd to my solicitors who will draw up the agreement and then send it to you for your signature

I am pleased by your proposal to take the flat completely off my hands, if after trial you approve, because there appears to be no prospect of my ever being able to reside in London again and it adds considerably to one's burdens to have a flat on one's hands

Yours very truly,  
P K RATHBONE.

SYLVESTER TWIGG, Esq.,  
5 MANOR GROVE,  
TONBRIDGE.

(4)

Telegram dated 25 June 1918 To Rathbone 17 Park Road  
Lewes Please furnish plate linen cutlery immediately as per contract for 14 Sheridan Avenue.

TWIGG.

(5)

17 PARK ROAD,  
LEWES,  
25th June 1918.

DEAR SIR,

I was very surprised to receive a telegram from you this morning demanding plate, linen and cutlery

If you refer to the agreement you will find there no reference to these things; you are only entitled to the contents of the flat as specifically catalogued in the inventory

I am indeed sorry that you should have laboured under the delusion that plate, cutlery and linen were included in that list. None of my previous tenants have demanded them and in any case I cannot provide them, because all my own stock is in daily use here.

Yours very truly,  
P. K. RATHBONE.

SYLVESTER TWIGG, Esq ,  
14 SHERIDAN AVENUE,  
W. 14

(6)

14 SHERIDAN AVENUE,  
W. 14.  
27th June 1918.

DEAR SIR,

In reply to your letter of the 25th I should like to say that I feel that I have been treated most unfairly. I imagined that in all cases of letting flats furnished, plate, linen and cutlery were included unless special mention was made of their omission. Legally I take it you need not now provide them, but morally I feel sure that you will realise that you ought to do something.

I suggest that you hire a sufficient amount of materials to satisfy my immediate needs.

Yours very truly,  
SYLVESTER TWIGG.

P K RATHBONE,  
17 PARK ROAD,  
LEWES

(7)

17 PARK ROAD,  
LEWES,  
29th June 1918.

DEAR SIR,

Morally I feel responsible, legally of course I am within my rights to refuse to do anything. I cannot see my way to hiring plate, etc., for which I shall have no further use if you decide to take on the flat unfurnished in September. Furthermore if you are going to take that step you will need a supply of these things your self. Why not buy them now? I am, however, willing to reduce the rent to 2½ guineas a week in view of the fact that I feel that you have a cause for grievance. Please let me know at once if this meets with your approval.

Yours very truly,  
P K RATHBONE

SYLVESTER TWIGG, ESQ.,  
14 SHERIDAN AVENUE,  
W. 14.

(8)

14 SHERIDAN AVENUE,  
W. 14.  
30th June 1918.

DEAR SIR,

I am obliged to you for your courtesy in offering to reduce the rent to 2½ guineas weekly, which offer I accept. I will let you know in due course if I like the flat well enough to take it off your hands altogether in September.

Yours very truly,  
SYLVESTER TWIGG.

P. K. RATHBONE,  
17 PARK ROAD,  
LEWES.

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2. Write a series of *three* letters : (i) claiming from Insurance Company full compensation (a new carpet) because a servant has dropped a live coal on the drawing-room carpet ; (ii) from the Insurance Company after they have inspected the damage, offering £5 or adequate repairs, but refusing to furnish a new carpet ; (iii) reply endeavouring to force the Company to do more but conveying the fact that £5 will be accepted rather than "adequate repairs."

3. Comment in detail on the style of the following letter :—

15 WELLINGTON STREET,  
TORQUAY.  
Tuesday

MRS CHICHESTER,

Dorothy having a bilious attack I kep her home Monday her being in no stait to do hevly work hopeing her being absent asent disconvenenced you in any way she saying how good a mistres you are to her and all.

Your respectivly,  
SUSAN YEO.

4. Describe *either* the opening scene *or* the underplot of any *one* of Shakespeare's plays, and point out briefly the dramatic value of that element in the play.

5. What impression have you formed of any *one* of the following characters.—Lady Macbeth, Lear's Fool, Shylock, Dogberry, Brutus, Touchstone, Prince Hal ?

6. Point out what you admire in the essays of any *one* of the following writers —Bacon, Addison, Goldsmith, Hazlitt, Macaulay.

7. With what periods of history do any *three* of the following novels deal :—*Westward Ho !*, *Quentin Durward*, *Esmond*, *Ivanhoe*, *Heart of Midlothian*, *Black Arrow*, *Last of the Barons*, *Romola*, *Tale of Two Cities*. Give a brief account of any *one* of the novels.

8. Mention *four* writers of lyrics belonging to the nineteenth century and write a short appreciation (with quotations) of the lyrics of any *one* of them

9. Point out in the literature of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries any traces of changes (political, social, industrial, etc.) which took place in the contemporary life of the nation.

10. Show your acquaintance with the life and thought of *one* of the following :—Dr Johnson, Lamb, Carlyle, Tennyson.

11. Describe (with quotation) the subject-matter of any *two* of the following poems :—*Rape of the Lock*, *Lycidas*, *Morte d'Arthur*, *Christabel*, *Ode to a Skylark*, *Hyperion*, *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, *Resolution and Independence*, *The Scholar Gipsy*, *Ode on a Grecian Urn*.

12. What do you understand by *either* the Renaissance or the Romantic Revival ?

13. Point out very briefly the importance in English literature of any *two* of the following :—Spenser, Dryden, Pope, Gray and Scott.

14. What broad differences do you discern between the literature of the eighteenth century and that of the nineteenth ?

### XXXI

1. Write an essay on *one* of the following subjects —

- (a) School games and their uses.
- (b) English universities
- (c) Persons one would wish to have seen.
- (d) The poems of Tennyson
- (e) The importance of chemistry in modern life.
- (f) June flowers.
- (g) How does the girl of to-day differ from the girl of a hundred years ago ?
- (h) The finest aristocracy is that of intellect not birth.
- (i) The campaign in Palestine or German East Africa.

2. PRÉCIS.

- (a) Supply an appropriate title for the following passage.
- (b) Condense the passage into about one-third of its present length.

Poetry is the language of the imagination and the passions. It relates to whatever gives immediate pleasure or pain to the human mind. It comes home to the bosoms and businesses of men ; for nothing but what comes home to them in the most general and intelligible shape can be a subject for poetry. Poetry is the universal language which the heart holds with nature and itself. He who has a contempt for poetry cannot have much respect for himself,



or for anything else. Wherever there is a sense of beauty, or power, or harmony, as in the motion of a wave of the sea, in the growth of a flower, there is poetry in its birth. If history is a grave study, poetry may be said to be a graver, its materials lie deeper, and are spread wider. History treats for the most part, of the cumbrous and unwieldy masses of things, the empty cases in which the affairs of the world are packed, under the heads of intrigue or war, in different states and from century to century; but there is no thought or feeling that can have entered into the mind of man which he would be eager to communicate to others, or which they would listen to with delight, that is not a fit subject for poetry. It is not a branch of authorship: it is "the stuff of which our life is made." The rest is mere oblivion, a dead letter; for all that is worth remembering in life is the poetry of it. Fear is poetry, hope is poetry, love is poetry, hatred is poetry. Poetry is that fine particle within us that expands, rarefies, refines, raises our whole being; without it "man's life is poor as beast's." Man is a poetical animal; and those of us who do not study the principles of poetry act upon them all our lives, like Molière's Bourgeois Gentilhomme, who had always spoken prose without knowing it. The child is a poet, in fact, when he first plays at hide-and-seek, or repeats the story of Jack the Giant-killer; the shepherd-boy is a poet when he first crowns his mistress with a garland of flowers; the countryman when he stops to look at the rainbow; the city apprentice when he gazes after the Lord Mayor's Show; the miser when he hugs his gold; the courtier who builds his hopes upon a smile; the savage who paints his idol with blood, the slave who worships a tyrant or the tyrant who fancies himself a god—the vain, the ambitious, the proud, the cholerick man, the hero and the coward, the beggar and the king, all live in a world of their own making; and the poet does no more than describe what all the others think and act — HAZLITT

### 3. ANALYSIS AND SCANSION.

(a) Write out the principal and dependent clauses in the following passage, stating the nature of each of the dependent clauses, and its relation to the clause on which it depends:—

They have waked, they knew not why, at a summons from the night,  
 They have stolen fearfully from the dark to the light,  
 Stepping over sleeping men, who have moved and slept again:  
 And they know not why they go to the forests, but they know,  
 As their moth-feet pass to the shore of the grass  
 And the forest's dreadful brink, that their tender spirits shrink:  
 They would flee, but cannot turn, for their eyelids burn  
 With still frenzy, and each maid, ere she leaves the moonlit space,  
 If she sees another's face, is thrilled and afraid

(b) Discuss the rhyme-scheme and the scansion of the above.

4. PARAPHRASE AND VOCABULARY.

(a) Explain, as simply as possible, the meaning of the following passages :—

- (i) The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars  
But in ourselves that we are underlings
- (ii) Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world
- (iii) He that delighteth in solitude must be either a beast or a god.
- (iv) The child is father of the man.
- (v) He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune.
- (vi) Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion
- (vii) My salad days  
When I was green in judgment.

(b) Explain the meaning of *eight* of the following words and write sentences each of which contains one of the words you have chosen —megalomania, skinflint, banal, parvenu, venial, hallucination, jejune, retrospective, badinage, potential, clubbable, exegesis.

5. PUNCTUATION.

(a) Explain briefly the main objects of punctuation, and state what general principles you have in mind in punctuating a given passage

(b) Assign the necessary stops to the following extract :—

There is a passage in the Book of Job amazingly sublime and the sublimity is principally due to the terrible uncertainty of the thing described In thoughts from the visions of the night when deep sleep falleth on men fear came upon me and trembling which made all my bones to shake Then a spirit passed before my face the hair of my flesh stood up It stood still but I could not discern the form thereof an image was before mine eyes there was silence and I heard a voice Shall mortal man be more just than God We are first prepared with the utmost solemnity for the vision we are terrified before we are let even into the obscure cause of our emotion but when the grand cause of terror makes its appearance what is it is it not wrapped up in the shades of its own incomprehensible darkness more awful more striking more terrible than the liveliest description than the clearest painting could possibly represent it

6. ENGLISH POETRY.

(a) Arrange in chronological order the following poets, and mention *one* important poem written by each.—Thomson,

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Keats, Dryden, Chaucer, Burns, Spenser, Matthew Arnold, Wordsworth, Goldsmith.

(b) Give an account of the form and subject-matter of any *one* poem mentioned in (a).

### 7. GENERAL READING.

(a) Mention the works (with their authors and approximate dates) in which *nine* of the following characters appear :—Tony Lumpkin, Mrs Malaprop, Una, Sabrina, Squire Western, Quilp, Major Dobbin, Meg Merrilies, Heathcliff, Mr Knightley, Peter Quince, Malvolio.

(b) Give briefly the plot of the work in which any *one* of the above characters occurs.

### XXXII

1. Write an essay on *one* of the following subjects :—

(a) The choice of a profession.

(b) Nelson : his life and achievement.

(c) Wayside flowers.

(d) Objects of historical interest in the locality in which you live.

(e) The book you like best.

(f) Pan-Germanism and its aims.

(g) Wordsworth as a poet of nature.

(h) The advantages resulting from the geographical position of Britain.

(i) Compare the upbringing of a girl to-day and its results with that of a girl in any other period of our nation's history.

### 2. PRÉCIS.

(a) Supply a title for the following passage.

(b) Give the substance of the passage in about a third of its present length .—

Must not beauty, then, it will be asked, be sought for in the forms which we associate with our everyday life ? Yes, if you do it consistently, and in places where it can be calmly seen but not if you use the beautiful form only as a mask and covering of the proper conditions and uses of things, nor if you thrust it into the places set apart for toil Put it into the drawing-room, not into the workshop : put it upon domestic furniture, not upon tools of handicraft. All men have sense of what is right in this manner, if they would only use and apply that sense : every man knows where and how

beauty gives him pleasure, if he would only ask for it when it does so, and not allow it to be forced upon him when he does not want it. Ask any one of the passengers over London Bridge at this instant, whether he cares about the forms of the bronze leaves on its lamps, and he will tell you, No. Modify these forms of leaves to a less scale, and put them on his milk-jug at breakfast, and ask him whether he likes them, and he will tell you, Yes. People have no need of teaching if they could only think and speak truth, and ask for what they like and want, and for nothing else—nor can a right disposition of beauty be ever arrived at except by this common sense, and allowance for the circumstances of the time and place. It does not follow, because bronze leafage is in bad taste on the lamps of London Bridge, that it would be so on those of the Ponte della Trinità: nor, because it would be a folly to decorate the house fronts of Gracechurch Street, that it would be equally so to adorn those of some quiet provincial town. The question of greatest external or internal decoration depends entirely on the conditions of probable repose. It was a wise feeling which made the streets of Venice so rich in external ornament, for there is no couch of rest like the gondola. So again, there is no subject of street ornament so wisely chosen as the fountain, where it is a fountain of use, for it is just there that perhaps the happiest pause takes place in the labour of the day, when the pitcher is rested on the edge of it, and the breath of the bearer is drawn deeply, and the hair swept from the forehead, . . . and the sound of the kind word or light laugh mixes with the trickle of the falling water, heard shriller and shriller as the pitcher fills. What pause is so sweet as that—so full of the depth of ancient days, so softened with the calm of pastoral solitude?—RUSKIN

### 3. ANALYSIS AND VOCABULARY.

(a) Analyse in tabular form the following passage, stating not only the principal sentence and subordinate clauses but also the nature of each clause and its relation to the rest of the sentence:—

If you care to write to him he will be delighted to tell you why and where you have failed or succeeded in coping with the task upon which you are now engaged.

(b) Give the meaning of each of the following words and construct *six* sentences to illustrate the use of any *six* of them:—

Inventory, volatile, epitome, ingenuous, federal, persiflage, caste, bathos, shibboleth.

### 4. PARAPHRASE AND LETTER-WRITING.

(a) Give clearly the meaning of each of the following expressions:—

(i) There is nothing which cannot be imagined by people of no imagination.

(ii) And thus the native hue of resolution

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought

(iii) Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.

(iv) The rank is but the guinea-stamp

(v) Handsome is that handsome does

(b) Write a letter to a Government department offering your services for War work, and point out the special qualities you possess for any particular branch of that work.

5. Describe briefly the part played by one of the following :—*Edgar, Horatio, Volumnia, Miranda, Jaques, Bottom, Cassius, Bolingbroke, Banquo, Richard III, Portia, Petruchio, Malvolio, Beatrice.*

6 Describe briefly the subject-matter of one of the following :—*Comus, Samson Agonistes, Marmion, The English Mail Coach, The Traveller, The Deserted Village, The De Coverley Papers*, any one of the episodes in the *Idylls of the King, Travels with a Donkey*

7 Select one ode, one sonnet, and one elegy for criticism, quoting freely,

Or—

Describe Ruskin's attitude towards the use of books.

8 Contrast the aims and achievements of two famous novelists or essayists,

Or—

Select from the poems of Tennyson or Browning those which appeal to you most, with reasons for your choice.

9. How far was either Tennyson, Wordsworth or Milton typical of his age ?

Or—

Describe the plot of one play of Sheridan or Goldsmith.

10. Describe those parts of *Gulliver's Travels* in which the satire seems to you to be most successful,

Or—

Write an appreciation of Spenser's style.

11. What was Carlyle's opinion of Shakespeare ?

12. Criticise Chaucer's powers of characterisation.

13. Point out very briefly the importance in English Literature of any *two* of the following :—Spenser, Dryden, Pope, Scott, and Matthew Arnold.

## XXXIII

1. Write an essay on *one* of the following :—

- (a) Shakespeare's fairy world.
- (b) Bacon's contribution to English thought.
- (c) The autobiographical element in Milton's work.
- (d) English letter-writers.
- (e) Mysticism in English poetry
- (f) French influence upon English Literature

2. PRÉCIS.

- (a) State concisely the topic of the following passage
- (b) Write a *précis* condensing the passage to about a third of its length

Coleridge's criticism may well be remembered as part of the long pleading of German culture for the things "behind the veil" It recalls us from the work of art to the mind of the artist ; and after all, this is what is infinitely precious, and the work of art only as the index of it Still, that is only the narrower side of a complete criticism. What constitutes an artistic gift is, first of all, a natural susceptibility to moments of strange excitement, in which the colours freshen upon our threadbare world, and the routine of things about us is broken by a novel and happier synthesis These are moments into which other minds may be made to enter, but which they cannot originate This susceptibility is the element of genius in an artistic gift Secondly, there is what may be called the talent of projection, of throwing these happy moments into an external concrete form—a statue, or play, or picture That projection is of all degrees of completeness. its facility and transparency are modified by the circumstances of the individual, his culture and his age When it is perfectly transparent, the work is classical Compare the power of projection in Mr Browning's *Sordello* with that power in the *Sorrows of Werther*. These two elements determine the two chief aims of criticism First, it has to classify those initiative moments according to the amount of interest excited in them, to estimate their comparative acceptability, their comparative power of giving joy to those who undergo them Secondly, it has to test, by a study of the artistic product itself, in connection with the intellectual and spiritual condition of its age, the completeness of the projection These two aims form the positive, or concrete, side of criticism : their direction is not towards a

metaphysical definition of the universal element in an artistic effort, but towards a subtle gradation of the shades of difference between one artistic gift and another. This side of criticism is infinitely varied; and it is what French culture more often achieves than the German.—PATER.

3. Trace the influence of *either* the Puritan movement *or* the French Revolution on our literature.

4. Write a short appreciation of *either* the Elizabethan lyrics *or* the lyrics of the nineteenth century.

5. What main differences are perceptible between the prose of our great writers before 1660 and those who came after the Restoration?

6. Trace the development of the novel in *either* the eighteenth century *or* the nineteenth century.

7. Explain the importance of any *two* of the following critics:—Dryden, Johnson, Coleridge, Lamb, Sidney.

8. (a) Mention the authors and the approximate dates of any *six* of the following.—*Utopia*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *The Battle of the Books*, *Absalom and Achitophel*, *The Task*, *Samson Agonistes*, *Adonais*, *Geraint and Enid*, *Christmas Eve*, *On Conciliation with America*.

(b) Describe briefly the subject-matter of any *two* of the above.

9. Attempt an appreciation of the satire embodied in either *The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales* or in *Piers the Plowman*.

10. *Either*, Point out the merit of the dramatic structure of any *one* of Shakespeare's tragedies (including *Coriolanus*), *or*, Illustrate from either *Twelfth Night* or *As You Like It* Shakespeare's conception of comedy.

11. What do you gather, from the plays you have read, concerning Shakespeare's attitude towards the more important facts of life (e.g. friendship, death, the moral code, patriotism, etc.)?

12. "If we modelled our lives on Bacon's dicta we should fall far below the normal standard of conduct." Discuss this.

13. *Either*, Give an account of the work of any *one* writer in the eighteenth century who broke away from the School

of Pope and paved the way for the Romantic Revival, or, Write an appreciation of Gray's *Elegy*.

14. Illustrate from your reading the particular effects aimed at in any one of the following forms.—the epic, the sonnet, the Pindaric Ode, the dramatic lyric. Quote if possible.

15. To what extent are the characteristic qualities of the author revealed in any one of the following poems :—*Faerie Queene*, *Lycidas*, *Hyperion*, *Rabbi Ben Ezra*.

16. Attempt an analysis of the art of any one great novelist of the eighteenth or nineteenth century.

17. Write a short critical account of any one of the following works :—*Pardoner's Tale*, *Apologie for Poetry*, *Comus*, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, *The De Coverley Papers*, *Heroes and Hero-Worship*.

## XXXIV

1. Write an essay on one of the following subjects :—

(a) Great crises in the world's history

(b) The value of tact

(c) A voyage round the world.

(d) "The object of education is to form tastes rather than to impart knowledge"

2 Illustrate the quality of Chaucer's humour from the portraits in the *Prologue*

3. What dramatic purposes are served by (a) the presence of Stephano and Trinculo, (b) the lyrics, in *The Tempest*?

4. From your reading of *Cymbeline*, illustrate Shakespeare's conception of tragedy

5. How would you justify Milton's use of the pastoral convention for elegiac purposes in *Lycidas*?

6. To what extent are the customs and foibles of Queen Anne's days reflected in *The Rape of the Lock*?

7. What exactly does Wordsworth mean by the line, "the child is father of the man"? Illustrate from his child-poems.

8. Explain in what way the verse-forms of *Isabella* and *La Belle Dame Sans Merci* harmonise with the subject-matter of the respective poems.



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9. Give a brief account of Byron's reflections on Greece in *Childe Harold* (Canto II.).

10. Write short appreciations of *two* of the following poems :—*Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, *The Revenge*, *You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease*.

11. What were the main services which Clive, according to Macaulay, rendered to the British Empire ?

### XXXV

1. Write an essay on *one* of the following subjects :—

- (a) The United States
- (b) The theatre past and present.
- (c) Milton.
- (d) Russian national characteristics.
- (e) Wild flowers
- (f) A naval battle of to-day
- (g) Cant.
- (h) Fairy tales.
- (i) "What do they know of England who only England know ?"

### 2. PRÉCIS.

(a) Supply a succinct title for the following passage.

(b) Express the substance of the following passage in your own words in about a third of its present length (500 words) :—

What then is the object, what the method, of an art, and what the source of its power ? The whole secret is that no art does "compete with life" Man's one method, whether he reasons or creates, is to half-shut his eyes against the dazzle and confusion of reality The arts, like arithmetic and geometry, turn away their eyes from the gross, coloured and mobile nature at our feet, and regard instead a certain figmentary abstraction Geometry will tell us of a circle, a thing never seen in nature, asked about a green circle or an iron circle, it lays its hand upon its mouth So with the arts Painting, ruefully comparing sunshine and flake-white, gives up truth of colour, as it had already given up relief and movement ; and instead of vying with nature, arranges a scheme of harmonious tints Literature, above all in its most typical mood, the mood of narrative, similarly flees the direct challenge and pursues instead an independent and creative aim So far as it imitates at all, it imitates not life but speech . not the facts of human destiny, but the emphasis and the suppressions with which the human actor tells of them Our art is occupied, and bound to be occupied,

not so much in making stories true as in making them typical; not so much in capturing the lineaments of each fact, as in marshalling all of them towards a common end. For the welter of impressions, all forcible but all discreet, which life presents, it substitutes a certain artificial series of impressions, all indeed most feebly represented, but all aiming at the same effect, all eloquent of the same idea, all chiming together like consonant notes in music or like the graduated tints in a good picture. From all its chapters, from all its pages, from all its sentences, the well-written novel echoes and re-echoes its one creative and controlling thought; to this must every incident and character contribute; the style must have been pitched in unison with this; and if there is anywhere a word that looks another way, the book would be stronger, clearer, and fuller without it. Life is monstrous, infinite, illogical, abrupt and poignant; a work of art, in comparison, is neat, finite, self-contained, rational, flowing and emasculate. Life imposes by brute energy, like inarticulate thunder; art catches the ear, among the far louder noises of experience, like an air artificially made by a discreet musician. A proposition of geometry does not compete with life; and a proposition of geometry is a fair and luminous parallel for a work of art. Both are reasonable, both untrue to the crude fact; both inhere in nature, neither represents it. The novel, which is a work of art, exists, not by its resemblances to life, which are forced and material, as a shoe must still consist of leather, but by its immeasurable difference from life, which is designed and significant, and is both the method and the meaning of the work.—  
R. L. STEVENSON

### 3. ANALYSIS AND METRE.

(a) Write out the principal and dependent clauses in the following passage, stating the nature of each of the dependent clauses and its relation to the clause on which it depends:—

And—when I am forgotten as I shall be  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me more must be heard of, say I taught thee,  
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
Found thee a way out of his wreck to rise in :  
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.

(b) Discuss the metre of *two* of the following passages, pointing out in each case the rhythmical effects:—

- (i) We are the music-makers,  
And we are the dreamers of dreams,  
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,  
And sitting by desolate streams
- (ii) Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,

Making the green—one red.

- (iii) Some beauties yet no Precepts can declare,  
For there's a happiness as well as care.  
Music resembles Poetry ; in each  
Are nameless graces which no methods teach.

#### 4. PASSAGES FOR EXPLANATION.

Give, with full explanation and any relevant comments, the sense of any *five* of the following passages :—

- (a) For 'tis the sport to have the engineer  
Hoist with his own petar  
(b) Thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers.  
(c) The best laid schemes o' mice and men  
Gang aft agley.  
(d) Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter.  
(e) Ay, in the very temple of Delight  
Veil'd melancholy has her sovran shrine,  
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue  
Can burst Jove's grape against his palate fine.  
(f) Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :  
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting  
And cometh from afar  
(g) Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,  
That last infirmity of noble mind  
To scorn delights and live laborious days.  
(h) And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost  
Is, the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,  
Though the end in sight was a crime, I say

#### 5. JARGON AND FIGURATIVE EXPRESSIONS.

- (a) Rewrite in sensible English the following cutting from a country newspaper report, commenting on all the errors :—

##### *Alleged Robbery with Violence*

While riding a bicycle between two and three o'clock yesterday morning along the unfrequented locality of the Pimlico Road, a young man of foreign extraction named Josefs Movinsky perceived the body of an individual stretched apparently motionless in the gutter. He alighted from his machine and discovered that the victim of the occurrence had been assaulted by some nefarious criminals, who, after relieving him of his watch and all his available cash, had made off undetected. The unfortunate victim, who appears to be well-connected, has not yet been identified. . He lies at present in The Three Stars Hotel in a precarious condition whither his compassionate rescuer escorted him in a taxi. Hopes are

entertained of his ultimate recovery. It has subsequently transpired that the police are on the alert

(b) Explain and if possible account for *three* of the following expressions.—

(i) He degenerated into a mere Grub-street hack

(ii) His work was remarkable chiefly for its Pre-Raphaelite characteristics.

(iii) His whole frame shook with Gargantuan laughter.

(iv) It was the Tadpoles and the Tapers that spread the rumour.

(v) The policy incurred punishment at the hands of the Rhadamanthus known as the impartial historian.

#### 6. ENGLISH LITERATURE.

(a) Give the titles of two songs, two satires, and two essays, and mention the author of each.

(b) Show your acquaintance with any *one* of these works and write a short appreciation of the author concerned.

#### 7. GENERAL READING.

(a) Mention the works (together with the names of the writers and the approximate dates) in which any *six* of the following characters appear—Will Wimble, Imogen, Modred, Greatheart, Rose Bradwardine, David Balfour, Caliban, Mulvaney, Mr Harding, Domnie Sampson, George Osborne, Edward Rochester.

(b) Write a short appreciation of any *one* of the characters.

#### XXXVI

#### Essay

1. Compare the advantages of a public boarding school and a public day school. Do this by writing imaginary letters between two boys—one at each type of school. Use fictitious names.

2. Write a letter from Mrs Malaprop to Sir Anthony Absolute, in which she describes her impressions of the trial scene in *The Merchant of Venice*.

3. Write a short scene in which Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Pickwick and Bob Acres try their luck with the caskets.

4. Describe the scene in *The Pickwick Papers* which seems to you to be the most comic.

5. *The Ancient Mariner* is often said to be the most *romantic* poem ever written. How do you interpret the word "*romantic*" in this connection? Illustrate from the poem.

6. "In spite of all his faults we love Richard, in spite of all his virtues we cannot feel affection for Bolingbroke."

Analyse very carefully the characters of these men in the light of this criticism.

## XXXVII

1. Write an essay on *one* of the following subjects :—

(a) The value of mathematics both in dealing with practical problems and in creating sound general habits of mind.

(b) The house-fly.

(c) The League of Nations.

(d) Different meanings of the word "Romance"

(e) Italy, in mediæval times and to-day

(f) The State control of industry

(g) The work and life of any famous sculptor, painter or musician.

(h) Labour on the land

(i) The enfranchisement of women

(j) The life and work of any famous essayist

(k) Should boys and girls be educated together?

## 2. SYNTAX AND VOCABULARY.

(a) Criticise the following sentences :—

(i) Bicycles are not allowed on the pier : anyone doing so will be expelled

(ii) Intoxication is when the brain is affected by alcohol

(iii) He told his brother that he had failed in his examination.

(iv) Though not wishing to dwell upon it, this point deserves consideration

(v) In learning to ride a bicycle, the machine should always be kept moving

(b) In what circumstances and for what reasons does one avoid the use of (a) archaisms, (b) newly coined words, (c) colloquialisms, (d) slang?

3 (a) On what principles do you divide an essay into paragraphs and determine the order of their succession?

(b) Mention some of the means of emphasising a thought or any particular part of a thought.

4. "A good biography is fact, but more than facts; a good novel is fiction, but more than fiction." Can you explain why most people prefer the novel? Illustrate your answer\* by reference to some well-known novel

5. PARAPHRASE AND CRITICISM :—

(a) Recast in prose the following pieces of poetry.

- (i) But man, proud man !  
Drest in a little brief authority —  
Most ignorant of what lies most assured,  
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven  
As make the angels weep ; who, with our spleens,  
Would all themselves laugh mortal
- (ii) Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty .  
Thou art not conquer'd beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there
- (iii) Daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty , violets dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes  
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,  
That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright Phoebus in his strength

(b) In what respects, if any, is the verse rendering in the above superior to your prose translation ?

6. ORIGINAL COMPOSITION.

(a) Write a letter to a friend abroad describing life in England to-day,

Or—

(b) Compose an article of about 300 words describing the peculiar advantages obtained by customers at a particular shop, or by travellers on some railway system.

(The shop and the railway company may be either real or fictitious.)

7. LITERATURE.

(a) Select *one* of the following epochs and describe the main tendencies of its principal writers :—

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The Augustan Age, the Romantic Revival, the Mid-Victorian Era.

(b) Select one author from the group which you selected in (a) and describe his life and work.

### XXXVIII

#### 1. PROSE COMPOSITION.

(a) Compose a suitable reply to the following advertisement.—“Required, to complete party for Christmas at private house in Scotland, two guests, convalescent officers or young married couple. Good shots essential. All expenses paid. Highest references given and required. All communications treated in strictest confidence.—Box 729, *The Times*.

Or—

(b) Imagine yourself to have been away from England since December, 1913. You arrive in London to-day. Write down your impressions of the changes which have occurred in your absence.

Or—

(c) Write a letter to an imaginary employer offering you services for any position for which you consider yourself well qualified.

#### 2. SYNTAX AND VOCABULARY

(a) Correct the following sentences.—

- (i) Who would you like to travel with ?
- (ii) I cannot work like I used to do
- (iii) It is curious that such a standpoint should persist so long
- (iv) None but the brave deserve the fair
- (v) The reverend gentleman sustained a broken thigh as the result of this dire catastrophe
- (vi) Neither Sylvia nor Phyllis ever come here now.
- (vii) This is, of course, strictly between you and I

(b) Compose short sentences to illustrate the correct use of the following words :—*ingenuous, ingenuous, mutual, common, reciprocal, aggravate, annoy*.

#### 3. STYLE, LITERARY EXPRESSION.

(a) Comment on the style of the following passages :—

- (i) The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,  
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
- (ii) While going home, the evening sweet  
In cowslip-water bathes my feet.
- (iii) Is thy home European or Asian,  
O mystical monster marine  
Part molluscous and partly crustacean,  
Betwixt and between
- (iv) Egypt, with its amazing and stupendous monuments, awe-inspiring pyramids, monolithic obelisks, colossal statues, unequalled in any age for style and solidity

(b) Define briefly, and give examples of the use of the following figures of speech — Simile, Anti-climax, Epigram, Irony, Apostrophe. In what way does the use of figures of speech contribute to literary expression?

#### 4. PUNCTUATION AND PARAPHRASE

Punctuate the following passage, and then rewrite it in simple prose —

Say first of God above or man below  
What can we reason but from what we know  
Of man what see we but his station here  
From which to reason or to which refer  
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known  
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own

#### 5 LITERARY HISTORY

Give an account of the life and work of any *one* novelist of the eighteenth century or of any *one* poet of the nineteenth century.

#### 6. GENERAL READING.

Say what you know of any *six* of the following works  
Mention the authors and the approximate date of each :—  
*Prometheus Unbound*, *Comus*, *The Excursion*, *Reflections on the French Revolution*, *Jane Eyre*, *Songs of Innocence*, *The Hind and the Panther*, *The Eve of Saint Agnes*, *Kubla Khan*, *Journal to Stella*, *Religio Medici*.

#### XXXIX

1. Write an essay on *one* of the following subjects :—

- (a) The main influences of the War on modern literature.  
(b) The qualifications required in a good critic of literature  
(c) "Genius flourishes only in adverse circumstances."  
(d) The place of allegory in English literature.



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(e) "The distinction between 'classical' and 'romantic' is merely the distinction between form and colour."

2. Give instances of Shakespeare's consummate skill in stage-craft.

3. How far does Milton show the influence of his Elizabethan predecessors?

4. In what ways does the prose of Swift differ from the prose of Pre-Restoration writers?

5. In what forms did humour find its best expression in the writers of the eighteenth century?

6. What is the attitude of Tennyson towards the scientific discoveries of his epoch?

7. Give the authors and approximate dates of the following works — *Lavengro*, *The Song of Honour*, *Wuthering Heights*, *The Ring and the Book*, *Hyperion*, *Balder Dead*, *The Defence of Guenevere*, *The Dynasts*, *Apologia pro Vita sua*, *Erewhon*.

Write an appreciation of any two of the above.

8. Analyse the art of Jane Austen,

Or—

Criticise the work of any one of the poets (alive or dead) who have succeeded Tennyson and Browning.

9 State the authors and the works from which any five of the following extracts are taken, and add literary comments:—

(a) When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw  
The line too labours, and the words move slow  
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,  
Flies o'er th'unbending corn, and skims along the main.

(b) Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!  
That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close!  
The Nightingale that in the branches sang,  
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

(c) The same that oft-times hath  
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

(d) Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,  
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,  
And murmuring of innumerable bees

(e) The calculation of profit in all such wars is false. On balancing the account of such wars, ten thousand hogsheads of sugar are purchased at ten thousand times their price—the blood of man should never be shed but to redeem the blood of man. It is well

shed for our family, for our friends, for our God, for our country, for our kind. The rest is vanity : the rest is crime.

(f) His sight was strengthened to mark the glory of the Sword, where it hangs in slings, a little way from the wall. . . . Lo ! the length of it was as the length of crimson across the sea when the sun is sideways on the wave, and it seemed full a mile long, the whole blade sheening like an arrested lightning from the end to the hilt the hilt two large live serpents twined together, with eyes like son-bre jewels, and sparkling spotted skins, points of fire in their folds, and reflections of the emerald and topaz and ruby stones, studded in the blood-stained haft.

(g) The virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity is fortitude. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes ; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant where they are incensed or crushed ; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

(h) A' made a finer end and went away as it had been any christom child ; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide ; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way ; for his nose was as sharp as a pen and a' babbled of green fields

## XL

### 1. STYLE, SYNTAX AND LOGIC.

Criticise the style, syntax, or logic of each of the following sentences :—

- (a) It is pathetic to think that nobody but me will now remember it.
- (b) The subject of the first paragraph tells how the couriers brought the news of a great victory.
- (c) The cause of the rise in prices is attributed to the scarcity of labour.
- (d) The essay tells about many adventures, and the author writes in his usual charming style.
- (e) You can rely upon me doing all in my power to avert such a disaster.
- (f) Despite the unfavourable climatic conditions the intrepid aeronaut insisted upon an ascent.
- (g) It was rather a unique pleasure to see them together.
- (h) In the present self-depreciatory mood in which the English people find themselves it is impossible to really insult them.
- (i) I was very grieved to hear of his downfall as an individual I liked him.

### 2. PROSE COMPOSITION.

Compose a dialogue supposed to take place between a

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wounded soldier and a civilian or between a foreigner and an Englishman, on any subject you like.

### 3. PUNCTUATION.

(a) Correct the punctuation of the following passages :—

(i) Let conflagration rage ; of whatsoever is combustible !

(ii) " You naughty, little boy I've a good mind to thrash you," she shouted, " yes within an inch of your life."

(iii) Add to all this that he died in his 37th year ; and then ask, If it be strange that his poems are imperfect ?

(iv) A love-affair, to be conducted with spirit and enterprise should always bristle with opposition and difficulty

(v) He was born, in, or near, London, on December 24th, 1900

(vi) If we offend, it is with our good will.

That you should think, we come not to offend.

But with good will To show our simple skill,

That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then we come but in despite

We do not come as minding to content you,

Our true intent is All for your delight,

We are not here That you should here repent you,

The actors are at hand

(b) Comment on any peculiarities that you may happen to notice in the punctuation of the passages quoted in Questions 4 and 6.

### 4. CRITICISM.

Comment upon the style of each of the following :—

(a) Will no-one tell me what she sings ?—

Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow

For, old, unhappy, far-off things,

And battles long ago

(b) But see Camille Desmoulins, from the Café de Foy, rushing out, sbylline in face, his hair streaming, in each hand a pistol ! He springs to a table : the Police satellites are eyeing him ; alive they shall not take him, not they alive him alive Friends, some rallying sign ! Cockades ; green ones ; the colour of Hope ! As with the flight of locusts, these green-tree leaves ; green ribands from the neighbouring shops ; all green things are snatched, and made cockades of.

(c)

Not that fair field

Of Enna, where Proserpin gathering flowers,

Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis

Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that pain

To seek her through the world ; nor that sweet grove

Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspired

Castalian spring, might with this Paradise  
Of Eden strive.

(d) A few wild blunders, and risible absurdities, from which no work of such multiplicity was ever free, may for a time furnish folly with laughter, and harden ignorance into contempt . . . he whose design includes whatever language can express, must often speak of what he does not understand ; . . . sudden fits of inadvertence will surprise vigilance, slight avocations will seduce attention, and casual eclipses of the mind will darken learning

(e) With hairy springes we the birds betray,  
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey ;  
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,  
And beauty draws us with a single hair

# 5. GENERAL READING.

What is your favourite

(a) Play of Shakespeare ?

Or—

(b) Novel of Jane Austen, George Eliot, Thackeray, Scott,  
or Dickens ?

Or—

(c) Poem of Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning, Pope, or  
Milton ?

Show your acquaintance with it in any way you like

# 6. LITERARY APPRECIATION.

The following sonnet of Wordsworth has by almost common consent been acknowledged as the most satisfying description of London ever written.

State fully the grounds for your approval or disapproval of this judgment.

• Earth has not anything to show more fair.  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty  
This City now doth like a garment wear  
The beauty of the morning : silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !  
The river glideth at his own sweet will :  
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep,  
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

# APPENDICES

## APPENDIX A

### SUGGESTION FOR A SCHEDULE IN ENGLISH

IN the first lesson of a new term a piece of Dictation, say Dr Johnson's letter to the Earl of Chesterfield, may well be given.

A quarter of an hour will be spent in a preliminary talk about handwriting, spelling, spacing, the correction of mistakes and the method of taking the passage down (see chapter on Dictation).

When the piece is finished, the master will then collect the written work and proceed to give a life of Doctor Johnson, which the form will rewrite in preparation as a lesson in Reproduction, or he will allow them to correct their own mistakes, giving marks (according to the "round" system) as they answer questions in the spelling and punctuation that may suggest themselves to him.

In this case the boys will take away the passage to learn by heart, and the next lesson will be a lecture on Johnson's *Life and Works*. Meanwhile the master will put half-a-dozen alternatives as essay-subjects on the board, giving the class a week in which to write on the one they choose.

If the form is backward in Grammar another period will be devoted to analysing and parsing the letter and turning it into indirect speech. After a week a play of Shakespeare, Marlowe, Sheridan or Goldsmith should be acted (see chapter on Elocution) after a preliminary discourse on the life of the dramatist, the conditions of the stage in his time, and the art of acting. Scenes and acts should serve as exercises in *précis*, scope for creative work being given by asking for interpolated scenes or changed endings, to be acted, if good enough, as an alternative to the conventional ending.

Concurrently with the play, the form ought to be engaged on some ambitious prose or verse work of their own, an epic in the style of *Sohrab and Rustum*, or an island story which can occupy their preparation hours.

An interval of at least a week should elapse between the acting of two plays, during which time oral composition and exercises in syntax should be taught.

From the very beginning the master should insist upon every member of his class reading some standard work in his spare time and offering critical estimates or summaries of chapters as an alternative to the regular weekly essay.

If only the master keeps before himself a definite plan of work there ought to be no chance of the form becoming bored. No subject offers such scope for endless variety as English, or less chance of repetition of the same monotonous routine.

But it needs considerable preparation and much cogitation to evolve a scheme which will ensure that at the end of a term tangible gains shall accrue

. What are the gains that we look for ? There are five

(i) That every member of the class shall write legibly and neatly.

(ii) That every boy shall not only have something to say but know how to express that "something" clearly and simply as well in writing as in oral composition

(iii) That every boy shall have read and appreciated at least one long and half-a-dozen shorter masterpieces in English Literature, have learnt by heart several hundred lines of verse, and be cognisant of the lives of the best-known writers

(iv) That every boy shall have acquired an interest as well as ability in creative writing of some sort, whether it be verse, essay, story, play or letter

(v) That every boy shall have a desire to argue, to act, to lecture and to read aloud, and have acquired the rudiments of these arts

I do not think that this is too ambitious a programme, in spite of the many difficulties that obstruct the path both of the enthusiastic master and the keen pupil

## APPENDIX B

### HOW TO READ

VERY many people imagine themselves to be well-read because they can say that they have "read" most of our famous authors. Questioned about subject-matter or style, asked for a criticism, they are dumb

It is a *sine qua non* of reading that you should understand what you read

To help to do this I append here a note by Ruskin of extreme value to those who mistake reading for skimming the eye over words in print

#### SESAME AND LILIES

A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written, not with a view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would, you write instead: that is mere

*conveyance of voice* But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to perpetuate it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him;—this, the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down for ever; engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, "This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another; my life was as the vapour, and is not, but this I saw and knew; this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his "writing". It is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a "Book".

Now, books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men,—by great readers, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and Life is short. You have heard as much before,—yet, have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings, or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect, that you jostle with the hungry and common crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society, wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always, in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish, from that, once entered into it, you can never be an outcast but by your own fault, by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

"The place you desire," and the place *you fit yourself for*, I must also say; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this.—it is open to labour and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portières of that silent Faubourg St Germain, there is but brief question. "Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms?—no. If you will not rise to us, we cannot

stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerate pain; but here we neither feign nor interpret; you must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings if you would recognise our presence."

This, then, is what you have to do, and I admit that it is much. You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your ambition. You must love them, and show your love in these two following ways

1.—First, by a true desire to be taught by them, and to enter into their thoughts. To enter into theirs, observe, not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects.

Very ready we are to say of a book, "How good this is—that's exactly what I think!" But the right feeling is, "How strange that is! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall, some day." But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at his meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards if you think yourself qualified to do so; but ascertain it first. And be sure also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once;—nay, that at his whole meaning you will not for a long time arrive in any wise. Not that he does not say what he means, and in strong words too; but he cannot say it all, and what is more strange, *will* not, but in a hidden way and in parable, in order that he may be sure you want it. I cannot quite see the reason of this, nor analyse that cruel reticence in the breasts of wise men which makes them always hide their deeper thought. They do not give it you by way of help, but of reward, and will make themselves sure that you deserve it before they allow you to reach it. But it is the same with the physical type of wisdom, gold. There seems, to you and me, no reason why the electric forces of the earth should not carry whatever there is of gold within it at once to the mountain tops, so that kings and people might know that all the gold they could get was there; and without any trouble of digging, or anxiety, or chance, or waste of time, cut it away, and coin as much as they needed. But Nature does not manage it so. She puts it in little fissures in the earth, nobody knows where, you may dig long and find none; you must dig painfully to find any.

And it is just the same with men's best wisdom. When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?" And, keeping the figure a little longer, even at cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and



melt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiselling, and patientest fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal.

And, therefore, first of all, I tell you earnestly and authoritatively (I know I am right in this), you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay, letter by letter. For though it is only by reason of the opposition of letters in the function of signs, to sounds in the function of signs, that the study of books is called “literature,” and that a man versed in it is called, by the consent of nations, a man of letters instead of a man of books, or of words, you may yet connect with that accidental nomenclature this real fact,—that you might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough) and remain an utterly ‘illiterate,’ uneducated person; but that if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter,—that is to say, with real accuracy,—you are for evermore in some measure an educated person. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it), consists in this accuracy. A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages,—may not be able to speak any but his own,—may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely, whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly; above all, he is learned in the *peerage* of words; knows the words of true descent and ancient blood, at a glance, from words of modern canaille, remembers all their ancestry, their intermarriages, distant relationships, and the extent to which they were admitted, and offices they held, among the national noblesse of words at any time, and in any country. But an uneducated person may know, by memory, many languages, and talk them all, and yet truly know not a word of any,—not a word even of his own.

And now, merely for example's sake, I will, with your permission, read a few lines of a true book with you, carefully; and see what will come out of them. I will take a book perfectly known to you all. No English words are more familiar to us, yet few perhaps have been read with less sincerity. I will take these few following lines of *Lycidas* :—

“ Last came, and last did go,  
The pilot of the Galilean lake  
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,  
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain),  
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake  
‘ How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,  
Enow of such as for their bellies’ sake  
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold !  
Of other care they little reckoning make,

Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,  
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest ;  
 Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold  
 A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else, the least  
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs !  
 What recks it them ? What need they ? They are sped ;  
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw  
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,  
 But swoll'n with wind, and the rank must they draw,  
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread ;  
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw  
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said '

Let us think over this passage, and examine its words

First, is it not singular to find Milton assigning to St Peter, not only his full episcopal function, but the very types of it which Protestants usually refuse most passionately ? His "mitred" locks ! Milton was no Bishop-lover, how comes St Peter to be "mitred" ? "Two massy keys he bore" Is this, then, the power of the keys claimed by the Bishops of Rome, and is it acknowledged here by Milton only in a poetical licence, for the sake of its picturesqueness, that he may get the gleam of the golden keys to help his effect ?

Do not think it Great men do not play stage tricks with the doctrines of life and death. only little men do that Milton means what he says ; and means it with his might too—is going to put the whole strength of his spirit presently into the saying of it For though not a lover of false bishops, he *was* a lover of true ones ; and the Lake-pilot is here, in his thoughts, the type and head of true episcopal power For Milton reads that text, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven," quite honestly Puritan though he be, he would not blot it out of the book because there have been bad bishops, nay, in order to understand *him*, we must understand that verse first, it will not do to eye it askance, or whisper it under our breath, as if it were a weapon of an adverse sect It is a solemn, universal assertion, deeply to be kept in mind by all sects But perhaps we shall be better able to reason on it if we go on a little farther, and come back to it For clearly this marked insistence on the power of the true episcopate is to make us feel more weightily what is to be charged against the false claimants of episcopate ; or generally, against false claimants of power and rank in the body of the clergy they who, "for their bellies' sake, creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold."

Never think Milton uses those three words to fill up his verse, as a loose writer would He needs all the three ;—specially those three, and no more than those—"creep," and "intrude," and "climb" ; no other words would or could serve the turn, and no more could be added For they exhaustively comprehend the three classes, correspondent to the three characters, of men who dishonestly seek

ecclesiastical power. First, those who "*creep*" into the fold ; who do not care for office, nor name, but for secret influence, and do all things occultly and cunningly, consenting to any servility of office or conduct, so only that they may intimately discern, and unawares direct, the minds of men. Then those who "intrude" (thrust, that is) themselves into the fold, who by natural insolence of heart, and stout eloquence of tongue, and fearlessly perseverant self-assertion, obtain hearing and authority with the common crowd. Lastly, those who "climb," who, by labour and learning, both stout and sound, but selfishly exerted in the cause of their own ambition, gain high dignities and authorities, and become "lords over the heritage," though not "ensamples to the flock"

Now go on :—

"Of other care they little reckoning make,  
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast  
*Blind mouths*——"

I pause again, for this is a strange expression — a broken metaphor, one might think, careless and unscholarly

Not so ; its very audacity and pithiness are intended to make us look close at the phrase and remember it. Those two monosyllables express the precisely accurate contraries of right character, in the two great offices of the Church—those of bishop and pastor

A "Bishop" means "a person who sees"

A "Pastor" means "a person who feeds"

The most unbishoply character a man can have is therefore to be Blind

The most unpastoral is, instead of feeding, to want to be fed,—to be a Mouth

Take the two reverses together, and you have "blind mouths" We may advisably follow out this idea a little. Nearly all the evils in the Church have arisen from bishops desiring *power* more than *light*. They want authority, not outlook. Whereas their real office is not to rule ; though it may be vigorously to exhort and rebuke ; it is the king's office to rule, the bishop's office is to *oversee* the flock, to number it, sheep by sheep ; to be ready always to give full account of it. Now, it is clear he cannot give account of the souls, if he has not so much as numbered the bodies, of his flock. The first thing, therefore, that a bishop has to do is at least to put himself in a position in which, at any moment, he can obtain the history, from childhood, of every living soul in his diocese, and of its present state. Down in that back street, Bill, and Nancy, knocking each other's teeth out !—Does the bishop know all about it ? Has he his eye upon them ? Has he *had* his eye upon them ? Can he circumstantially explain to us how Bill got into the habit of beating Nancy about the head ? If he cannot he is no bishop, though he had a mitre as high as Salisbury steeple ; he is no bishop,—he has sought to be at the helm instead of the mast head ; he has no sight of things

"Nay," you say, "it is not his duty to look after Bill in the back street." What? the fat sheep that have full fleeces—you think it is only those he should look after, while (go back to your Milton), "the hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, besides what the grim wolf, with privy paw" (bishops knowing nothing about it) "daily devours apace, and nothing said"?

"But that's not our idea of a bishop." Perhaps not; but it was St. Paul's; and it was Milton's. They may be right, or we may be; but we must not think we are reading either one or the other by putting our meaning into their words.

I go on.

"But, swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw"

This is to meet the vulgar answer that "if the poor are not looked after in their bodies, they are in their souls: they have spiritual food."

And Milton says, "They have no such thing as spiritual food; they are only swollen with wind." At first you may think that is a coarse type, and an obscure one. But again, it is a quite literally accurate one. Take up your Latin and Greek dictionaries, and find out the meaning of "Spirit." It is only a contraction of the Latin word "breath," and an indistinct translation of the Greek word for "wind." The same word is used in writing, "The wind bloweth where it listeth"; and in writing, "So is every one that is born of the Spirit", born of the *breath*, that is; for it means the breath of God, in soul and body. We have the true sense of it in our words "inspiration" and "expire." Now, there are two kinds of breath with which the flock may be filled, God's breath and man's. The breath of God is health, and life, and peace to them, as the air of heaven is to the flocks on the hills; but man's breath—the word which *he* calls spiritual—is disease and contagion to them, as the fog of the fen. They rot inwardly with it; they are puffed up by it, as a dead body by the vapours of its own decomposition. This is literally true of all false religious teaching; the first and last, and fatalest sign of it, is that "puffing up." Your converted children, who teach their parents; your converted convicts, who teach honest men; your converted dunces, who, having lived in crotinous stupefaction half their lives, suddenly awaking to the fact of there being a God, fancy themselves therefore His peculiar people and messengers; your sectarians of every species, small and great, Catholic or Protestant, of high church or low, in so far as they think themselves exclusively in the right and others wrong; and pre-eminently, in every sect, those who hold that men can be saved by thinking rightly instead of doing rightly, by word instead of act, and wish instead of work;—these are the true fog children—clouds, these, without water; bodies, these, of putrescent vapour and skin, without blood or flesh. blown bag-pipes for the fiends to pipe with—corrupt, and corrupting,— "Swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw."

Lastly, let us return to the lines respecting the power of the keys, for now we can understand them. Note the difference between Milton and Dante in their interpretation of this power: for once, the latter is weaker in thought; he supposes *both* the keys to be of the gate of heaven; one is of gold, the other of silver; they are given by St Peter to the sentinel angel; and it is not easy to determine the meaning either of the substances of the three steps of the gate, or of the two keys. But Milton makes one, of gold, the key of heaven; the other, of iron, the key of the prison in which the wicked teachers are to be bound who "have taken away the key of knowledge, yet entered not in themselves."

We have seen that the duties of bishop and pastor are to see, and feed; and of all who do so it is said, "He that watereth, shall be watered also himself." But the reverse is truth also. He that watereth not, shall be *withered* himself; and he that seeth not, shall himself be shut out of sight—shut into the perpetual prison-house. And that prison opens here, as well as hereafter, he who is to be bound in heaven must first be bound on earth. That command to the strong angels, of which the rock-apostle is the image, "Take him, and bind him hand and foot, and cast him out," issues, in its measure, against the teacher, for every help withheld, and for every truth refused, and for every falsehood enforced, so that he is more strictly fettered the more he fetters, and farther outcast as he more and more misleads, till at last the bars of the iron cage close upon him, and as "the golden opes, the iron shuts amain."

We have got something out of the lines, I think, and much more is yet to be found in them: but we have done enough by way of example of the kind of word-by-word examination of your author which is rightly called "reading"; watching every accent and expression; and putting ourselves always in the author's place, annihilating our own personality, and seeking to enter into his, so as to be able assuredly to say, "Thus Milton thought," not "Thus *I* thought, in misreading Milton." And by his process you will gradually come to attach less weight to your own "Thus I thought" at other times. You will begin to perceive that what *you* thought was a matter of no serious importance;—that your thoughts on any subject are not perhaps the clearest and wisest that could be arrived at thereupon—in fact, that unless you are a very singular person, you cannot be said to have any "thoughts" at all; that you have no materials for them, in any serious matters;—no right to "think," but only to try to learn more of the facts.

Having then faithfully listened to the great teachers, that you may enter into their Thoughts, you have yet this higher advance to make;—you have to enter into their Hearts. As you go to them first for clear sight, so you must stay with them, that you may share at last their just and mighty passion. Passion, or "sensation." I am not afraid of the word; still less of the thing. You have heard many outcries against sensation lately; but, I can tell you, it is

not less sensation we want, but more. The ennobling difference between one man and another,—between one animal and another,—is precisely in this, that one feels more than another. If we were sponges, perhaps sensation might not be easily got for us; if we were earth-worms, liable at every instant to be cut in two by the spade, perhaps too much sensation might not be good for us. But being human creatures, it is good for us; nay, we are only human in so far as we are sensitive, and our honour is precisely in proportion to our passion.

You know I said of that great and pure society of the Dead, that it would allow "no vain or vulgar person to enter there." What do you think I meant by a "vulgar" person? What do you yourselves mean by "vulgarity"? You will find it a fruitful subject of thought; but, briefly, the essence of all vulgarity lies in want of sensation. Simple and innocent vulgarity is merely an untrained and undeveloped bluntness of body and mind, but in true inbred vulgarity, there is a dreadful callousness, which, in extremity, becomes capable of every sort of bestial habit and crime, without fear, without pleasure, without horror, and without pity. It is in the blunt hand and the dead heart, in the diseased habit, in the hardened conscience, that men become vulgar; they are for ever vulgar, precisely in proportion as they are incapable of sympathy,—of quick understanding,—of all that, in deep insistence on the common, but most accurate term, may be called the "tact" or "touch-faculty" of body and soul—that tact which the *Mimosa* has in trees, which the pure woman has above all creatures,—fineness and fulness of sensation, beyond reason;—the guide and sanctifier of reason itself. Reason can but determine what is true—it is the God-given passion of humanity which alone can recognise what God has made good.

We come then to that great concourse of the Dead, not merely to know from them what is true, but chiefly to feel with them what is just. Now, to feel with them, we must be like them; and none of us can become that without pains. As the true knowledge is disciplined and tested knowledge,—not the first thought that comes,—so the true passion is disciplined and tested passion,—not the first passion that comes. The first that come are the vain, the false, the treacherous, if you yield to them, they will lead you wildly and far, in vain pursuit, in hollow enthusiasm, till you have not true purpose and no true passion left. Not that any feeling possible to humanity is in itself wrong, but only wrong when undisciplined. Its nobility is in its force and justice; it is wrong when it is weak, and felt for paltry cause. There is a mean wonder, as of a child who sees a juggler tossing golden balls, and this is base, if you will. But do you think that the wonder is ignoble, or the sensation less, with which every human soul is called to watch the golden balls of heaven tossed through the night by the Hand that made them? There is a mean curiosity, as of a child opening a forbidden door, or a

servant prying into her master's business ;—and a noble curiosity, questioning, in the front of danger, the source of the great river beyond the sand,—the place of the great continent beyond the sea ;—a nobler curiosity still, which questions of the source of the River of Life, and of the space of the Continent of Heaven—things which “the angels desire to look into.”

No book is worth anything which is not worth *much* ; nor is it serviceable, until it has been read, and reread, and loved, and loved again ; and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armoury, or a housewife bring the spice she needs from her store. Bread of flour is good ; but there is bread, sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book, and the family must be poor indeed which, once in their lives, cannot, for such multiplicable barley-loaves, pay their baker's bill.

## APPENDIX C

### PARODY

THE headmaster of Eton once said that the only way to appreciate poetry was to read it concurrently with the most famous parodies on it. I would extend this to all reading. The great difficulty is that books of good parodies are rare.

You should buy *A Century of Parody and Imitation*.

Max Beerbohm—*A Christmas Garland*

Calverley—*Fly Leaves*

J. C. Squire—*Tricks of the Trade*

F. S.—*Some Verse*

Then you should attempt to parody well-known poems yourself, but not before you have seen how difficult an art it is.

The use of parody is to exaggerate and so bring into prominence all the peculiarities of the author parodied.

Here are some titles from *Tricks of the Trade* :

- (1) “If Wordsworth had written *The Everlasting Mercy*”
- (2) “If Swinburne had written *The Lay of Horatius*”
- (3) “If Lord Byron had written *The Passing of Arthur*”

You might extend this list for ever

Try to write a few verses of the following —

- (a) “If Keats had written *The Rape of the Lock*.”
- (b) “If Byron had written *We are Seven*.”
- (c) “If Bunyan had written *The Canterbury Tales*”
- (d) “If Swift had written *The Coverley Papers*”
- (e) “If Steele had written *Gulliver's Travels*”
- (f) “If Shelley had written *Home Thoughts from Abroad*.”

Here is a sample verse from Byron's supposed rendering of *The Passing of Arthur*

Swung it far back ; and then, with mighty sweep,  
 Hove it to southward as he had been bade  
 And as it fell, an arm did suddenly leap  
 Out of the moonlit wave, in sanute clad,  
 And grasped the sword and drew it to the deep.  
 And all was still ; and Bedivere, who had  
 No nerve at all left then, exclaimed, ' My Hat !  
 I'll never want another job like that "

\*This, as you will easily see, serves a double purpose : you get to know both Tennyson and Byron in a clearer light by reading such a parody.

Compare Doctor Johnson's idea of a ballad with the original :

I put my hat upon my head,  
 And walked into the Strand ,  
 And there I met another man  
 Whose hat was in his hand

with (say)

Those pretty babes with hand in hand  
 Went wandering up and down ;  
 But never more they saw the man  
 Approaching from the town.

Compare with *Omar Khayyam*

Wake ! for the ruddy ball has taken flight  
 That scatters the slow wicket of the night,  
 And the swift batsman of the dawn has driven  
 Against the star-spiked rails a fiery smite.

Wake, my beloved ! Take the bat that clears  
 The sluggish liver and dyspeptic cheers  
 To-morrow ? Why to-morrow I may be  
 Myself with Hambleton and all its peers

To-day a score of batsmen brings, you say ?  
 Yes, but where leaves the Bats of yesterday ?  
 And this same summer day that brings a Knight  
 May take the Grace and Ranjitsingh away

#### A SONNET (WORDSWORTH)

'Two voices are there one is of the deep,  
 It learns the storm-cloud's thunderous melody,  
 Now roars, now murmurs with the changing sea,  
 Now bird-like pipes, now closes soft in sleep ;  
 And one is of an old half-witted sheep  
 Which bleats articulate monotony,  
 And indicates that two and one are three,  
 The grass is green, lakes damp, and mountains steep .



And, Wordsworth, both are thine ; at certain times  
 Forth from the heart of thy melodious rhymes,  
 The form and pressure of high thoughts will burst :  
 At other times—Good Lord ' I'd rather be  
 Quite unacquainted with the A, B, C  
 Than write such hopeless rubbish as thy worst

Compare with Swinburne :

From the depth of the dreamy decline of the dawn through a notable  
 nimbus of nebulous moonshine,  
 Pallid and pink as the palm of the flag-flower that flickers with fear  
 of the flies as they float,  
 Are they looks of our lovers that lustrously lean from a marvel  
 of mystic miraculous moonshine,  
 These that we feel in the blood of our blushes that thicken and  
 threaten with throbs through the throat ?

Compare with Longfellow (*Hiawatha*)

Next the Son, the Stunning-Cantab  
 He suggested curves of beauty,  
 Curves pervading all his figure,  
 Which the eye might follow onward,  
 Till they centred in the breast-pin,  
 Centred in the golden breast-pin,  
 He had learnt it all from Ruskin,  
 (Author of *The Stones of Venice*,  
*Seven Lamps of Architecture*,  
*Modern Painters*, and some others) ;  
 And perhaps he had not fully  
 Understood his author's meaning ,  
 But whatever was the reason,  
 All was fruitless, as the picture  
 Ended in an utter failure.

Compare with Browning (*The Ring and the Book*) .

You see this pebble-stone ? It's a thing I bought  
 Of a bit of a chit of a boy i' the mid o' the day—  
 I like to dock the smaller parts o' speech,  
 As we curtail the already cur-tailed cur  
 (You catch the paronomasia, play 'po' words ?)  
 Did, rather, i' the pre-Landseerian days.  
 Well, to my muttons. I purchased the concern,  
 And clapt it i' my poke, having given for same  
 By way o' chop, swop, barter or exchange—  
 "Chop" was my snickering dandiprat's own term—  
 One shilling and fourpence, current coin o' the realm.  
 O-n-e one and f-o-u-r f-o-u-r  
 Pence, one and fourpence—you are with me, sir ?  
 What hour it stills not ; ten or eleven o' the clock,

One day (and what a roaring day it was,  
 Go show or sight-see—bar a spit o' rain !)  
 In February, eighteen sixty-nine,  
 Alexandrina, Victoria, Fidei  
 Hm, hm, how runs the jargon ? being on throne.

Compare with Longfellow :

How they who use fusees  
 All grow by slow degrees  
 Brainless as chimpanzees,  
 Meagre as lizards ;  
 Go mad and beat their wives ;  
 Plunge (after shocking lives)  
 Razors and carving-knives  
 Into their gizzards.

Compare with Tennyson (*Locksley Hall*) :

Comrades, you may pass the rosy, with permission of the chair,  
 I shall leave you for a little, for I'd like to take the air.

Whether 'twas the sauce at dinner, or that glass of ginger-beer,  
 Or these strong cheroots, I know not, but I feel a little queer.

Oh ! my cousin, spider-hearted ! Oh, my Amy ! No, confound it,  
 I must wear the mournful willow—all around my heart I've bound it.

Compare with Coleridge (*The Ancient Mariner*) :

It is an auncient Waggonere,  
 And hee stoppeth one of nine :—  
 Now wherefore dost thou grip me soe  
 With that horny fist of thine ?

Hee holds him with his horny fist—  
 "There was a wain," quoth hee  
 "Hold offe, thou raggamouffine tykke !"  
 Eftsoones his fist dropped hee

The night was darke, like Noe's arke,  
 Oure waggone moved alonge .  
 The hail pour'd faste, loud roar'd the blaste,  
 Yet stille we moved alonge :  
 And sung in chorus, "Cease, loud Borus,"  
 A very charminge songe.

As a simple exercise to begin with write a parody on Flecker's  
*Four Great Gates of Damascus* on the Four Gates of your school or  
 home or town

## APPENDIX D

## WORDS COMMONLY MISSPELT

<b>A</b>	Cantonment	Discipline
Abroad	Carcass	Discreetly
Accommodation	Carefully	Discussion
Accompanied	Casualty	Disease
Achieve	Cavalcade	Dissolve
Across	Cavaliers	Divine
Admiral	Cavalry	Division
Aide-de-camp	Cellar	Doctor
Ammunition	Century	Donor
Annihilated	Ceremony	Dried
Anonymous	Chaplain	Dropped
Apostle	Character	Duly
Apparently	Chiefly	Dying
Appearance	Children	<b>E</b>
Appointed	Choked	Ears
Approach	Circuit	Easily
Architecture	Clambering	Edinburgh
Arouse	Colour	Electricity
Attract	Column	Elementary
Authoritatively	Commemorate	Eminent
Axle	Commercial	Enemies
<b>B</b>	Committee	Enemy
Battalion	Concessions	Enemy's
Bayoneted	Consequently	Engraved
Beef	Coolly	Ensconced
Beginning	Corpse	Every
Benefited	Correspondence	Excavate
Besiegers	Countries	Exhalating
Blockade	Cumbersome	Expense
Bobbin	<b>D</b>	Experience
Breaches	Damage	<b>F</b>
Breeches	Decease	Fain
Britain	Deceive	Faithful
Broad	Derision	Family
Broadside	Despair	Fascination
Business	Desperately	Fashion
<b>C</b>	Destroy	Feign
Calendar	Direful	Fiercely
Campaign	Disagree	Floggings
Cannon	Disappeared	Flour
	Disappointing	Forbidden

**Frigate**  
**Fulfilled**  
**Fusillade**

## G

**Gaily**  
**Galloping**  
**Gayest**  
**Gentleness**  
**Getting**  
**Gnawing**  
**Goddess**  
**Grovelling**  
**Guillotine**

## H

**Handkerchief**  
**Harass**  
**Hear**  
**Height**  
**Hides**  
**Hopelessly**  
**Hundred**  
**Hungry**  
**Hydraulic**

## I

**Image**  
**Immediately**  
**Imminent**  
**Indecision**  
**Infantry**  
**Infectious**  
**Infinitely**  
**Insurance**  
**Interfere**  
**Isosceles**

## J

**Judgment**

## K

**Keeness**  
**Knightly**

## L

**Ladder**  
**Laid**

**Latter**

**Led**  
**Legend**  
**Leisure**  
**Leper**  
**Leprosy**  
**Livelihood**  
**Lode-star**  
**Lose**  
**Luxury**

## M

**Magnanimous**  
**Manage**  
**Manœuvres**  
**Meadows**  
**Meant**  
**Middle**  
**Millimetre**  
**Minutes**  
**Miserliness**  
**Missionary**  
**Monastery**  
**Muddle**  
**Murmuring**  
**Musket**  
**Muzzle**  
**Mysterious**

## N

**Necessary**  
**Neighbouring**  
**Nervousness**

## O

**Obelisk**  
**Obstacles**  
**Occasionally**  
**Occurred**  
**Occurrence**  
**Offered**  
**Officer**  
**Opinion**  
**Oppressors**  
**Ordinarily**  
**Origin**  
**Originally**

## P

**Paid**  
**Palate**  
**Palisade**  
**Parallelogram**  
**Parliamentarians**  
**Partiality**  
**Pastime**  
**Peace**  
**Peaceably**  
**Penury**  
**Perceive**  
**Piece**  
**Pilot**  
**Pitmen**  
**Plain**  
**Plateau**  
**Plough**  
**Porous**  
**Possession**  
**Preceded**  
**Predecessor**  
**Presbyterian**  
**Present**  
**Presents**  
**Priest**  
**Prisoner**  
**Privileged**  
**Proceeded**  
**Prove**  
**Publicly**  
**Pursue**  
**Putting**

## Q

**Quantities**  
**Quarrel**  
**Quarter**

## R

**Receipt**  
**Receive**  
**Redoubts**  
**Regiment**  
**Relief**  
**Religious**  
**Rely**  
**Renowned**

Replacing	Skeletons	U
Representative	Skilfully	Unaided
Resistance	Solemnly	Unceremoniously
Resurrection	Speech	Unforeseen
Rusted	Stirring	Unstirred
	Stubborn	Until
S	Subaltern	
Salisbury	Suggests	"
Sandals	Suit	V
Sapphire	Superb	Valuable
Scene	Supper	Violently
Script	Symmetrical	
Secretary		
Seeing		
Seize	T	W
Seized	Taking	Wait
Sentinel	Task	Wear
Sepulchre	Tenant	Weight
Sepulture	Testimony	Welfare
Sergeant	Theory	Well-born
Sham	Thinned	Whirring
Shining	Through	Whisper
Shoals	Traveller	Whither
Shocked	Trial	Whomsoever
Siege	Truth	Worshipped
Simultaneously	Turk	Wretched
Sincerely	Turkey	Writing

## APPENDIX E

## BOOKS FOUND TO BE SUITABLE FOR USE IN SCHOOL

Beowulf

Ballads : *Chevy Chase, Nut Brown Maid, Sir Patrick Spens.*

Malory : *Morte D'Arthur.*

Langland : *Piers Plowman.*

Chaucer : *Prologue, Nun's Priest's Tale, Knight's Tale, Squire's Tale, The Clerk's Tale, Pardoner's Tale, Prioress's Tale.*

Spenser : *Faerie Queene, Prothalamion, Epithalamion.*

More : *Utopia.*

Sidney : *Apologia for Poetry, Arcadia.*

Plutarch : *Lives of Alexander and Oorolanus.*

Marlowe : *Edward II., Doctor Faustus*

Beaumont : *The Knight of the Burning Pestle.*

Shakespeare : *The Tempest, Hamlet, Richard III., Richard II., Macbeth, Twelfth Night, As You Like It, Much Ado About*

*Nothing, Oymbeline, Midsummer Night's Dream, Henry V., Merchant of Venice, Henry IV., King Lear, Romeo and Juliet, Julius Cæsar, A Winter's Tale, Coriolanus, Sonnets.*

Bacon : *Essays.*

Herrick : *Corinna, Daffodils, Lyrics.*

Bunyan : *Pilgrim's Progress.*

Milton : *Paradise Lost, Lycidas, L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Areopagitica,*

*Comus, Samson Agonistes, Sonnets*

Pepys : *Diary.*

Evelyn : *Diary.*

Butler : *Hudibras.*

Swift : *Gulliver's Travels, Journal to Stella, The Battle of the Books.*

Addison and Steele : *The Coverley Papers.*

Pope : *The Rape of the Lock, Essay on Man.*

Dryden : *Alexander's Feast, Absalom and Achitophel, Annus Mirabilis, The Hind and the Panther*

Cowper : *On Receipt of my Mother's Picture, The Task, The Castaway.*

Gray : *Elegy, Prospect of Eton, Progress of Poesy*

Collins : *Ode to Evening, The Passions.*

Percy : *Reliques.*

Goldsmith : *The Good-Natur'd Man, The Vicar of Wakefield, The Traveller, She Stoops to Conquer, The Deserted Village, Retaliation*

Sheridan : *The Rivals, The School for Scandal, The Critic*

Gibbon : *Age of the Antonines.*

Burke : *American Speeches on French Revolution and India.*

Burns : *Songs.*

Boswell : *Life of Johnson.*

Johnson : *Rasselas, Lives of the Poets, Preface to the Dictionary.*

Hazlitt : *Essays.*

Wordsworth : *Intimations of Immortality, The Solitary Reaper, Tintern Abbey, Shorter Lyrics, The Prelude, Sonnets.*

Blake : *Songs of Innocence.*

Bunney : *Evelina*

Coleridge : *The Ancient Mariner, Kubla Khan, Christabel*

Keats : *Odes, The Pot of Basil, La Belle Dame, Hypervion, Eve of St Agnes, Sonnets.*

Shelley : *Adonais, Skylark, West Wind, The Cloud*

Southey : *Life of Nelson*

Lamb : *Essays of Elia.*

Prescott : *Conquest of Mexico*

Jane Austen : *Pride and Prejudice, Northanger Abbey, Sense and Sensibility, Emma, Mansfield Park.*

Byron : *Childe Harold, Prisoner of Chillon, Mazeppa.*

Scott : *Kenilworth, Quentin Durward, Rob Roy, Old Mortality, Legend of Montrose, Ivanhoe, Waverley, Fortunes of Nigel, The Talisman, Fair Maid of Perth, Heart of Midlothian, The Antiquary,*

- The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Redgauntlet, Guy Mannering, Marmion, The Abbot, The Monastery, Woodstock.*
- Charlotte Brontë · *Jane Eyre, Vilette, Shirley.*
- Emily Brontë · *Wuthering Heights*
- Thackeray : *Esmond, The Virginians, The Newcomes, The Four Georges, Pendennis, Vanity Fair*
- Lytton : *Last of the Barons, Last Days of Pompeii.*
- George Eliot : *Silas Marner, Mill on the Floss, Scenes of Clerical Life, Romola, Adam Bede*
- Dr Brown : *Rab and his Friends*
- Dickens : *Great Expectations, Barnaby Rudge, Dombey and Sons, Nicholas Nickleby, David Copperfield, A Tale of Two Cities, Bleak House, Martin Chuzzlewit, Old Curiosity Shop, Pickwick Papers.*
- Mrs Gaskell : *Cranford, Life of Charlotte Brontë.*
- Macaulay : *Literary Essays, Essays on Clive and Warren Hastings, Lays*
- De Quincey : *Mail Coach, Opium Eater, Spanish Nun, Joan of Arc*
- Carlyle : *Past and Present, Heroes and Hero-Worship, Sartor Resartus*
- Borrow · *Lavengro, The Bible in Spain*
- Kinglake · *Eothen*
- Trollope · *Barchester Towers, Life of Thackeray*
- Froude · *Short Studies on Great Subjects*
- Ruskin · *The Crown of Wild Olive, The Two Paths, Sesame and Lilies, Modern Painters*
- Reade · *The Cloister and the Hearth*
- Arnold : *Sohrab and Rustum, Forsaken Merman, Balder Dead, Rugby Chapel, Dover Beach, Scholar Gypsy*
- Miss Mitford : *Our Village*
- Browning · *Men and Women, Misconceptions, Cleon, Andrea del Sarto, Home Thoughts, Saul, The Flight of the Duchess, Rabbi Ben Ezra, Abt Vogler, A Death in the Desert, Short Lyrics, Pippa Passes, Karshish, Prospice, Grammarian's Funeral, Epilogue, Lost Leader, Childe Roland*
- Kingsley · *Westward Ho! Hereward the Wake, Hypatia.*
- Tennyson · *Idylls of the King, Mariana, In Memoriam, The Princess, Death of the Duke of Wellington, Lady of Shallot, Ænone, Lotus-Eaters, Lyrics*
- Mrs Browning · *Aurora Leigh, Sonnets from the Portuguese*
- Meredith · *Evan Harrington, Love in the Valley.*
- Stevenson : *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes, An Inland Voyage, Men and Books, Virginibus Puerisque, Memoirs and Portraits, Kidnapped, Treasure Island, Across the Plains, The Black Arrow, Island Nights Entertainments*
- Morris : *The Earthly Paradise.*
- Rossetti : *The King's Tragedy, The Blessed Damozel*
- Blackmore : *Lorna Doone.*
- Shorthouse : *John Inglesant*

*The Golden Treasury* (Palgrave).

*A Century of English Essays.*

*Selected Essays.* Edited by Fowler.

*A Book of English Essays* Edited by Makomer and Blackwell.

*Selected Prose, Selected Essays* Edited by Peacock

*Poems of To-Day.*

*Longer English Poems* Edited by Hales.

*Milton Epoch, Dryden Epoch, Pope Epoch.* Edited by Stobart.

*Pageant of English Prose*

*Pageant of English Verse.*

## APPENDIX F

### A SPECIMEN FORM MAGAZINE

#### EDITORIAL

I COULD write for several years on the subject of how not to spend Sunday, and I should start by saying "Sunday is a day set apart for the purpose of criticising other people's editorials; it is certainly not the day for composing an editorial oneself," but as I live in U4B, and am writing for *The Flying Times*, as I live among companions whose sole object in life is to keep moving fast, unlike our contemporary *Onward*, which took its motto from a traction engine which perambulated past the editors while they were searching for a title to convey in one word their attitude to life; as, as I was saying, I am living among companions whose sole object in life is to keep moving fast, I have to deny myself the pleasure of the "Sunday Grubber" in order to think of something to say, something at once attractive, mirth-provoking, inspiring, tragic, sentimental, pathetic, awe-inspiring, beautiful, apt, fresh, vigorous and original.

Imagine me, then, in the seclusion of the quietest place I can find (the library), surrounded by gentlemen-at-arms practising for the Public School Sabre and Fencing Corps, paper-dart throwers, hurlers of heavy volumes training for next year's weight-chucking, high jumpers and hurdlers taking the tables in threes, and Schoolhouse fags wrangling over the seats near the fire, while a varlet arranges chairs for the Church Missionary Conference, composing my thoughts to say something fitting by way of introduction to the excellent fare provided within.

I might compare *The Flying Times* with other school magazines, but there is no comparison. I am tempted to look out of the window and comment in the words of the famous hymn on the "Sunbeams scorching all the day," and the traction-engines moving terribly "Onward," like the Russian steam-roller, both of which distract me terribly. But, as a matter of fact, I am lying, metaphorically and literally, I am lying by the waters of the lock, inspired by them to a torrent of words. Nothing disturbs my silence save the swirl of the brown waters and the intermittent cawing of swans and the chewing



of the cud on the part of several oxen (where have I heard that word before ? These are not refractory : they are placid, puffy-faced and extraordinarily like—no, I will avoid personalities at all costs). I find that I am lying again. This is like General Chargeot : I simply cannot write in the middle of this extraordinary hubbub. The room, which is overheated, is one mass of overworked editors, composers, old boys, young boys, matches, daffodils, hectograph ink, E.S.A. blocks, books of reference, callers, manuscript, wanted and unwanted. A gramophone bids me remember that this is *Some Sunday Morning*, as if I were in any danger of forgetting it. I'd far rather be in the final of the tug-of-war than try to pull the threads that are in my brain into some kind of coherent order. What is it that I am supposed to say ? I know that all the editorials I have ever read are rotten : I know that I set out with the fixed intention of making this a good one. It's time I started.

## AN IMPRESSION OF TONBRIDGE

Now as I stood on Summer Hill,  
Saw Tonbridge lying low and still,  
I wondered what amount of coke  
And coal was burnt to make such smoke.

A dirty haze lay o'er the town,  
Partly grey and partly brown,  
The houses I could hardly see  
Through smoke that drifted up to me

There one enormous chimney-stack  
Poured forth its fumes in clouds of black  
And yet from London people go  
And say the smoke there chokes them so

## ONE NIGHT

A wet evening, pitch dark except when the moon shone out between the clouds, scarcely a breath of wind and only the hiss of the rain upon the roofs and roads. The pavements are white and glistening in the glare of the street lamps, and each street is lined with dull lights which shine through the blinds of many houses, all exactly the same from the outside and all having the inevitable pot of ferns on the equally inevitable bamboo tripod.

Suddenly a flashlight pierces the darkness and shines upon one of the windows on the other side of the road, and a crouching figure can be seen silhouetted against the glare ; now it is gone again and all is once more dark. A faint sound of a window moving in its sash, again silence. Once more the flashlight, but this time from inside the house ; like a small searchlight it sweeps about the room,

resting now and then upon some object. Suddenly another, brighter light appears in the room, a loud report, and—darkness. A figure leaps from the window, rushes through the gate, and stops dead. “You had better come along quietly,” says a voice.

## VALPARAISO

Valparaiso, Valparaiso,  
Nestling by a Sapphire Sea.  
Where the silent, calm Pacific  
Laps its shores so peacefully.

Where the mountains, grim and silent,  
Cast their shadows o’er the town,  
Where the slopes of the great Andes,  
Gently to the sea come down

Now at eve, the lights do twinkle,  
Darkness comes up from behind,  
Shining, shimmering in the water,  
Gently ruffled by the wind

Now the shadows of a mountain  
Over Valparaiso creep  
Now the lonely city’s silent,  
Now does Valparaiso sleep

## THE SONG OF THE GRASSHOPPERS

Oh! dance in the sunlight in the gay bright air,  
Fiddle on your left hind-leg,  
Fiddle to a fly, fiddle to the sky,  
Fiddle to a stick or a peg.

Hop in the sunlight, sing a little song,  
Dance in the blades of grass,  
Fiddle, fiddle, fiddle, never stopping end or middle,  
Make the long hours pass

Then, when the evening of the day draws near,  
Tuck your left hind-leg away,  
Dreaming all the night of the coming light  
And the fiddling of another day.

## JUNIOR LEAGUES

*(Hakluyt's Style)*

On May the 19th, in the year of grace 1919, the afternoon being exceeding hot and the skye being cloudless we set out for Martin's

Field whereon the Junior leagues were about to begin. Having learnt from our graceous captaine that our side was to go in first and that I was to be one of those to go in first I procured a paire of pads and a bat and walked on to the pitch midst much hande clapping from the remainder of the side who were labouring under the dilousion that I was something of a batsman. Having waited with the utmost patience until the opposing side placed their players in various positions about the fiede I was in the fullness of time given centre whereupon I proceeded to bat. I made one runne and was preparing to hit the next balle with all the force I could summon when the balle, instead of hitting the bat or nothing as heretofore had been the case it landed with fulle force on that member of my body known as the thumbe. I was however able to control my feelings to a certaine extente although I am here bound to admit that had it not been for the presence of M. Maise and a school prae-poster I should have undoubtdlie fainted on the spot and should have to be carried off the fiede bye the wicket-keeper and the long-stope. I was however unable to play after the incident heretofore mentioned and it was not long before I sent into the aire the ball which was cleverlie caught by one of the fielders. Praysed be God! Even now owing to the excruciating pain I am forced to write with my quille between the firste and seconde fingers which causes my writing to look even worse than usualle. However to continue with my narrative. Having thereupon been forced to retire owing to the facte that the decision of the umpire is finalle the aforeside M. Maise very kindlie undertook the extremelie difficult task of teaching me how to hold a batte. The fruits of which I do believe with the utermost confidence will shew themselves the next time I attempt to playe. Wherefore during the next twentie minuites, while the rest of my side helped to make up for the number of points I had missed owing to misfortune I adjourned to the grubber with a borrowed groate in my pocket. Having arrived at this well-known establishment I proceeded to spende my groate on drunks, sweetmeats and other such refreshments for which the grubber is famous. Having arrived back on the field where I managed to delude those who asked me if they might partake of my sweetmeats by telling them how sorrie I was that the piece I had in my mouth was the laste by which means the number of laste pieces greathle exceeded those which my groate had bought, I discovered that our side was out and that it was now our turn to stand round the pitch and prevente the balle being hit to farre afielde by the batsman. At this point I was put on by our gracios captaine to bowle which means that I was to stand at one wicket and hurl the ball down the pitch with a swinging motion of the arm. In this waye I did with much wile manage to send down a balle which the batsman had to hit upwards or not at all. He chose the former proceeding and was in this waye caught out by one of our fielders. Praysed be God! Soon after this evente we noticed that one of the othere sides in a

remote corner of the field were putting on their coats and walking away. Whereupon we also at this point gave up the game and adjourned to our houses in time to drink a dish of tea with our fellow boarders.

THE SAILING OF THE NORSEMEN

*Song of the Wind*

I toss their ships from here to there,  
I break them and shatter and toss;  
They do not shudder and fear,  
They do not count their loss.  
They come, they ever come  
To the song of my fluting gale,—  
They fly before me,—dumb!  
Ay, dumb!—but they do not quail

*Viking Chieft*

Come from Northern homeland to the scudding sea,  
Where the mighty breakers crash and thunder free,  
Where the good ship wallows through the flying foam  
Come, and join us rovers. Come! and leave your home!

*The Crew*

We come from the tops of the highest hills  
And the depths of the valleys low,  
To taste again the wrongs and ills  
Of the life we love and know  
Oh! ever shall screaming sea-gulls turn  
And wheeling sea-mews wail  
In the foaming wake of our carved stern,  
In the wind of our scarlet sail  
We come, we come from hearth and home,  
We have laid our idols low,  
We have come the surging seas to roam  
And live the life we know!

[*The Boat puts out to Sea.*

*Song of the Women*

Our husbands leave us lonely and afraid,  
For them our hearts must ever ache and burn  
They leave us desolate to ply their trade  
Along the seas together with the tern,  
We must rear sons that one day will be men,  
We love them, but 'tis all of it in vain  
They too will grow to manhood's place—and then  
Will leave us to be desolate again.

## APPENDICES

*Crew (in the distance)*

We have come, we have come from hearth and home,  
 We have laid our idols low,  
 We have come the surging seas to roam  
 And live the life we know.

## THE SONG OF THE FLINT SPEAR-HEADS.

Listen and we will tell  
 The Story of Long Ago,  
 When England was not what it is,  
 When the land was covered with snow.

The Primitive Peoples lived—  
 Little and naked were they—  
 They lived and they fought and they ate,—  
 And now they have passed away.

They worshipped no goddess nor god,  
 They fought and they hunted in pack,  
 And now they have gone with the elk,  
 They have gone—and will never come back.

But their howls as they battled the wolf,  
 Their howls as they sighted the kill,  
 And their howls as they hunted the elk  
 In the forests are echoing still

We knew of their quarrels and wars,  
 We helped them to conquer the beasts,  
 We slept, when they slept, in their beds,  
 We came to their fights and their feasts.

Brittle, inadequate, weak,  
 We lived in their homes that were caves,  
 We aided them all through their lives,  
 And we rest by their sides in their graves

Listen and we will tell  
 The story of long ago,  
 When England was not what it is,  
 When the land was covered with snow

## PRIMITIVE MAN AND THE WOLF

Hush ! pile the fires high, ruddy make the glow,  
 While the ghost-like shadows in the cave-door grow  
 For now comes the terror of the night-beasts' prow  
 Hark ! in the forest you can hear them howl.

Feet in the stilly night, long-drawn cries,  
 Round the dying watch-fires pairs of glowing eyes.  
 Shadowy furtive grey forms slinking left and right,  
 Now comes the terror of the haunted night.

Scratchings and sniffings at the stone cave-door,  
 Worse, far worse than the sabre-tooth's roar.  
 Hush ! pile the fires high, ruddy make the glow,  
 While the ghost-like shadows in the cave-door glow.

#### LOTUS LAND

The lanterns glow along the water-side,  
 A zither sounds along the bank below,  
 While on and ever on the rivers flow  
 And night is sweet and beautiful and wide.  
 Down past the banks the pensive waters glide,  
 And trailing willows droop the branches low  
 To touch the ling'ring ripples that they know  
 Where the faint glimmers of the moonbeams slide  
 A lute makes music with a low guitar  
 That sounds and echoes in the summer night,  
 And nothing can the silvery shadows mar,  
 Or put the moonbeams' perfectness to flight.  
 For joy and beauty wander hand in hand  
 Along the flow'ry paths of Lotus Land

#### TO "YE OLDE CHESHIRE CHEESE"

O ancient little inn, O creaking sign,  
 Whereon is painted "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese,"  
 Those golden letters now as ever shine,  
 And now as ever never fail to please,  
 O, doorstep, thou hast centuries defied,  
 Yet ever white art thou as driven snow.  
 O narrow passage, thou art not too wide,  
 For men who've eaten there may scarcely go  
 O Sanded Parlour, old oak-panelled walls,  
 Where men would lean their wigs and smoke and talk,  
 When Doctor Johnson enters silence falls,  
 As he to his accustomed seat does walk.  
 And now at night those great men stand, strange ghosts,  
 And drink in silence to their ancient toasts.

#### THE RIDERS

The sun is shining, every bud doth fling  
 It loud asunder, and take on the hue  
 Of green, and every little breeze doth woo  
 The friendly flowers to light, to joy, to spring.

Then down the glades the chink of bridles ring,  
 And come great horses, sides all drenched in dew.  
 The riders ate a rowdy, jovial crew.  
 They laugh and chat, and suddenly they sing.  
 They sing of wine, of women, and of wars,  
 They sing of all the glorious things of life,  
 They sing, and sing, and sing without a pause,  
 They sing of peace, and then they sing of strife.  
 And all the forests echo all day long  
 With their light-hearted and unheeded song.

## TO A CAT

O cat, how swift and sudden was thy fate,  
 I saw thee as thou dashed across the road.  
 O why didst thou not stay in thine abode?  
 Thou wouldst have been quite safe behind thy gate.  
 For just before I got to Linden House  
 I heard a roar behind me, and a car  
 Swept by me, coming from afar,  
 When out thou dashed as if after a mouse,  
 A streak of grey a rumbling Titan met  
 The latter passed away into the gloom,  
 And in the road a form lay stiff and set,  
 That Persian cat had swiftly met its doom  
 O cat, how swift and sudden was thy fate,  
 O why didst thou not stay within thy gate?

## AN ODE TO A GREEN PEA

The cheery old tomato has a smile upon his face,  
 And the raucous scarlet runner is the best of all his race  
 And I love the young potato—he's just the chap for me,  
 But the rolling, round, fat, rollicking and dapper little pea!  
 Oh! the pea, oh! the pea!  
 He's just the chap for me  
 When you chase him with your fork around your plate,  
 When you have him on your fork,  
 Oh! he's good with pickled pork  
 Oh! the glory of the little green pea's fate!

The radish gives you awful pains—the spiteful little chap!  
 And if you eat an onion you *will* make the flappers flap!  
 And cauliflowers and cabbages are full of worms and slugs,  
 And even good old carrot isn't free from little bugs  
 But the pea, oh! the pea!  
 For breakfast, dinner, tea,  
 If you want a meal, he's just the chap for that.  
 How I love to sing this song  
 When I've got him on my prong  
 And he tumbles down my throat all green and fat!

## ESSAY ON "CALM"

"Calm" is a word in the English language which is spelt in a very absurd way, as most words in the English language are. Its meaning is "still," and as it is generally meant in a beautiful sense and is generally referred to when speaking of nature, it is perhaps, after the word "home," the most beautiful word in our language. It is generally referred to in this sense:

"The lagoon lay perfectly calm, unruffled by the slightest breeze; the only sound was that of the breakers on the reef, monotonous, unceasing. In the forest behind, the brilliant sun flickered through the leaves and on the ground made streaks and splashes of light, which did not move for there was no breeze to move the roof of leaves above. And yet there was life and movement in the forest; from time to time brilliant birds of paradise dart out from the trees, a flash of colours, and huge butterflies red, black and blue, flutter lazily about and settle on the strange, tropical flowers. Behind the forest the great blue mountains are shrouded in mist at the summits, and the dull roar of the breakers echoes across the forest to them and comes back again, droning, droning——"

## HOW NOT TO WRITE ESSAYS

Stamp-collecting is a very interesting hobby. It is also very instructive, you can learn quite a lot from them. Each country has many stamps, but my favourite are the Indo-China surcharged Surinam. They are very pretty and have some very nice pictures on them. There is one Borneo stamp with a picture of an ape, on it, hanging on to a tree, it is worth £45, I have got it. Some stamps are "fudges," that is, they are not real stamps. They are very hard to tell, but you can tell them by looking at the water-mark, as they haven't got a water-mark. There is one stamp worth £1000! There are two of them and I believe the King has got one. I wish I had! If I had it I would not think of selling it as some people would! I don't like sticking stamps into my album much, as I don't like the taste of the gum on the mounts. It makes me feel sick, so I dip them in a saucer of water then it is all right. I would like to have all the stamps in the world and have also a big album and a soup-plate of water (for the mounts), and spend days and days sticking them all in.

## NIGHT ON THE RIVER

The moon is shining brightly on the water,  
The river's running tranquilly and slow,  
The moonbeams make a path along the surface,  
A path on which the water fairies go



And ever in the distance there is roaring,  
The mighty weir whose rush is never still,  
Its roaring drowns all other sounds of nature  
Of owls and water-birds which night-time fill.

And from the bungalows the lights are gleaming,  
And shimmer in the river running slow.  
Faint sounds of laughter fall across the water,  
And from side to side they echo to and fro.

There are sounds of music coming down the river,  
A punt is drifting slowly into sight,  
A man on a guitar is softly playing,  
The sound now dies away into the night.

#### MORNING

Croak, croak, croak There's a frog somewhere in those weeds  
Lap, lap, lap, the ripples strike up against that old tree-trunk  
Rustle, rustle, the morning breeze shakes the leaves out of their sleep  
in the wood For the sun is rising and spreading its glory over every-  
thing. The mist is rising up off the stream and goes into millions  
of different colours in the sunlight Now and again there is a plop,  
as a fish jumps up in the water to see what kind of morning it is  
going to be, and falls back again.

Gradually in the wood come sounds of life. A squirrel darts  
through the leaves on the ground A bird flutters among the  
branches of a huge oak and every now and then utters a "tweet."  
The sun shines through the leaves making flickering splashes of light  
on the ground. And in the fields the dew sparkles like diamonds,  
or like an army of men with glittering spear-heads on the long  
blades of grass A rabbit pops its head out of a hole and then with  
a "swish" darts across the field, leaving his track in the dew behind  
him.

